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USEFUL & ENTERTAINING TRACTS

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circumstances had separated her from the illustrious man to whom in heart she was still devoted.

Louis Napoleon, indeed, was at that early period of his life a link between the emperor and the ex-empress; and his affections seem to have been almost equally divided between them; for many readers will here remember that, whilst his whole life has been consecrated by act, word, and deed to his uncle's memory, it was in the name of his grandmother, Josephine, as we shall see hereafter, that he first formally announced to the senate of France his own intended marriage with his present empress.

But to return to the childhood of Louis Napoleon. His father, after his abdication from the throne of Holland, lived the life of a private gentleman; at first at Grätz in Styria, and afterwards in Italy. Queen Hortense, as has been stated, resided chiefly in Paris, where, when the restoration of the Bourbons was effected (1814), she was known as Duchesse de St-Leu—a territorial title derived from an estate formerly purchased by her husband.

The Empress Josephine died at Malmaison in 1814, at the very time when the allied sovereigns of Europe had succeeded in overthrowing, for a time, the power of Bonaparte. Of a broken heart, it is supposed, she died; for, although no longer by his side as his wife, Josephine loved the emperor too well to survive his abdication and exile to Elba. Her son, Eugène de Beauharnais—he who long since, as a mere youth, had begged his father's sword from Bonaparte—had been made Viceroy of Italy. The restoration of the Bourbons to the throne of France recalled the brave Eugène to Paris, and there every honour due to a noble enemy was paid to him, as well as to his sister Hortense and her sons; and it was at that time that the child Louis Napoleon was saluted as 'Your Imperial Highness' by the Emperor Alexander of Russia and the King of Prussia.

The boy looked from the Russian emperor to the Prussian king, who stood near him, and then turning to Mademoiselle de Cochelet, his governess, he asked: 'Mademoiselle, are these two gentlemen my uncles also? How must we call them?' She told him that they, unlike the monarchs he had been accustomed to see, were not his uncles; but that, nevertheless, he must address them as 'Sire.' 'But are they the enemies of my uncle?' asked the boy. 'If so, why did the Emperor of Russia embrace me?' Mademoiselle de Cochelet explained to the young prince that the Emperor of Russia was a private friend, although a political enemy; and with such success did she make her charge understand this lesson, never afterwards to be forgotten by him, that upon the next occasion when Alexander reappeared at Malmaison the boy voluntarily presented his imperial majesty with the thing which at that time he most valued, namely, a ring which his uncle Eugène de Beauharnais had given to him. This ring the Emperor of Russia fastened to his watch-chain, and cherished for the sake of its young donor as long as he lived.

When, in the year 1815, Napoleon escaped from Elba, and re-appeared before the dazzled eyes of his subjects for the 'Hundred Days,' Queen Hortense did the honours of the palace of the Tuileries. The ex-empress Josephine, as above mentioned, was then dead; the Empress Marie Louise had fled from Paris, with her infant son, the king of Rome (afterwards called Duc de Reichstadt), and had placed herself under the protection of her father, the Emperor of Austria. To Hortense and her children, therefore, was left the duty and the privilege of consoling Napoleon I. for the defalcation of some whom he had trusted when at the height of his glory.

Hortense and her two sons were with him when, on the eve of his departure for Waterloo, he distributed the imperial eagles of France to his troops on the Champ de Mars. The young Louis Napoleon beheld and participated in that celebrated scene, and was close to his illustrious kinsman when, with drums beating, bells ringing, and martial music resounding, all France seemed to echo with the shouts of 'Vive l'empereur!' They were with him too when, defeated at Waterloo, he returned for a brief moment to France, and then prepared to leave her for his last exile; they were with him at the last moment when he bade farewell for ever to that country which by him had for a time been made almost omnipotent—that country which to the last he loved with a love which perhaps by a great conqueror can be given only to a land to which he has also given glory.

It was from Malmaison, the late home of the dead Empress Josephine, that Napoleon I. started on the fatal journey which resulted in his captivity at St Helena. Louis Napoleon then beheld the tears of his mother, the sombre aspect of his illustrious uncle; he was too young to comprehend all the dire purport of that dread farewell; but when the moment came for him to share by word in it, he clung, it is said, in childish agony to the man he loved, and to whose name as emperor he was destined to succeed. The story is told that on this occasion Louis Napoleon, then a boy of seven years old, climbed on the emperor's knee, and entreated him to remain at home; for that if he went, his enemies would take him away, and that he should never see him again. The emperor was much affected by the child's speech, and handed him back to his mother, saying: 'Take your son, Hortense, and look well to him; perhaps after all he is the hope of my race.' What a comment on these prophetic words the after-life of the nephew has proved, we will presently go on to shew.

Like the rest of the Bonapartes, the ex-king of Holland and his queen Hortense found themselves obliged to withdraw from Paris. The mother now retired to Bavaria, taking with her the two children, and the subject of our memoir studied for some time at the Gymnasium of Augsburg. But political bitterness pursued her thither, and the court of Munich was compelled, by the emissaries

of Louis XVIII., to insist on the departure of the illustrious exiles. Forced to seek another refuge, Hortense and her children sojourned for a time in Switzerland, and then withdrew to Rome. After a time, however, circumstances permitted them to return to the north of the Alps, and they established themselves at the castle of Arenenberg, in Switzerland, where, on the heights which look down on the Lake of Constance, Hortense, like a loving and tender mother, devoted herself to the education of her children. From the plain and simple people among whom their lot was cast, the noble qualities of the ex-queen, and the manly and generous, though somewhat reserved character of her sons, attracted general esteem. That Louis Napoleon's studies at this time, under his mother's guidance and superintendence, were solid and useful, and such as would fit him for whatever state of life it should be his destiny to hold hereafter, be it the highest or lowest, is proved by the fruits which his after-years disclosed, but the seeds of which must have been sown in that early and somewhat unpromising spring-time of adversity. As a boy, Louis Napoleon became a proficient in mathematics and fortification, and especially in the science of government, of political and military organisation; he read much, and thought more, upon all subjects connected with the material and social happiness of nations; he had studied history, both ancient and modern, and with a watchful eye as to the true application of its lessons and warnings; and on reaching manhood, though deficient in that practical experience which is learned in the busy world alone, he was probably better versed in the politics of Europe than many a gray-haired statesman.

But at Arenenberg he learned more than this. It was the aim and study of Hortense to train up her son so as to serve his country either as its sovereign—if such should be the will of Providence—or as a simple soldier in the ranks; and so it was that her son took advantage of the military camp at Thun to make himself practically acquainted with the duties of a private soldier. Every summer he carried the knapsack on his back, ate the soldier's fare, handled the shovel, the pickaxe, and the wheelbarrow; learned to scale the heights of the mountains, and followed the marches of the soldiers, and returned at night to repose under a soldier's tent. Such were the lessons of self-command, of willing submission to hardship and discipline, which the prince, at his mother's wish, imposed on himself, in pursuit of that practical experience which, in every path of life, is the secret of success, and without which even the highest scientific attainments are so often valueless. It is well that those who aspire to command should first learn to obey; that those who look forward to administering the discipline of an army or a nation, should first submit to discipline in their own persons. Had the Bourbons known, or been taught to follow such a course, it is possible that the French Revolution, the Consulate, and the Empire

would never have arisen, and that the line of Capet would still have been seated in the court of the Tuileries.

Louis XVIII., who had been placed by England and the allies on the throne, after the fall of the great Napoleon, was a pedant; he died in 1824, and was succeeded by his brother, Charles X., a man of very ordinary qualities, lethargic temperament, and great bigotry in matters of religion. Of neither of those sovereigns could it be said that, though their right to the hereditary throne of France was beyond question, they were at all men after the hearts of the French people. The French, as a nation, love enterprise, display, ambition, glory, war; and they have but little reverence for a sovereign who lags behind in the race for military distinction. The tame and dull routine of affairs contrasted sadly in their minds with the memories of the glory and greatness of the Empire; at all events they were dissatisfied with the Bourbon rule; and so, when a revolution in 1830 broke out at Brussels, it was a matter of little or no wonder that the uproar spread to Paris, and that the populace threw up barricades in the streets, and resolved on a change of government. They were not ripe, it is true, for a return to the imperial *régime*, at the present at least; but they determined that the elder Bourbons should no longer reign. And England, which, fifteen years before, had taken, at so heavy a cost of lives and of money, so active a part in imposing the Bourbons upon France, resolved to act a wiser part, and left the French people free to choose and to change their own dynasty, as England had changed its own a century and a half before. As our readers are aware, a younger branch of the House of Bourbon was now substituted for the elder, in the person of Louis, Duc d'Orleans, who now ascended the throne as Louis Philippe, 'King of the French.'

The news of the revolution of 1830 broke suddenly in upon the retired life which Louis Napoleon had been leading at Arenenberg, and changed his studies, and fired the aspirations which he had always cherished of returning to France, and being of service to the land and country of his birth. The prince and his mother too, very naturally imagined that, together with the nominal abolition of the anti-national system of 1815, such accompaniments of it as the exile and proscription of the Bonapartes might be removed. But it was their fate to be disappointed—at present. A meeting of some members of the imperial family took place at Rome; the government now in power took alarm; and in obedience to a strong wish expressed from the Tuileries, the prince was conducted under a military escort beyond the pale of the papal territory. It was not long before a revolution broke out in Italy; and in this Louis Napoleon and his elder brother took part, forming a moving column, and otherwise promoting the popular efforts. Assisted by General Sercognani, they defeated the papal troops, and alarm and confusion filled the Vatican. But soon the policy of

France and Austria prevailed against the people: the two princes were deprived of their command, and banished from the soil of Italy. The elder of the brothers died shortly afterwards of fever, at Faenza, March 27, 1831; and so Louis Napoleon became the only surviving child of his parents.

The prince was now in a critical position. In the territory of his enemies, and hemmed in by Austrian soldiers, who never relaxed their vigilance and their efforts to capture him, he was only rescued by the address of his mother, who helped him to escape in the livery of a servant. Hortense and her son landed at Cannes; and though in danger of arrest—for the proscription of the Bonaparte family still held good—they made their way to Paris; the prince resolved to throw himself at the feet of Louis Philippe, requesting only that he might be allowed to serve France in the capacity of a private soldier; while his mother desired only leave to live and die upon French soil. It was hoped, and not without good reason, that if the king would not listen to the request of the young prince, at all events he would not turn a deaf ear to his mother, the ex-queen, to whom he was, or ought to have been personally bound by the strongest ties of gratitude.* But Louis Philippe was not remarkable for generosity or gratitude. Besides, when a ruling power sees danger to its stability, state necessity is held to supersede all personal considerations; and the only reply vouchsafed to the appeal of the mother and son was an order to leave the French territory forthwith.

Returning to the land of his adoption, Switzerland, the prince was formally admitted to the rights of citizenship by the canton of Thurgau, within which Arenenberg is situated. This was in the year 1832; and towards the close of the year, the death of his cousin, the Duc de Reichstadt (only son of the emperor by Marie Louise), drew the prince into closer relationship to the rights and traditions inherited from the Empire, as the nearest representative of his uncle, the great Napoleon. He consequently became an object of proportionally greater fear, and therefore of greater dislike, to the Bourbonist and Orleanist parties.

While still very young, Louis Napoleon had composed a work on Artillery, which obtained warm encomiums from high authorities on the subject; but it was only in 1832–3 that his name became at all widely known as an author. In the former year he published his *Rêveries Politiques*, to which he appended the outline of a constitution in many respects greatly resembling that which he was afterwards mainly instrumental in bestowing on France, and in the course of which, after declaring that 'the end of the Republic was to establish the reign of equality and liberty;' that 'the nature of the

* It was mainly at her request that the emperor had allowed the mother and aunt of Louis Philippe to reside in France, at a time when all the Bourbon branches were conspiring against the Empire; and it was in a great measure her intercession which procured for them annuities sufficient to maintain them in comfort, and in a position to some extent suited to their rank.

Empire was to consolidate a throne based on the principles of the Revolution, to heal the wounds of France, and to regenerate the people;' while 'its passions were love of country, love of glory, love of honour;' he goes on to avow his strong conviction that the secret of the regeneration of France is to be found in a 're-combination of the two popular causes of the day—that of the Empire and that of the Republic.' He adds—and it must be remembered that when he wrote, the king of Rome still lived—'the son of the first Napoleon is the sole representative of the highest amount of glory; just as the Republic is the embodiment of the greatest amount of natural liberty.'

This constant reference to the restoration of the Empire as the great national object of aspiration to all patriotic Frenchmen, is remarkable; and so far is personal ambition, in the vulgar sense of the term, from being the ruling passion of Louis Napoleon, that in this work he perpetually dwells on his cousin's claims as the 'sole representative' of the Empire—a title to which he never presumed to assert any claim, on his own part, until death had removed the brother and the cousin who stood between himself and the imperial line of succession. Asserting plainly that his own 'principles' are 'republican,' he 'gives the preference' to 'the monarchical form of government,' because he considers such a form the best adapted to France, as 'giving more and greater guarantees of strength and liberty than any other.'

The prince followed up this work by another, which appeared in 1833, entitled *Considérations Politiques et Militaires sur la Suisse.* In this book—the result, it need hardly be said, of a close study and constant observation of the people among whom his lot was cast—he analyses the social, political, and industrial position of Switzerland, pointing out those portions of the Helvetic system which, in his opinion, called for amendment or abolition, and offering those suggestions which appeared to him calculated to increase the happiness of the people of Switzerland, and to promote the stability of the Confederation. He reminded the Swiss of the extent to which they were indebted for the improvement which had taken place in their position to the good offices of the great Napoleon, whose general system of finance, and of including in his views the good of all classes of the community, instead of legislating for the benefit of the privileged classes alone, he holds up as models to be admired and followed by statesmen. Proceeding from these to other subjects, he goes on to treat of his favourite topic of military organisation, and of the measures necessary in order to create an effectual system of armed national defence which shall be readily available in emergencies. In these sections of his book the prince shewed an intimate acquaintance with all the various branches of the science of war, bestowing particular attention on the arm of artillery. And it is only fair to add that, whatever their feelings may be towards the writer, the military section of these *Considérations* has always been

regarded by competent judges as a valuable addition to that class of literature.

About this time, it was suggested in more quarters than one that Louis Napoleon would be a most suitable husband for the young queen of Portugal, Donna Maria, who had lately been left a widow. There were many competitors for her hand; but few were thought more eligible partners than a prince who, whilst free of all engagements which could create any political complications, was closely related to an imperial House and heir to its honours. The queen herself, it was confidently stated at the time, was not averse to the proposal; but Louis Napoleon took pains to make known not merely the fact that he declined the proffered honour, but the reason why he had resolved to refuse to share a foreign throne. He wrote: 'The noble conduct of my father, who abdicated a throne, in 1810, because he could not unite the interests of France with those of Holland, has not left my memory. My father, by his example, proved to me how far the claims of one's native land are to be preferred even to a throne in a foreign country. I feel in fact that, trained as I have been from infancy to cherish the thought of my own country above every other consideration, I should not be able to hold anything in higher esteem than the interests of France. Persuaded as I am that the great name which I bear, and which must ever recall the memory of fifteen years of glory, will not always be proscribed by my countrymen, I wait with patience in a free and hospitable land the arrival of the day when the French nation will call back to its bosom those who, in 1815, were driven into exile by the will of 200,000 strangers. This hope of being able to serve France even yet as a citizen and a soldier, is that which gives strength to my soul, and, in my opinion, is worth all the thrones in the world.'

When six years had passed after the revolution of 1830, it is not too much to say that the government of Louis Philippe had made itself most distasteful to the French people, and that the feelings of hope which had helped to seat the Duc d'Orleans on the throne of France had been thoroughly disappointed. In proportion to the wide spread of this feeling of disgust was the insecurity of the throne to which Louis Philippe had—not succeeded by right, but—been 'elected;' and the weakness of the reigning king was obviously the strength of all who wished to see a restoration of either the Republic or the Empire. Especially did it tend to increase the strength of the party who, more or less in secret, attached themselves to the cause of the House of Bonaparte. Prince Louis Napoleon, though exiled from France, still resided near the borders of his 'native land,' whose fair fields he could almost see before him from the Swiss heights near Arenenberg. The curt and ungracious refusal of his own and his mother's request by 'the Citizen King' had sunk deep in his heart; and he considered himself quite at liberty

not merely to watch the course of events in France—with respect to which he took care to be well advised—but also to profit by any revulsion of the national feeling. The noblest minds in France saw their hopes and expectations not only disappointed, but warred against. The suffrage was a mockery, the number of electors throughout the entire kingdom being only about a quarter of a million. By the creation of petty offices beyond all number, and by a profligate waste of money, the court might be said to have carried these votes in its pocket, and the 'national will' was a nullity, for there was no means of testing it or ascertaining it. The prince knew all this, and was resolved to turn his knowledge to account; although it is generally admitted that his proceedings were rash and inconsiderate—perilous they certainly were. On the 30th of October 1836, after a day or two spent in concerting measures with a few friends, the prince, accompanied by about a dozen officers, appeared at Strasbourg, presented himself at the quarters of the 10th Regiment of artillery, the same in which the great Napoleon had served as captain some fifty years before. He displayed before the soldiers the imperial eagle, the 'symbol of military glory,' and in a few brief words called them to follow his standard. They accepted the omen, and obeyed his call; and if it had not been for an untoward accident, the arrival of a certain general officer, who called out to them that they were being deceived, and that he who called on them in the name of the great Napoleon was not that Napoleon's nephew, nor a Bonaparte, but an impostor, there is little doubt that in a few hours he would have had possession of the town, and that the example of the 10th Regiment would have been widely followed throughout France. As it turned out, the effort of the prince was paralysed: a struggle ensued between the prince's friends and the soldiers under command of General Voirol, and in a few minutes the 'eagle' was captured and the prince made a prisoner.

Taken to Paris, he was accused of treason, and, in spite of his mother's earnest entreaties, was denied the privilege of a trial, and pronounced guilty. His life was spared, but he was ordered to be 'deported' to America, as, in the opinion of Louis Philippe, his presence in Europe was a constant source of alarm to the court of the Tuileries. In vain did he protest against the sentence. He entreated, he demanded to remain in France, to be allowed to stand his trial, and to take his chance of life and death, side by side with those friends who had taken part in 'the affair.'* But all in vain. Terms indeed were offered him; but the conditions were such that he could not and would not accept them. He was seized, therefore, and forcibly 'deported' to America, where he remained for some months, spending his time in rendering himself acquainted

* They were brought to trial, and eventually acquitted.

with the practical working of the republican system of the United States. It has been said indeed that he gave to the government of Louis Philippe a promise that, if his life were spared, he would remain in perpetual exile on the other side of the Atlantic, and that when he returned, as he did return, to Europe in the following year, it was in violation of his word of honour. Such was not the case; he returned to Europe in the hope of seeing Hortense once more, and (as he says himself) of being allowed to close his mother's dying eyes. Happily he came back in time to perform this last office of filial duty. Queen Hortense died in October 1837, amid the regrets of all who had known her when, in the flower of her life, she graced the courts of the Hague and the Tuileries, and of her friends and neighbours in the land of her adoption.

After paying the last honours to his mother, the prince continued to reside in Switzerland till the following year (1838), when he found himself compromised in the eyes of the French king and his ministry by an indiscreet publication by one of his adherents,* relating to the 'Affair at Strasbourg,' which was pronounced seditious, and brought upon its author a sentence of fine and imprisonment. The French government, not content with punishing the writer, followed up their triumph by a pressing demand to the Helvetic Confederation for the expulsion of the illustrious exile who had made Switzerland his home. The Confederation refused to comply with a demand so harsh and unreasonable, and were even ready to support their refusal by taking up arms in his defence; but the prince was unwilling that he should be made a party to any step which should entail war, especially against a far stronger power, on a people who had given him a hospitable asylum for so many years. He therefore resolved on exchanging Arenenberg for England, feeling sure that Louis Philippe would never dare to demand from the strong nation of England what he had not scrupled to demand from the weaker hands of Switzerland. Accordingly, he landed in England, and took up his abode in London, residing for more than a year in a house on the north side of King Street, St James's Square.

In London, Louis Napoleon mixed much in society, though he did not appear at court or attract the attention of royalty. He made, however, many firm and fast friends, who became so impressed with the energy of his character, and that inflexible and indomitable belief in his own high destiny, which has ever attended him throughout all his trials and troubles, that they have always since remained his faithful adherents, and no doubt would not shrink from that position even if his sun should again become overclouded by adversity. The English people at large, as represented by the public press, came now to regard the illustrious stranger in his

* Lieutenant Laity. The book was published with the 'concurrence' of the prince.

exile with an amount of respect which they rarely shew except to qualities of the highest order; and this too not merely on account of the name which he bore and the cause with which that name was identified—for as yet his prospects were but far off and indistinct, and his chance of sitting on the throne of France was most problematical—but mainly because they admired his unconquerable spirit and devotion and self-denial, and saw in him the promise of future greatness. How, indeed, could they fail to admire and respect the man who, for the love which even in exile he bore towards his ungrateful country, had refused to share one of the thrones of Europe, and had refused to purchase immunity from punishment for the 'Affair of Strasbourg' by a pledge and a promise to withdraw from Europe, and so betray the cause which he embodied in his person? Indeed, there were few sights that would touch the hearts of Englishmen more deeply than that of a man, the nephew and heir of the great man whom England had humbled, living in retirement, occupying a few humble rooms in an ordinary London street, carefully noting and studying the history and politics of that kingdom against which his uncle had lived in constant war, and learning how in time to come, when, as he firmly believed, his turn would arrive to sit upon the throne of France, he might best treat with those haughty islanders, whose greatness and strength had worked his uncle's downfall.

That, even while resident in London, he never abandoned those aspirations which he had so fondly cherished amongst the mountains of Switzerland, may be gathered from the following extract from a letter which about this time he addressed to a friend in France. 'You will be asked, as already some of the newspapers begin to ask, where is the Napoleonite party? Reply to this: "The party is nowhere, but the cause everywhere." The party is nowhere, because my friends have not mustered; but the cause has partisans everywhere, from the workshop of the artisan to the council-chamber of the king; from the barrack of the soldier to the palace of the marshal of France. Legitimists, republicans, disciples of the *juste milieu*, all who wish to see strong government and constitutional liberty, an imposing attitude on the part of authority—all these, I say, are Napoleonists, whether they avow it or not. . . . . Perhaps, even yet, if, accustomed as they have been to despise authority, my countrymen should undermine the foundations of the social system, the name of Napoleon may prove an anchor of safety for all that is noble and worthy and serviceable in France.'

But not only while resident in London did the prince devote much time to a careful study of the English constitution, both in theory and in practice, but he took care to mix with men of thoughtful and philosophic minds, both English and foreign. From them he gleaned much valuable information, which a man seated high on an imperial or royal throne must of necessity be precluded

from obtaining; and it was in London that he fully formed those views of political philosophy which we find elaborated in his later published works, and especially in his *Idées Napoléoniennes*, which first saw the light in a collective form in 1839.

The object of this work, which occupied his leisure hours for considerably more than a year, was to correct the many misconceptions—as they appeared to him—which were abroad both in England and upon the continent as to the career of the great Napoleon; to give a correct idea not only of all that he really accomplished in the midst of war, and in the face of enemies on every side, but also of that which he ever had at heart, and which no doubt he would have accomplished in fact, if he had not been prevented by the force of circumstances too powerful for mortal genius and energy to contend against. Identifying himself, as he ever has striven to identify himself, with the policy of the first Napoleon, in this important work we see the prince who was destined in due time to re-establish and to develop the imperial policy as a whole, labouring to impress the world at large with what he conceived to be its real tendencies, aims, and objects. 'The emperor is no more,' he remarks in his introduction to this book, 'but his spirit survives. Deprived of the power of defending his tutelary power with my sword, I can at least defend his memory with my pen. To enlighten public opinion by developing the thoughts which presided over his high conceptions, to recall the memory of his vast projects, this is a task which gladdens my heart and consoles me in my exile.' After some preliminary remarks upon the forms and principles of government in general, he proceeds: 'Advancing upon the stage of the world, Napoleon saw that it was his part to be the testamentary executor of the Revolution. The destructive fire of parties was not extinct; and when the Revolution, dying but not vanquished, bequeathed to Napoleon the accomplishment of his last wishes, it might have been said to him: "Concentrate upon solid foundations the principal results of my exertions; reunite the divided people of France; repulse feudal Europe, leagued against me; heal my wounds; enlighten the nations; extend in breadth that which I have done in depth. Be for Europe what I have been to France; and even though you water with your blood the tree of civilisation, though you see your projects misrepresented, and your family wandering about the world without a native land to own them, never abandon the sacred cause of the French people, but lead it to triumph by all means which genius calls into being, and which humanity approves."' And again he writes: 'The Emperor Napoleon contributed more than any other man to accelerate the reign of liberty, by preserving the moral influence of the Revolution, and by diminishing the fears which it inspired. But for the Consulate and the Empire, the Revolution would have been merely a great drama, leaving behind it grand memories, but few traces. The Revolution would have been

drowned in the counter-revolution; whereas the precise contrary took place, because Napoleon planted in France and spread in Europe the principal advantages of the grand crisis of '89, and because—to employ one of his own expressions—he sobered the Revolution, consolidated the dynasties of kings, and elevated the people.' Declaring that the secret and source of all the imperial power lay in the deep convictions of the people of France, and in fact was but the expression of the popular will; then vindicating the memory of his uncle from the charge of having followed the dictates of mere personal vanity, he argues that 'to obviate that want of fixity and continuity, the absence of which is the great defect of republics, it had become necessary to create an hereditary family, to be the conservator of the interests of the people at large;' he dwells with affectionate reverence on the tolerant and comprehensive spirit in which the first Napoleon ever exercised his power, ruling, or aiming at ruling, for the benefit, not of a class, but of all his people, never exclusive, never intolerant, bent always rather on recalling exiles and enfranchising those who were deprived of their rights, than on punishing or excluding any from their homes or their rights as citizens; he urges that under and by means of Napoleon the nation was 'gradually approaching, without shock or agitation, to a normal state, in which liberty would have been the support of power and the guarantee of the general well-being, instead of being a weapon of war and a torch of discord;' that it was he, and none but he, who 'closed the yawning gulf of revolution.' Next, vindicating the general wisdom of his uncle's administration, he urges that the Empire of the first Napoleon was not really warlike but peaceful in its intention, that the emperor desired nothing so much as an honourable peace with the rest of Europe, and especially with England, and that his ultimate object was 'to substitute among the nations of Europe the social state for the state of nature, making the interests of the individual subordinate to his municipal and civil interests, these to national interests, and national to European interests, and all to the highest interests of humanity.' In fine, according to the prince, the emperor, 'if fortune had not abandoned him, would have reconstructed Europe. To cement the European association, he would have caused the adoption of a European code, correcting the judicial errors of European countries, much as the Court of Cassation corrects the errors of the tribunals of France. He would have founded a European institute, to animate, direct, and bring into harmonious co-operation all the learned institutions of Europe; and further, the uniformity of moneys, weights, and measures; and last of all, the uniformity of legislation would have been secured by his intervention.' And then he draws out, in the following terse and pregnant phrases, the general tendency of those 'ideas' which animated the emperor. 'The *Idées Napoleoniennes* bear the character of ideas which regulate the movement of societies, since they

advance of their own force, though deprived of their author, like a mass which, launched into space, must arrive by its own gravity at its destined goal. There is no need to reconstruct the system of the emperor; be patient, and it will reconstruct itself. Sovereigns and peoples all will aid in working out its re-establishment, because every sensible man will see in it a guarantee of order, of peace, and of prosperity.' And thus he sums up the result of his retrospect. 'The period of the Empire was the period of war against the old European system. The old system triumphed; but notwithstanding the fall of Napoleon, his "Ideas" have spread and are still spreading in every direction. The conquerors themselves have adopted the ideas of the conquered; and nations are wearying themselves with efforts to restore that which Napoleon established, or at least sought to establish among them. In France, especially, there is an incessant demand, under other names and other forms, for the realisation of the ideas of the emperor. Whenever a great work or a great public measure is to be carried into effect, it is generally a project of Napoleon that is executed, or merely completed. Every act of power, every proposition of the Chamber, is made in some way or other to refer to Napoleon, in order to obtain popularity. From one word which falls from his lips men now construct an entire system.'

From the middle of the year 1838 down to the month of August 1840, when he left England for Boulogne, not for the purpose of exciting a sanguinary revolution, as has sometimes been asserted, but simply with the hope and object of eliciting a spontaneous expression of the national will of the French people in reference to the government of Louis Philippe, and to the form and principles of government most in harmony with the wishes and interests of the nation at large, Louis Napoleon continued to live in England; and here he imbibed those amicable feelings which he has ever cherished, both as a member of the Republic and as head of the Empire of France, towards the country which extended to him the ægis of its hospitality and protection when exiled and hunted from the land of his adoption. These feelings of sincere friendship, it is only right to remark here, he has never been contented with professing, but has always carried out in fact; and if ever he has alluded to the necessity of 'revenging the defeat of Waterloo,' it is scarcely necessary to remark that there is a peaceful as well as a warlike manner in which retaliation may be made for every defeat.

And if, while resident in London, the prince did not spend his time in indolence, still less did he make use of it in order to take note of our weak points, so as to profit hereafter by his knowledge of them. It was never said or breathed against him that he went down surreptitiously to Portsmouth or Plymouth, in order to ascertain the weakness of our national defences, with a view to attack us hereafter. On the contrary, he studied English men, English women, and English literature; studied our countrymen in themselves and as

they are; mingling in general society with but little reserve, and endeavouring to gain that stand-point from which he could take an intelligent and appreciative view of our thoughts, our habits, our laws, and our institutions. He was to be seen at our theatres, our operas, our concerts, and on our race-courses, and he played his part, as one of the contending knights, in the revival of that display of mediæval chivalry, the Eglinton tournament, in the autumn of 1839.

It was while he was thus living in England that the Socialist *émeute* under Barbès occurred in France. It was scarcely to be supposed that any movement of the kind could fail to interest the prince; but he speedily saw through its meaning, and refused in any way to countenance it. He had plenty of enemies, indeed, ready to accuse him of complicity in it; and one at least of the London daily papers did not hesitate to express its belief that he was at the bottom of the plot. But he publicly and emphatically denied the charge by a letter published at the time in the public journals, so that, with all well-informed and well-meaning persons of every shade of opinion, he was acquitted of all connection with the levelling and bloodthirsty objects of such a Socialist conspiracy. In his letter on this occasion, the prince remarked, that 'if he were the life and soul of a conspiracy, he would dare to be the leader of it in the day of danger, and would not deny it after a defeat.' It was felt that these indeed were words of truth and sincerity. He had shewn them once to be true at Strasbourg, and the day was perhaps nearer than either he or any one else then thought, when he should be called to prove them true again. Indeed, it must be owned that, without perfect truthfulness and sincerity, he never could have achieved that success which has ultimately astonished the world.

On the 6th of August 1840, with but little preparation and concerted action, and attended only by Count Montholon and General Voison, and a few faithful followers, Louis Napoleon ventured upon an enterprise even more rash and inconsiderate than that of Strasbourg—nothing less than a hostile invasion of France. Overcome by the intensity of his convictions, and apparently not reckoning the consequences, he crossed over to Boulogne from the English coast, and landed on the shore of France, in order, as it appeared, to make an experiment on the feelings of the nation towards the imperial House and the eagle of the Empire. He scattered around him a few copies of a printed proclamation announcing a change in the government. The little party marched through the town to the guard-house, shouting the well-remembered cry of 'Vive l'Empereur.' The soldiers were called out to join the prince's standard; but probably on account of the suddenness of the *coup de main*, and a doubt as to the identity of the newly landed stranger with the nephew of the great Napoleon, the main body of soldiers, and their officers, with the exception of a single subaltern,

refused to follow his lead. The prince therefore retreated towards the Column of Napoleon, and there planted the imperial flag. As it was yet very early in the morning, but few people were about in the streets; and so the prince, finding himself all but hemmed in by the soldiery and gens d'armes, thought it prudent to beat a retreat. It was too late, however, to make good his escape to the boat from which he had landed; and without much difficulty, and with the loss of only one or two lives, the prince and his two comrades were taken prisoners. They were hurriedly conveyed to Paris; and as the government of Louis Philippe felt more safe than it had done four years before, they were ordered to be brought to trial on a charge of treason before the Chamber of Peers.

Like the 'Affair of Strasbourg,' the attack on Boulogne was the result, not of an idle and chimerical dreamer, nor of a disordered brain, but of a 'profound conviction,' to use the prince's own words, 'that though his party was nowhere, his cause was everywhere,' and that such a step was necessary in order to elicit an expression of genuine feeling, if not in order to keep alive the cause which ever lay nearest to his heart. These efforts, crude and hasty as they were, must be regarded as the offspring of generous and confiding impulses, which would fain have believed that all who entertained the same opinions with himself were inspired with equal devotion to the imperial cause. His object was not to force himself into the imperial seat against the will of the nation, much less 'to wade through slaughter to a throne,' but simply to give his fellow-countrymen an opportunity of recording their verdict in favour of the imperial or the Orleanist *régime;* and there can be little doubt that if the nation at large could then have expressed its will, the verdict would have been largely in favour of the Empire, and probably of himself also as its embodiment. There were many who called him a 'madman' when he failed in this enterprise, who, as he himself remarked, would have praised him without measure if he had triumphed. It was to obey his destiny, to follow his star, to sound France with the sword of Napoleon, to bring to light what feelings of affection its people cherished for the once magic name of Bonaparte and the Empire, and to call upon the people, as one man, to declare their verdict upon the system which, he firmly believed, was most dear to them—this was the object which Louis Napoleon had in view when he landed on the shore at Boulogne on that August morning in 1840. Still, it is obvious that, on the mere strength of an idea, he attempted to subvert a settled government, and had consequently rendered himself amenable to the existing law of the country.

At Paris, the prosecution of the prince and his friends was conducted in a harsh and severe manner by the law-officers of the government, who were resolved to resort to every means in order to insure a conviction: at the same time, we have to bear in mind that

there was nothing singular in this; all dynasties which feel themselves unsafe are naturally jealous and vengeful. The prince was defended by M. Berryer; and when called on for his defence, he pleaded the twenty years of unmerited and cruel proscription through which he had passed, and his love of France in spite of all that he had suffered. He avowed that he, and he alone, was responsible for the abortive effort which he had made to ascertain the will of the French people with respect to the Empire, and to give them an opportunity of replying to the question: 'Republic or Monarchy? Empire or Kingdom?' and of recovering for France her lost place in the scale of European nations. He ended his speech thus: 'One word more, gentlemen. I represent before you a principle, a cause, and a defeat. The principle is the sovereignty of the people; the cause is that of the Empire; the defeat is that of Waterloo. The principle—you have recognised it; the cause—you have served it; the defeat—you would revenge it. No, then, there is no discord between you and me. . . . . Representing a political cause, I cannot accept a political tribunal as the judge of my intentions and of my acts. Nobody will be imposed on by your forms. In the struggle which is taking place, there will be but one conqueror and one vanquished party. If you are in the ranks of the conqueror, I cannot expect justice at your hands, and I will not accept your generosity.'

M. Berryer's eloquence was exerted in the cause of the prince, but in vain. After some days, the court delivered its judgment and sentence. It is almost needless to state that the prince and his companions were found guilty. Count Montholon was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment; the young officer who had responded to Napoleon's call at Boulogne, to transportation; and Prince Louis Napoleon himself to imprisonment for life in a French fortress.

It was towards the close of the same year (1840) that he found himself the inmate of two lonely and dreary rooms in the fortress of Ham, in Picardy, not far from the frontiers of Belgium.

For a forced seclusion that was destined to be life-long, he at once began to prepare himself, if not with content, at all events with dignity, declaring—in harmony with his constant assertion—that the knowledge that he was breathing the air of France and treading its soil would be ample solace in his solitude. His active and well-disciplined mind, too, found employment in pursuits worthy of one who had ever looked to political science as his *rôle*, and who, even in a prison, was far from abandoning the hopes and aspirations which belonged to a great cause. In the solitude of his prison he wrote a pamphlet on *The Extinction of Pauperism*, and a book entitled *Fragments Historiques*. Meantime, he found means to keep up some correspondence with friends outside the fortress, and in these he never failed to allude to the cause and the principle which he held to be committed to his keeping. Being subjected, by

the ministers of Louis Philippe, to certain indignities from which his rank as a prince ought to have exempted him, he protested against them in the strongest terms, as unfair to one who was 'born on the steps of a throne.' 'The sovereignty of the people made my uncle an emperor, my father a king, and me a prince by birth. Have I not, then, even as a prisoner, a right to the respect and regard of all those in whose eyes the voice of a great people, glory and misfortune, are everything?'

Two, three, four years passed by without bringing any change to the 'prisoner of Ham,' though from time to time the continued imprisonment of the prince was made the subject of not very complimentary remarks by the English journals, whose writers remarked that it was no very strong proof of the security of the throne of Louis Philippe. During this time, more than once he received messages sounding him as to his willingness to accept a pardon upon the condition of quitting France and abandoning his pretensions and claims; but to all such offers he turned a deaf ear, or rather regarded them as insults. Either he would be released by death, or by the king without terms; else he would be contented to live on even within the gates of a prison.

At this time he wrote to a friend as follows: 'If to-morrow the doors of my prison were to be opened to me, and I were told: "You are free; come and seat yourself as a citizen amid the hearths of your native country—France no longer repudiates her children," ah! then indeed a lively feeling of joy would seize my soul. But if, on the contrary, they were to come to offer me to exchange my present condition for that of an exile, I should refuse such a proposition, because it would be in my view an aggravation of punishment. I prefer being a captive on the soil of France to being a free man in a foreign land. . . . . In a word, I should repeat—supposing that the occasion presented itself to me—that which I declared before the Court of Peers—"I will not accept of generosity, because I know how much it costs."'

In 1845 he applied to the French government for leave to hasten to the bedside of his father at Florence, promising on his honour to return to his prison on receiving notice from the government; but his request was curtly and peremptorily refused by Louis Philippe, except upon terms by which he refused to be bound. Attempts were made by several kind and well-meaning friends to obtain some concession in the prince's interest; but he declined to avail himself of their offices, for fear of being thought even for a moment to compromise those principles which had been the guide of his life. One advantage, however, he gained from his petition and its refusal—a knowledge of the true position in which he stood to Louis Philippe, and a feeling that henceforth there must be uncompromising war between the imperial name and the House of Orleans.

In the following May (1846), the prince's desire to see his father before he died led him to meditate an escape from the durance of his prison. This was no easy task, as the walls of the fortress of Ham are high, and surrounded by a fosse, and at the time of which we speak were guarded by four hundred men, sixty of whom in turn stood sentry day by day outside its walls. Moreover, the chief gate was guarded by three jailers, two of whom were on constant duty. In order to escape, it was necessary first to elude their vigilance; then to pass through the inside court, under the windows of the governor's house; and lastly, to pass through a gate well guarded by soldiers. The prince, however, shall tell the story of his escape in his own words. He writes:

'Not wishing to communicate my design to any one, it was necessary to disguise myself. As several rooms in that part of the prison which I occupied were under repair, it was not difficult to assume the dress of a workman. My good and faithful valet, Charles Thélier, procured a smock-frock and a pair of sabots; and after shaving off my moustaches, I took a plank on my shoulders.

'On Sunday morning I saw the workmen enter at half-past eight o'clock. Charles took them some drink, in order that I should not meet any of them on my way. He was also to call one of the turnkeys, whilst Dr Conneau conversed with the others. Nevertheless, I had scarcely got out of my room before I was accosted by a workman, who took me for one of his comrades; and at the bottom of the stairs I found myself in front of the keeper. Fortunately, I placed before my face the plank which I was carrying, and succeeded in reaching the yard. Whenever I passed a sentinel or any other person, I always kept the plank before my face.

'Passing before the first sentinel, I let my pipe fall, and stopped to pick up the bits. There I met the officer on duty; but as he was reading a letter, he paid no attention to me. The soldiers at the guard-house appeared surprised at my dress, and a chasseur turned round several times to look at me. I next met some workmen, who looked very attentively at me. I placed the plank before my face, but they appeared to be so curious, that I thought I should never escape, until I heard them say: "Oh! it is Bertrand!"

'Once outside, I walked quickly towards the road to St Quentin. Charles, who had the day before engaged a carriage, shortly overtook me, and we arrived at St Quentin. I passed through the town on foot, after having thrown off my smock-frock. Charles procured a post-chaise, under pretext of going to Cambrai. We arrived, without meeting any obstacles, at Valenciennes, where I took the railway. I had procured a Belgian passport, but I was nowhere asked to shew it.

'During my escape, Dr Conneau, always so devoted to me, remained in prison, and caused them to believe that I was unwell, in order to give me time to reach the frontier. Before I could be

persuaded to quit France, it was necessary that I should be convinced that the government would never set me at liberty, if I would not consent to dishonour myself. It was also a matter of duty that I should exert all my efforts in order to be enabled to solace my father in his old age.'

It is impossible to speak too highly of the devotion of the prince's medical attendant, Dr Conneau, who, by feigning the continued illness of his illustrious patient, gained for him time to make good his escape beyond the French frontiers; and not content with this service, voluntarily remained in the prison, ready to bear his share of punishment, when he might have walked out free. He was tried for complicity in the escape of his charge, but was acquitted, the government probably not wishing to enforce a penalty against one who, if he had erred, had erred right nobly.

Having once gained the Belgian territory, the prince took ship for England. Foiled by the escape of the noble 'prisoner of Ham,' the French government had the meanness to use its influence to prevent him from seeing his dying parent; and the Austrian ambassador, who likewise represented Tuscany at St James's, was instructed to refuse him the necessary passports. His venerable parent, therefore, was robbed of the solace of a last sight of his son, and thus far the immediate object of the prince's escape from Ham was frustrated.

What we have said, however, by no means applies to the remoter consequences of his escape, which before long made themselves felt through the length and breadth of France, although the prince continued for nearly another two years to make England his home, dividing his time between London and a country place which he hired near Sevenoaks, in Kent, and patiently waiting the turn which events should take in that native land to which he always turned his eyes. He had not very long to wait.

In February 1848 the government of Louis Philippe was overthrown, after a few days, or rather a few hours, of insurrection, by the indignation of the people whom it had failed to conciliate. We need not repeat here the story of the outbreak: how barricades were suddenly thrown up in the streets of Paris, the National Assembly broken up, the government declared to be at an end, and Louis Philippe only too glad to find himself able to effect his escape in disguise to the coast, and to land as an exile on those very shores to which in effect he had confined the prince whom he dreaded as the one formidable rival of his throne. The prince was in London; but he lost no time in making up his mind to go where duty called him. The 24th of February was the great day of the revolution; Louis Napoleon was in Paris on the 28th, in spite of the sentence of proscription against himself and his family being still unrepealed. He proceeded to pay his respects to the Provisional Government such as it was; but finding that his presence was likely to prove an embarrassment, he at once withdrew from the city, and returned

to London. Always the friend and supporter of order and law, in the following April he gave a new pledge of his opposition to the views of the friends of anarchy, by enrolling himself as a special constable on an occasion when it was expected that the peace would be broken in the streets of London by organised bands of agitators.

A proposal was now made in the National Assembly of France to repeal the proscription against the Bonaparte family, with *the single exception of the prince himself.* This led to a strong protest from the prince, who wrote to the 'Citizens Representatives' asking the grounds of this invidious distinction, adding: 'The same reasons which have made me ere this take up arms against the government of Louis Philippe, would lead me, if my services were required, to devote myself to the defence of the Assembly, as being the result of universal suffrage. . . . . In the presence of the national sovereignty I cannot and will not claim more than my rights as a French citizen; but these I will ever demand with an energy which an honest heart must desire, from the knowledge that it has never done anything to render it unworthy of its country.'

The fact is that men of every shade of opinion were agreed in one point, that of opposing the one man who was the special object of their fears, and whose independent position made him the antagonist of all petty intrigues and sectional manœuvres. In spite of the proscription which stood still unrepealed, the prince had been elected as their representative by several important constituencies; and it was not until Paris had been sickened of the anarchy and bloodshed which came to a head in the Red and Socialist insurrection of the following June, when Cavaignac and Lamartine, the former as 'dictator,' and the latter by his magic eloquence, helped to calm the storm, that any chance seemed to be offered to the prince to return to Paris.

In the following September, five different departments returned Louis Napoleon as their representative, by majorities so emphatic that it was impossible any longer to enforce the proscription against him. He took his seat in the Assembly on the 26th of the same month; and after two months wasted in the struggles of party against party, the conviction gradually forced itself upon the minds of all that his name was the only one which offered a chance of annihilating discord by reconciling parties and interests. From being, therefore, an outcast and proscribed citizen, to use a common phrase, he had rapidly become 'a necessity;' and when it was resolved that a president of the republic should be chosen in the following December, the choice of the people, whose votes were given by universal suffrage, fell on him by an overwhelming majority; the issue of the voting was as under: Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, 5,434,226; General Cavaignac, 1,448,107; M. Ledru Rollin, 370,119; M. Raspail, 36,900; M. A. de Lamartine, 17,910; General Changarnier, 4790.

This response of the people of France to the name of Louis

Napoleon Bonaparte was rendered the more emphatic by the fact that Cavaignac was regarded as the 'official' candidate, and that his respected name and the fresh memory of his recent services as president of the council and dictator must have secured to him many votes. But Louis Napoleon was looked upon as the living embodiment of a principle—a principle for which he had lived and had suffered—the principle of which his name was the symbol, and which, it was clear, was still as deeply rooted as ever in the affections of the people of France.

In his new capacity as President of the new republic, he never compromised the opinions which he had ever avowed by deed or word. His opinion was unchanged that the imperial system, with an imperial head, was the best system for France. But he had found a republican form of government established; and his real and sincere desire was that this form should be administered in its integrity, irrespective of factions and parties. He called on all Frenchmen who loved their country to 'unite in promoting the stability and prosperity of the republic;' but he felt, and he told the Assembly that this result never would or could be attained unless the person intrusted with the chief authority should be honestly and heartily supported by the leading members of their body. It was in vain to administer a republic, if Orleanists, and Legitimists, and Socialists were allowed each to pull in a different direction. It was in good faith that Louis Napoleon promised his adhesion to the republican experiment; and long and hard were his struggles to effect the fulfilment of the conditions under which he had accepted the office of president; and it was only when his exertions failed, and it was shewn by experience that some higher and stronger sanction than that of the presidential chair was needed in order to control the eccentricities of individuals and the strife of parties, which had been largely fostered by the clubs, that he resolved on following another course.

For two years, however, this chaotic state of things continued; and even after the election of a new chamber, the Prince President found it a most difficult task to give unity to its counsels, or to hold rival parties in check. He therefore now commenced a series of tours in the provinces, in each of which he shewed himself to the people as the advocate of sound social measures, and anxious to redress all local grievances, and to develop the internal resources of the country. These tours brought out more and more strongly the popular sentiments in his favour as the true representative of the national glory. Meantime, the Socialists and the clubs were not idle in their work of sowing dissensions, and perplexing the president of the newly chosen chamber, in the hope of driving him to throw down the reins of state, and to allow them to go on in their anarchical designs. This state of things reached its crisis early in 1851, when the systematic opposition of conflicting parties, and the menacing

attitude assumed by General Changarnier, as commander of the army of Paris, in whom were centered the hopes of the Bourbons and Orleanists, brought matters to a 'dead-lock;' and, to add a fresh source of complication, it was announced that in the following year the Prince de Joinville, one of the sons of the exiled king, Louis Philippe, would be set up against the president as a rival candidate for the chair, with the programme of 'war to the knife against England.' The Socialists, too, it was known, were looking forward to the presidential election of 1852 as a convenient opportunity for overturning society at large.

It would be impossible, within the space of this paper, to give an account of the successive steps by which the president of the republic was led to seek the realisation of his favourite theory in his own person, and to exchange the chair of a president for the crown and the throne of an emperor. The factions and intrigues of the last three years had taught him that the republic was a 'delusion and a sham,' or, at all events, that it contained within itself no element of permanence; and that, in reality, however grandly the name of a republic might sound, it was as contrary to the genius as to the desires of the heart of France as a nation. It was also growing clearer to him day by day that his own power as president was far from sufficient to restrain the various discordant elements that were at work within the state, and, in fact, that it was morally impossible to reach the end of his term of office as president without a fresh outbreak and fresh bloodshed. 'Having cherished, though in vain, a hope of ruling France, as a republic, in a way conducive to its real interests,' we may suppose him to have said to the French people, 'I have found that I am myself mistaken, and that that form of government is not acceptable to the nation; I therefore throw myself again upon you; I ask you to restore France to that condition in which she stood under the first Empire. I firmly believe the policy of that Empire to be the only one under which France can reach the highest degree of prosperity, and accomplish her high destiny. If such be your opinion too, let that Empire be restored. I do not wish to represent any faction or party in the state; my aim is to be the representative of France in its entirety. I place my hopes, my intentions, my desires, in your hands; and if it be your will that the Empire should be restored, and in my person, then I believe that she will rise to a higher prosperity than she has as yet attained; and that the nations of Europe will be found to acquiesce in your decision.'

This was, in effect, the appeal which Louis Napoleon made to the French people. The result was that by an almost unanimous vote he was raised to the Empire; and if there be any one man of whom it can ever be said that he represents a nation, it must be owned that that man is Louis Napoleon. This was shewn by the *coup d'état*, for which he has been so severely criticised.

At the commencement of December, it was clear that the French

throughout France, and these benefits were largely increased by the heartiness and sincerity of the pacific policy which the prince adopted in all his dealings with England. Meantime, though grateful for the benefits which it had already begun to reap from the adoption of the imperial system, the nation felt one ground of uneasiness in the thought that as yet the power which wielded it was not as complete and permanent as was desirable. An imperial system without an imperial head was an anomaly. In a word, the mind of the people went on from the idea of the 'Empire' to that which it logically implied—an 'emperor.' Accordingly, wherever and whenever the prince appeared in public, he found himself addressed by municipal and other bodies in terms which implied a desire that the Empire should be fully restored in his person. In the autumn, his tour or progress was one continuous ovation, and the crowds of all classes, ranks, and sexes as with one voice exclaimed: '*Vive l'empereur!*' On his return to Paris, deputations, addresses, memorials from every part of France, poured in upon him at the Tuileries, demanding formally 'the restoration of the Empire.'

It was not likely that Louis Napoleon would long hesitate to accept the gift thus forced upon him, the end and aim as it had been of his every aspiration in exile or in prison, at home or abroad. He convoked the Senate, and communicated to it the national desire, expressing his own strong wish that the constitution of 1852 should be maintained as the basis of the Empire. He laid down also the memorable maxim, *L'Empire c'est la Paix;* and publicly declared that while the re-establishment of that form of government 'satisfied the just pride of the nation,' it also enabled France *nobly to avenge its former reverses* without shedding any blood, or making a single victim, or threatening the peace of the world.

On the 25th of November he addressed the Legislative Assembly in similar terms, begging it also to 'attest the spontaneous nature of that national movement which was bearing him to the imperial crown.' An appeal on the question forthwith made to the country, as before, by universal suffrage, shewed the following result of votes: affirmative, 7,864,180; negative or neutral, 316,471. History records no more marked example of unity in the expression of a national feeling. Deeply impressed with the sense of the responsibilities of his position, the emperor elect declared that nothing cheered him so much as the perfect concord of the national voice. 'In order to aid you, sire, in this great work,' said the president of the legislative body, 'France surrounds you with all her sympathies; she commits herself freely to you. Take then, sire, from the hands of France, that glorious crown which in our person she offers you. Never has a royal brow worn one more legitimate or more popular.'

Unwilling to seem to ignore the title, 'regular though ephemeral,' of his cousin, the Duc de Reichstadt, the prince took the oath of loyalty to France under the title of Napoleon III.; and then,

addressing the Senate, he said: 'Assist me, messieurs, all of you, to establish in this land, harassed by so many revolutions, a stable government, based on religion, justice, and probity, and on the love of the humbler classes. And here receive my oath that I will use every exertion to insure the prosperity of the country; and that, whilst maintaining peace, I will never yield anything which affects the honour and dignity of France.'

Early in the following year, he gave a proof of his belief that the country with whose destinies he had always identified himself so closely had at length attained an assured and secure position. On the 22d of January following (1853), he announced to the Senate his intention to marry the Countess Eugénie de Theba, a lady of princely though scarcely of royal descent, and in whose veins flowed some of the best blood of Spain and Scotland. In announcing to the Senate his marriage, he paid a graceful tribute to the memory of the Empress Josephine, the first consort of his uncle, as 'the one woman, not the issue of royal blood, but modest and good, who alone seemed to bring happiness, and to live more than all others in the memory of the people;' and then he proceeded as follows: 'She who has been the object of my preference is of princely descent. French in heart, by education, and the recollection of the blood shed by her father in the cause of the Empire, she has, as a Spaniard, the advantage of not having in France a family to whom it might be necessary to give honours and fortune. Endowed with all the qualities of the mind, she will be the ornament of the throne. In the day of danger, she would be one of its courageous supporters. A Catholic, she will address to Heaven the same prayers with me for the happiness of France. In fine, by her grace and her goodness, she will, I firmly hope, endeavour to revive in the same position the virtues of the Empress Josephine.'

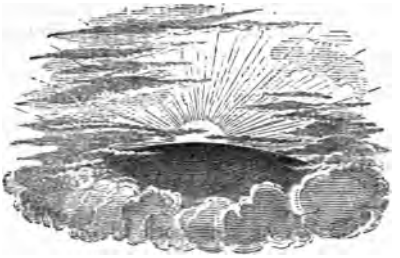
Without delay the emperor proceeded to the cathedral of Notre-Dame in state, and presented the empress to the people and the army. The marriage was celebrated in the midst of general rejoicing at Notre-Dame, on the 29th of the same month. The only issue of the marriage, as our readers are aware, is a son, known as the 'Prince Imperial,' who was born at the Tuileries on the 16th of March 1856, and baptised by the name of Napoleon-Eugène-Louis-Jean-Joseph.

The rest of the history of the French emperor is so thoroughly mixed up with the history of the people over whom he rules, and in its chief events it stands in such close proximity to the days in which we live, that we are obliged to content ourselves with the briefest possible outline of its leading features.

Towards the close of 1853, rumours arose of a difficulty that had arisen between Russia and Turkey, which threatened to increase and spread until it assumed the proportions of a European war, and involved the western powers as well as the eastern. The

Generous and magnanimous, he has ever shewn himself incapable of petty jealousy and revenge, and merciful to a fallen foe. While the English press lampooned him most severely, he not only never attempted to resent the affront, but remained our firmest and truest ally. And as to France itself, his reign has brought the most solid advantages to the country which he rules. When he ascended the throne, he found France distracted at home, and without power or influence abroad. Her exchequer was empty, her army was disorganised, her government corrupt, self-seeking, and arbitrary; commerce, the arts, and works of industry all languished. Under his rule, France has grown steadily richer, greater, and more powerful. The counsels of her ministers, on the whole, have been supreme in Europe. Like his uncle the great emperor, he has ever been ready to find out, recognise, and reward high abilities when joined with honesty and integrity, and in consequence he has been served by brilliant and able ministers. The consequence is that the ancient renown of the arms of France under the former Empire has been revived, and the name of France itself held in honour and respect in every quarter of the world.

While we write (July 1869) the last act of Napoleon III. has been the concession of certain constitutional arrangements, which, properly followed out, will go far towards assimilating the civil liberty of France to that of Great Britain, and may tend to consolidate the controlling power in the family of the emperor. Let us hope that the French people are sufficiently chastened and qualified to appreciate and make a good use of the political privileges thus granted by the good-will of the sovereign.



LOVE IS POWER.

WHEN one person expresses hatred to another, or attempts to injure him, the first feeling of the person so hated, or liable to be injured, is usually of an angry kind. He hates in turn, or he stands indignantly up for his rights. This is natural, just as it is natural for a child to creep before he can walk, or lisp before he can speak. But as creeping and lisping at first do not form any objection to walking and speaking afterwards, so are those angry feelings which so readily occur to us, no argument why we should not come to treat those who hate or injure us in a different manner. If we always find that kindling up in anger, and returning evil for evil, prolongs mischief to ourselves as well as to the other party, but that we stop mischief, and make ourselves happy, by a kind and forgiving behaviour, there is no reason why we should not prefer the latter mode. The one plan is, in fact, as natural as the other, although with most persons it is not the one first thought of.

But is it really best to treat our enemies kindly? This is the great question. We shall endeavour to prove that such is the case.

It is matter of common observation that, when unloving words or looks are resented by the like, a complete division takes place between the parties. The hatred of the first person is deepened: he becomes a more unpleasant neighbour than he was before. And, because bad words have been used to him, his pride is touched, and he determines to shew no symptom of relenting. But if, on the contrary, the object of his antipathy had refrained from angry words

or looks, and addressed him in a friendly manner, his first feelings, which were probably of a slight kind, would have given way, and he would have been at once reconciled. Thus the evil would have been cut short at the very first, and those would have been friends who otherwise would be sure to become enemies, perhaps for the remainder of their lives. Now, if we consider how many disadvantages attend our having the ill-will of our neighbours, we shall be at no loss to see how important it is for us to prevent them by all proper means from becoming our enemies. And not only this, but let us also reflect on the sad fact, that our neighbour is unhappy in being our enemy; we are concerned to see that we do not become, however innocently, as we may think, the cause of his being haunted by unpleasant feelings. We are therefore bound, out of kindness to him, to act in such a way as to save him from the wretchedness of becoming our enemy. People will say it is difficult to be kind to one who has looked, or spoken, or acted harshly towards us. But a moment's reflection on what are *his* interests in the case, will go a great way to enable us to check angry feeling, and to call up the kind forgiveness which is so sure to win him to our friendship. It is not, in reality, difficult to act in this way when the other party has no just cause for being angry with us. The serenity of a mind at peace with itself rather disposes us to be forgiving. Should the case be otherwise, and we feel any cause for reproaching ourselves, then we are doubly called upon, by due expressions of contrition, to do all that in us lies to restore the broken peace. Though the anger of the offended person should appear unreasonably great, still it is our duty to seek to appease it, so that permanent enmity should be prevented.

It is equally evident that little or no good is ever got by using force, or even threatening to use it, for the assertion of our rights. Questions about right usually arise without any ill design on either side. The circumstances are usually such as to make it difficult to say how the right lies. At first there is mere difference of opinion on the subject. It would then be easy to come to a friendly agreement about it, or to find a friend to decide between the parties, to the satisfaction of both. But if one shews undue eagerness about the matter, the other is apt to become keenly interested also. The selfish feelings are then called into play. If the love of property does not take the lead, pride will do so; and each thinks it would be disgraceful to give in to the other. Thus arise fights among children and savages, wars among the so-called civilised nations, and lawsuits among individuals who think themselves Christians. Immense damage is the consequence to all, happiness is put to flight for the time, and often the object of dispute is lost to both parties. Now, if any one were to make a point of always trusting to reason and good feeling alone, if it became understood regarding him that he would take no other means of prosecuting his own interests,

would it be for his hurt or his advantage? The just answer to this question, in our opinion, is, that a few very bad people would now and then take advantage of his gentleness to injure him, but the most would act quite differently. Their benevolence, their sense of justice, their very pride would be engaged to make them treat the rights of that person tenderly. In the long-run he would find himself a gainer, if not in actual property, at least in the comparative peace of his life; for he would have avoided many troublesome contentions, and enjoyed a more than usual share of the esteem of the good, besides possessing, what is more precious than all, the consciousness of having done his best to promote sweetness, instead of sourness, in society.

LOVE IS POWER—BETWEEN MAN AND MAN.

An affecting and beautiful example occurs in the history of David. Pursued by Saul in the wilderness of Engedi, he was lying concealed with his few followers in a cave, when the king and his party entered. David might have killed the king if he had chosen, and his friends advised him to do it. But he resolved upon a better course. He only cut off the skirt of Saul's robe. When the king had departed, David followed and called after him. The rest may be told in the language of Scripture. 'And when Saul looked behind him, David stooped with his face to the earth, and bowed himself. And David said to Saul, Wherefore hearest thou men's words, saying, Behold, David seeketh thy hurt? Behold, this day thine eyes have seen how that the Lord had delivered thee to-day into mine hand in the cave: and some bade me kill thee; but mine eye spared thee: and I said, I will not put forth mine hand against my lord; for he is the Lord's anointed. Moreover, my father, see, yea, see the skirt of thy robe in my hand: for in that I cut off the skirt of thy robe, and killed thee not, know thou and see that there is neither evil nor transgression in mine hand, and I have not sinned against thee; yet thou huntest my soul to take it. The Lord judge between me and thee, and the Lord avenge me of thee: but mine hand shall not be upon thee. As saith the proverb of the ancients, Wickedness proceedeth from the wicked: but mine hand shall not be upon thee. After whom is the king of Israel come out? after whom dost thou pursue? after a dead dog, after a flea. The Lord therefore be judge, and judge between me and thee, and see, and plead my cause, and deliver me out of thine hand. And it came to pass when David had made an end of speaking these words unto Saul, that Saul said, Is this thy voice, my son David? And Saul lifted up his voice, and wept. And he said to David, Thou art more righteous than I: for thou hast rewarded me good, whereas I have rewarded thee evil. And thou hast shewed this day how that thou hast dealt well with me: forasmuch as when the Lord had delivered

me into thine hand, thou killedst me not. For if a man find his enemy, will he let him go well away? wherefore the Lord reward thee good for that thou hast done unto me this day.' *

What took place on this occasion is accordant with what we know of human nature in all ages and nations. Seneca relates an anecdote of the Roman emperor Augustus, which comes to precisely the same purpose. After many plots had been formed against him, and suppressed by the usual forcible means, the emperor was informed of one planned by Cinna, for putting him to death when engaged at sacrifices in the temple. He was greatly disquieted; and the more so, as a young nobleman, for whom he had a regard, was engaged in the conspiracy. It distressed Augustus to find that the taking of his life should be thought good service by however small a portion of the Roman people. He almost thought it would be better for him to die at once, than retain a life which only could be preserved by continually visiting others with death. Finding him so much troubled, his wife Livia entreated that he would for once hear a woman's counsel. 'Do,' said she, 'like a physician who, when common remedies fail, tries the contrary. You have got nothing hitherto by severity. Try now what mercy will do. Forgive Cinna, who, being discovered, can now do you no harm. The act will reward itself in reputation.' (It is a pity she thought not of superior motives.)

Augustus resolved to follow his wife's advice. He called Cinna before him, and, dismissing all attendants, told him that the plot was discovered. He then reminded him of former clemency, and lectured him on the folly as well as wickedness of his design. 'Well, Cinna,' said he at last, 'the life I gave you once as an enemy, I will now give you as a traitor and parricide, and this shall be the last reproach I shall ever address to you. For the time to come, there shall be no other contention betwixt you and me than which shall outdo the other in point of friendship.'

The intending parricide was confounded by this generosity. Promoted by Augustus to the consulship, he became faithfully attached to him, and in the end made the emperor his heir. *And this was the last conspiracy ever formed against Augustus.*

During the early years of the reign of Louis Philippe in France, similar conspiracies were of continual occurrence, and the intending assassin was invariably punished with death. At length a more merciful plan was adopted; the criminal was only condemned to imprisonment. From that time, as in the case of Augustus, *attempts to cut off the king's life totally ceased.* What force could not do, was accomplished by gentleness.

To shew the same principle in a totally different sphere of life, we quote from the *Manchester Times* an anecdote of the late William

* 1 Samuel, xxiv. 8—19.

Grant, of the firm of Grant Brothers, a man remarkable for the great liberality of his nature. 'Many years ago, a warehouseman published a scurrilous pamphlet, in which he endeavoured, but very unsuccessfully, to hold up the house of Grant Brothers to public ridicule. William remarked that the man would live to repent what he had done; and this was conveyed by some tale-bearer to the libeller, who said: "Oh, I suppose he thinks I shall some time or other be in his debt; but I will take good care of that." It happens, however, that a man in business cannot always choose who shall be his creditors. The pamphleteer became a bankrupt, and the brothers held an acceptance of his which had been indorsed to them by the drawer, who had also become a bankrupt. The wantonly libelled men had thus become creditors of the libeller! They now had it in their power to make him repent of his audacity. He could not obtain his certificate without their signature, and without it he could not enter into business again. He had obtained the number of signatures required by the bankrupt law, except one. It seemed folly to hope that the firm of "the brothers" would supply the deficiency. What! they who had cruelly been made the laughing-stocks of the public, forget the wrong, and favour the wrong-doer? He despaired. But the claims of a wife and children forced him at last to make the application. Humbled by misery, he presented himself at the counting-house of the wronged. Mr William Grant was there alone, and his first words to the delinquent were: "Shut the door, sir!"—sternly uttered. The door was shut, and the libeller stood trembling before the libelled. He told his tale, and produced his certificate, which was instantly clutched by the injured merchant. "You wrote a pamphlet against us once?" exclaimed Mr Grant. The supplicant expected to see his parchment thrown into the fire. But this was not its destination. Mr Grant took a pen, and writing something upon the document, handed it back to the bankrupt. He, poor wretch, expected to see "rogue, scoundrel, libeller," inscribed; but there was, in fair round characters, the signature of the firm. "We make it a rule," said Mr Grant, "never to refuse signing the certificate of an honest tradesman, and we have never heard that you were anything else." The tears started into the poor man's eyes. "Ah," said Mr Grant, "my saying was true! I said you would live to repent writing that pamphlet. I did not mean it as a threat; I only meant that some day you would know us better, and be sorry you had tried to injure us. I see you repent of it now." "I do, I do!" said the grateful man; "I bitterly repent it." "Well, well, my dear fellow, you know us now. How do you get on? What are you going to do?" The poor man stated that he had friends who could assist him when his certificate was obtained. "But how are you off in the meantime?" And the answer was, that, having given up every farthing to his creditors, he had been compelled to stint his family of even common necessaries, that he might be

enabled to pay the cost of his certificate. "My dear fellow, this will not do; your family must not suffer. Be kind enough to take this ten-pound note to your wife from me. There, there, my dear fellow. Nay, don't cry, it will be all well with you yet. Keep up your spirits, set to work like a man, and you will raise your head among us yet." The overpowered man endeavoured in vain to express his thanks: the swelling in his throat forbade words. He put his handkerchief to his face, and went out of the door crying like a child.'

Still further to vary the ground, and yet shew the principle triumphant, let us cite a little story which originally appeared in an American school journal. At a common school convention in Hampden county, Dr Cooley stated that, many years ago, a young man went into a district to keep a school, and before he had been there a week, many persons came to see him, and kindly told him that there was one boy in the school whom it would be necessary to whip every day; leading him to infer that such was the custom of the school, and that the inference of injustice towards the boy would be drawn whenever he should escape, not when he should suffer. The teacher saw the affair in a different light. He treated the boy with signal kindness and attention. At first this novel course seemed to bewilder him: he could not divine its meaning: but when the persevering kindness of the teacher begot a kindred sentiment of kindness in the pupil, his very nature seemed transformed. Old impulses died, and a new creation of motives supplied their place. Never was there a more diligent, obedient, and successful pupil. *Now*, said the reverend gentleman, in concluding his narrative, that boy is the chief-justice of a neighbouring state. The relator of this story, though he modestly kept back the fact, was himself the actor. If the Romans justly bestowed a civic crown upon a soldier who had saved the life of a fellow-comrade in battle, what honours are too great for a teacher who has thus rescued a child from ruin?

The author of an excellent little book,* into which the above story has been transferred, expresses his belief, and we think justly, that 'there was never yet an instance in which kindness has been fairly exercised, but that it has subdued the enmity opposed to it. Its first effort may not succeed, any more than one shower of rain can reclaim the burning desert; but let it repeatedly shed the dew of its holy influence upon the revengeful soul, and that soul will soon become beautiful with every flower of tenderness. An individual can no more oppose the kindness which is continually and steadily manifesting itself towards him, than he can fan the flame of violent anger in his soul when the most pure and charming music is flooding his senses with its rich harmony. He will as certainly submit to

* *Illustrations of the Law of Kindness.* By the Rev. G. W. Montgomery. Republished by Wiley and Putnam. London, 1845.

its winning power, as the compass-needle yields to the influence of magnetism. It is not in human nature to withstand a long course of kindness. Pride and stubbornness may for a time stay the tide of better feelings, like the waters of the stream pent up by gathering masses of ice; but those better feelings will accumulate and increase, until they break down pride and stubbornness, and cause the repentant to exclaim, like one of old: "Thou knowest that I love thee!" Let any person put the question to his soul, whether, under any circumstances, he can deliberately resist continued kindness? and a voice of affection will answer, that good is omnipotent in overcoming evil. If the angry and revengeful person would only govern his passions, and light the lamp of affection in his heart, that it might stream out in his features and actions, he would soon discover a wide difference in his communion with the world. The gentle would no longer avoid him, friends would not approach him with a frown, the weak would no longer meet him with dread, children would no longer shrink from him with fear; he would find that his kindness wins all by its smile, giving them confidence, and securing their friendship. Verily I say to you, that kindness is mightier than the conqueror; for the conqueror subdues only the body—kindness subdues the soul.'

The general truth of these observations will, we think, be generally acknowledged. How much must it, therefore, be lamented, that not only do individuals remain sources of terror and vexation to each other, in consequence of hostility, when they might interchange such blessings merely by a little mutual kindness, but that large sections of people, calling themselves political parties, or religious sects, and even whole nations, do thus deprive themselves of much happiness. The very history of the quarrels, litigations, party bickerings, and national jealousies which are daily occurring, has a bad effect in keeping up the idea that it is the natural and only possible course of human conduct. Who would think, for instance, from what we hear of the Irish peasantry, that any kind feeling could ever be interchanged between them and the English soldiery, who are stationed here and there all over their country to keep them in a kind of forced peace? Yet these parties are, after all, men. They have, on both sides, the ordinary human sympathies; and the officer who to-day, perhaps, could hardly appear singly in a lonely part of the country without danger of life, might to-morrow, if standing in a different relation to these people, find them his faithful friends. Only a few years ago, the following paragraph, illustrating a possibility of this kind, appeared in a newspaper, entitled the *Westmeath Guardian:* 'We learn that Captain Atkinson, the celebrated sportsman, who some years ago resided at Clanhugh, in this neighbourhood, and afterwards at the Cottage, Rathowen, was surrounded by a large party of the Molly Maguires, whilst shooting on a bog in the neighbourhood of Carrick-on-Shannon, last week, and ordered to

deliver up his fowling-piece. This he refused to do, and drew a pistol from his breast to fire at the fellows; it missed fire, and the Mollies immediately wrested both the gun and pistol from him, and would in all probability have given him something not very agreeable in return, had not a resident on the bog come to the rescue with a short gun, and swore he would shoot some of the party if the arms were not restored; telling them at the same time of the generosity of the captain towards him and his wife. The gallant captain and true sportsman, it appeared, was on the bog a week previously, and "convenient" to the hut of this poor man (whose wife was in her confinement at the time). He requested that the captain would not fire "convenient" to the house, explaining the delicate state of his wife. Captain Atkinson instantly retired to a distant part of the bog, and after returning home from his day's sport, despatched a messenger to the hut with many comforts that the poor family were strangers to, and called a few days after to inquire for the patient. On hearing of his generous kindness to the poor man, the Mollies instantly returned the arms to Captain Atkinson, and cheered him lustily, promising to protect the game for him, and that no person would be allowed to shoot there but himself. The Mollies then straight betook themselves away, wishing him long life, and cheering him as they went along.'

LOVE IS POWER—WITH INFERIORS.

There is a prevalent notion that the only way to manage inferiors properly is to keep them in strong subjection by severe, or at least rigid treatment. This we believe to be a prejudice, arising in this way—namely, that in the midst of a generally bad management of inferiors, any relaxation is usually attended by bad consequences. The cause is here in the bad management, not in the relaxation. Supposing inferiors to be treated uniformly on the principles of justice and kindness, with judgment and good sense as regulating powers over all, it will never be found that the kindness does any harm, but rather the reverse.

In England, complaints regarding servants are often heard. But as far as these are even ostensibly well founded, the cause may be discovered in the whole relation of the class of servants towards the class of masters and mistresses. There is too great a space between them as members of the human family. Placed so far away from the sympathies of their employers, and from the more direct influence which the higher and more cultivated natures are designed to have over the rest, servants labour under a deficiency of motive to cordial good service, to cleanliness, to integrity, or any of the other virtues desired in their situation. In America, whose institutions promote self-respect among the humbler classes, there is an independence of feeling in servants which English people generally behold

with ridicule, and deem highly inconvenient to their employers; but which, in reality, is an enviable peculiarity in the class, seeing that it is so essentially connected with good conduct. When our pride shrinks from any marks of 'spirit' on the part of a servant, we little think what the reverse costs us; and that where there is an enforced servility, there can scarcely exist any of the hardy virtues. It may not be possible for individuals entirely to avoid, in their own case, the evils which arise from national errors; but undoubtedly 'love' will have its power with English servants as it has with all other human beings. A kindly manner of dealing with them, demonstrations of an unaffected concern for their interests, behaviour calculated to foster, and never to wound or bruise their self-respect, must always tend, if consistently, perseveringly followed out, to evoke the better nature of servants, and make them agreeable and obliging inmates.

Perhaps those who at present experience the greatest annoyances from their servants, would be astonished to find how little is required on many occasions to bring out their better qualities. A story is told in the French army, that a company of soldiers conducted themselves gallantly, and always behaved well under one captain, and in the reverse manner under his successor; when, on inquiry, it was ascertained that the sole cause was in a small difference of manner between the two officers. The one always said: '*Allons, mes enfants*' (Come on, my children); and the other: '*Allez, mes enfants*' (Go on, my children). The one captain put himself on a human level with his men, and thus won their regard; the other acted as if he had stood on a height above them. It is exactly so with servants. Where their feelings of self-esteem—feelings as sure to be planted in them as in the highest nobility on earth—are respected, and an appeal made to their kindly sympathies, they are *forced by something in their own bosoms* to act as duty requires. In the other case it will always be 'up-hill work.' It is not from any want of real benevolence that masters and mistresses fail in this respect. They are often seen to mean well, but to be prevented from taking right methods by the effects of prejudice and habit, or to be turned aside from a right course by disappointment at little failures. They may depend upon this, that there will never be perfect comfort in their connections with servants while they stand upon pride, or force, or self-defence, or anything, in short, but the kindly sympathies which God has designed all his creatures to feel for each other.

Joseph Holt, who acted as general to the rebel peasantry of Ireland in 1798, was withheld from execution, and only banished, in consequence of his having, by humane interference, saved the life of an English officer. Carried to Australia, he was there employed as an overseer on the estate of a Mr Cox, where he had under his charge forty-five convicts and twenty-five freemen. In his life of himself, which was published in 1838, he says: 'It required all

my energies to keep them in proper order. My freemen I always employed by the piece, &c. As to the convicts, there was a certain quantity of work which, by the government regulations, they must do in a given time; and this may be given to them by the day, week, or month, as you pleased, and they must be paid a certain price for all the work they did beyond a certain quantity. If they were idle, and did not do the regulated quantity of work, it was only necessary to take them before a magistrate, and he would order them twenty-five lashes of the cat on their backs for the first offence, fifty for the second, and so on; and if that would not do, they were at last put into a jail-gang, and made to work in irons from morning till night.

'In order to keep them honest, I paid them fully and fairly for everything they did beyond their stipulated task at the same time I paid the freemen; and if I thought the rations not sufficient for their comfortable support, I issued to each man six pounds of wheat, fourteen of potatoes, and one of pork, in addition. By this means the men were well fed; for the old saying is true: "Hunger will break through stone walls;" and *it is all nonsense to make laws for starving men.* When any article was stolen from me, I instantly paraded all hands, and told them that if it were not restored in a given time, I would stop all extra allowances and indulgences. "The thief," said I, "is a disgrace to the establishment, and all employed in it; let the honest men find him out, and punish him among yourselves: do not let it be said that the flogger ever polluted this place by his presence. You all know the advantages you enjoy above gangs on any other estate in the colony; do not then throw them away. Do not let me know who the thief is, but punish him by your own verdict." I then dismissed them.

'The transports would say among themselves, that *what I had told them was all right.* "We won't," they would reason, "be punished because there happens to be an ungrateful thief among us." They then called a jury, and entered into an investigation; and on all occasions succeeded in detecting and punishing the offender. I was by this line of conduct secure from plunder; and the disgusting operation of flaying a man alive with a cat-o'-nine-tails did not disgrace the farms under my superintendence. Mr Cox said one day to me: "Pray, Joseph, how is it that you never have to bring your men to punishment? You have more under you than, I believe, any man in the colony, and, to the surprise of all, you have never had one flogged, or, indeed, have made a complaint against one. They look well, and appear contented, and even happy." "Sir," said I, "I have studied human nature more than books. I had the management of many more men in my own country, and I was always rigidly just to them. I never oppressed them, or suffered them to cheat their employers, or each other. They knew if they did their duty they would be well treated; and if not, sent to the right about. I follow the same course with the men here. . . . . I should think

myself very ill qualified to act as your overseer were I to have a man or two flogged every week. Besides the horrible inhumanity of the practice, the loss of a man's week or fortnight's work will not be a trifle in the year, at twelve and sixpence per week; for a man who gets the cat is incapable of work till his back is well; so, in prudence, as well as in Christian charity, it is best to treat our fellow-creatures like men, although they be degraded to the state of convict slaves."'

Mr Holt also gives the following account of Colonel Collins, governor of the settlement at the Derwent River in Van Diemen's Land from 1804 till his death in 1810: 'This gentleman had the good will, the good wishes, and the good word of every one in the settlement. His conduct was exemplary, and his disposition most humane. His treatment of the runaway convicts was conciliatory, and even kind. He would go into the forests among the natives to allow these poor creatures, the runaways, an opportunity of returning to their former condition; and, half-dead with cold and hunger, they would come and drop on their knees before him, imploring pardon for their behaviour.

"Well," he would say to them, "now that you have lived in the bush, do you think the change you made was for the better? Are you sorry for what you have done?" "Yes, sir." "And will you promise never to go away again?" "Never, sir." "Go to the store-keeper, then," the benevolent Collins would say, "and get a suit of slops and your week's ration, and then go to the overseer, and attend to your work. I give you my pardon; but remember that I expect you will keep your promise to me."

'I never heard of any other governor or commandant acting in this manner, nor did I ever witness much leniency from any governor. I have, however, been assured that *there was less crime and much fewer faults committed among the people* under Governor Collins than in any other settlement; which I think is a clear proof that mercy and humanity are the best policy.'

Miss Martineau, in her works on America, gives several delightful illustrations of this principle, which almost sound like oddities. She speaks of a Tunker, a kind of Baptist, whom she found in the enjoyment of considerable wealth on a farm settlement near Michigan City. 'He had gone through life on the non-resistance principle; and it was animating to learn how well it had served him—as every high exercise of faith does serve every one who has strength and simplicity of heart to commit himself to it. It was animating to learn not only his own consistency, but the force of his moral power over others; how the careless had been won to thoughtfulness of his interests, and the criminal to respect of his rights. He seemed to have unconsciously secured the promise and the fruit of the life that now is, more effectually than many who think less of that which is to come. *It was done*, he said, *by always supposing that the good was*

in men.'* In her notice of the relation between mistresses and servants in America, Miss Martineau states that much of what English people have to complain of in that country in respect of servants arises from their imperious and exacting habits, irreconcilable as these are with the natural rights of their fellow-creatures. Where servants are treated upon a principle of justice and kindness, they live on agreeable terms with their employers, often for many years.† But even slaves may be made more useful, as well as more agreeable companions, when treated in such a way as to call forth their better feelings. 'A kind-hearted gentleman in the South, finding that the laws of his state precluded his teaching his legacy of slaves according to the usual methods of education, bethought himself at length of the moral training of task-work. It succeeded admirably. His negroes soon began to work as slaves are never, under any other arrangement, seen to work. Their day's task was finished by eleven o'clock. Next they began to care for one another: the strong began to help the weak; first, husbands helped their wives; then parents helped their children; and at length the young began to help the old. Here was seen the awakening of natural affections which had lain in a dark sleep.'‡

'The vigour,' says Miss Martineau elsewhere, 'which negroes shew when their destiny is fairly placed in their own hands, is an answer to all arguments about their helplessness, drawn from their dulness in a state of bondage. A highly satisfactory experiment upon the will, judgment, and talents of a large body of slaves was made a few years ago by a relative of Chief-justice Marshall. This gentleman and his family had attached their negroes to them by a long course of judicious kindness. At length an estate at some distance was left to the gentleman, and he saw, with much regret, that it was his duty to leave the plantation on which he was living. He could not bear the idea of turning over his people to the tender mercies or unproved judgment of a stranger overseer. He called his negroes together, told them the case, and asked whether they thought they could manage the estate themselves. If they were willing to undertake the task, they must choose an overseer from among themselves, provide comfortably for their own wants, and remit him the surplus of the profits. The negroes were full of grief at losing the family, but willing to try what they could do. They had an election for overseer, and chose the man their master would have pointed out; decidedly the strongest head on the estate. All being arranged, the master left them, with a parting charge to keep their festivals, and take their appointed holidays, as if he were present. After some time he rode over to see how all went on, choosing a festival-day, that he might meet them in their holiday gaiety. He was surprised, on approaching, to hear no merriment; and on

* *Society in America*, i. 333. † Ibid. iii. 136. ‡ Ibid. ii. 157.

entering his fields, he found his "force" all hard at work. As they flocked round him, he inquired why they were not making holiday. They told him that the crop would suffer in its present state by the loss of a day, and that they had therefore put off their holiday; which, however, they meant to take by-and-by. Not many days after, an express arrived to inform the proprietor that there was an insurrection on his estate. He would not believe it; declared it impossible, as there was nobody to rise against: but the messenger, who had been sent by the neighbouring gentlemen, was so confident of the facts, that the master galloped with the utmost speed to his plantation, arriving as night was coming on. As he rode in, a cry of joy arose from his negroes, who pressed round to shake hands with him. They were in their holiday clothes, and had been singing and dancing; they were only enjoying the deferred festival. The neighbours, hearing the noise on a quiet working-day, had jumped to the conclusion that it was an insurrection.

'There is no catastrophe yet to this story. When the proprietor related it, he said that no trouble had arisen; and that for some seasons—ever since this estate had been wholly in the hands of his negroes—it had been more productive than it ever was while he managed it himself.'

It is particularly striking to find the principle thus exemplified in dealings with convicts and slaves; for if there successful, it has surely a chance of being still more so amongst classes less degraded.

In the well-meant efforts of the affluent classes to improve the condition of their poorer neighbours, there is often an experience of disappointment, from the little effect which immediately follows. They find, perhaps, the bad habits kept up, notwithstanding all their exhortations; or that arrangements which they have been at pains to introduce are neglected and overlooked. Sometimes prejudice starts up to oppose the best designs of the philanthropic gentleman or lady; and then they give up the matter in despair or in disgust, and the ancient evils are allowed to remain in full luxuriance. Now, the difficulties thus experienced are to be deplored; but if the philanthropic would reflect a little, they would see that, to work out such ends, much patience must ever be required. Nor are they themselves always free of blame. They often come forward with their suggestions in a manner that piques their poor neighbours, as implying that these persons have only to listen and obey. The honest cottager does not like to be treated as if he were a child. The common feelings of human nature must be studied, if we would be successful in such efforts. Not that cajolery is to be called into exercise; that were immoral, and probably would defeat its own end. But to shew what sort of appeal will be successful, we will relate an instance in which a kindly expression, even casually dropped, had a good effect.

In a certain part of the Highlands of Scotland, the people were

exceedingly backward in all matters of tidiness about their houses and gardens, notwithstanding the almost constant advices and reprimands of the proprietor of the estate. On one occasion, the proprietor, who was very much vexed about the slovenliness of his tenantry, went to visit the estate of another proprietor, a lady of considerate and benevolent disposition. To his extreme surprise, he found all the cottages and gardens in the district neat and orderly, the gardens universally blooming with the prettiest flowers. 'How have you managed to bring all this about?' asked the surprised visitor. 'All you see,' replied the lady, 'is the result, I may say, of one kind word. You shall hear how it took place. One day, happening to visit one of my cottagers, I observed in the wretched garden behind the house a single marigold: it was blooming amidst a crowd of weeds. "What a very beautiful marigold you have got there!" said I to the cottager. The man was delighted with the notion of possessing what I seemed to prize so highly; and, without recommendation on my part, commenced to dig and clean his garden, and plant flowers. Others did the same; a general improvement of taste ensued; and that man who possessed the marigold lately gained the highest prize from a society for the finest flowers grown in the district.'

LOVE IS POWER—IN PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

There is no moral principle applicable to private or domestic life, which is not equally applicable in public affairs, whether between one little society and another, or between state and state. This is not generally seen or acknowledged; but as it is quite true, the world is rapidly becoming aware of the fact.

When one nation is contentious and troublesome towards another, there is the same duty upon that other nation to take calm and gentle measures, as there is upon an individual to try by soft words to turn away the wrath of his brother. And any nation which acts in this amiable manner will have as good a chance of escaping wars, as a private person by similar conduct will have of escaping common quarrels. Supposing one nation to form an unkind law or regulation with respect to the people of another state, and that other nation were to meet it with a law of quite the opposite nature with respect to its neighbour, there would be the same likelihood of the ungenerous policy being abandoned, as there is that an individual will relent when he finds that his injured or insulted neighbour returns only good for evil. Nations, in fact, are liable to exactly the same emotions as single persons. With them, too, the law of kindness has a certain and definite sway.

Unfortunately, we have as yet few instances of nations acting towards each other on the principle of love. Hitherto, they have been more accustomed to look to the hurt of their neighbour as their

own benefit, than to the opposite principle, which is the only true one. We therefore can only point to illustrations of the law of hate in their case; but these are immensely numerous. The wars which have been their bane from the beginning, and the commercial hostilities which have latterly been hardly less injurious, are all of them evidences of the evils which arise to nations from not loving their neighbours as themselves.

Mrs Child, an American writer, has related an instance of the benefits of the law of kindness in an affair approaching to the character of public. She tells us that, some years ago, she met a hard-working, uneducated mechanic of the state of Illinois, who pleased her greatly by what he told her of his past life. He was one of thirty or forty New Englanders who had, about twelve years before, associated themselves as friends of a Christian peacefulness, and gone forth to make a settlement of their own in the western wilderness. In their new home 'they were industrious and frugal, and all things prospered under their hands. But soon wolves came near the fold in the shape of reckless unprincipled adventurers; believers in force and cunning, who acted according to their creed. The colony of practical Christians spoke of their depredations in terms of gentlest remonstrance, and repaid them with unvarying kindness. They went further—they openly announced: "You may do us what evil you may choose; we will return nothing but good." Lawyers came into the neighbourhood, and offered their services to settle disputes. They answered: "We have no need of you. As neighbours, we receive you in the most friendly spirit; but for us, your occupation has ceased to exist." "What will you do if rascals burn your barns and steal your harvests?" "*We will return good for evil. We believe this is the highest truth, and therefore the best expediency.*" When the rascals heard this, they considered it a marvellous good joke, and said and did many provoking things which to them seemed witty. Barns were taken down in the night, and cows let into the corn-fields. The Christians repaired the damage as well as they could, put the cows in the barn, and at twilight drove them gently home, saying: "Neighbour, your cows have been in my field. I have fed them well during the day; but I would not keep them all night, lest the children should suffer for want of their milk."

'If this were fun, those who planned the joke found no heart to laugh at it. By degrees a visible change came over these troublesome neighbours. They ceased to cut off the horses' tails and break the legs of the poultry. Rude boys would say to a younger brother: "Don't throw that stone, Bill! When I killed the chicken last week, didn't they send it to my mother, because they thought that chicken-broth would be good for poor Mary? I should think you'd be ashamed to throw stones at their chickens." Thus was evil overcome with good, till not one was found to do them wilful injury.

'Years passed on, and saw them thriving in worldly substance beyond their neighbours, yet beloved by all. From them the lawyer and the constable obtained no fees. The sheriff stammered and apologised when he took their hard-earned goods in payment for the war-tax. They mildly replied: "'Tis a bad trade, friend. Examine it in the light of conscience, and see if it be not so." But while they refused to pay such fees and taxes, they were liberal to a proverb in their contributions for all useful and benevolent purposes. At the end of ten years, the public lands which they had chosen for their farms were advertised for sale by auction. According to custom, those who had settled and cultivated the soil were considered to have a right to bid it in at the government price, which at that time was one dollar twenty-five cents per acre. But the fever of land speculation chanced then to run unusually high. Adventurers from all parts of the country were flocking to the auction, and capitalists in Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston were sending agents to buy up western lands. No one supposed that custom or equity would be regarded. The first day's sale shewed that speculation ran to the verge of insanity. Land was eagerly bought in at seventeen, twenty-five, and forty dollars an acre.

'The Christian colony had small hopes of retaining their farms. As first settlers, they had chosen the best lands; and persevering industry had brought them into the highest cultivation. Its market value was much greater than the acres already sold at exorbitant prices. In view of these facts, they had prepared their minds for another remove into the wilderness, perhaps to be again ejected by a similar process. But on the morning that their lot was offered for sale, they observed with grateful surprise that their neighbours were everywhere busy among the crowd begging and expostulating —"Don't bid on *these* lands! These men have been working hard on them for ten years. During all that time they never did harm to man or brute. They are always ready to do good for evil. They are a blessing to any neighbourhood. It would be a sin and a shame to bid on *their* lands. Let them go at the government price.' The sale came on; the cultivators of the soil offered one dollar twenty-five cents, intending to bid higher if necessary. But among all that crowd of selfish, reckless speculators, *not one bid over them.* Without one opposing voice, the fair acres returned to them! I do not remember a more remarkable instance of evil overcome with good. The wisest political economy lies folded up in the maxims of Christ.

'With delighted reverence,' says Mrs Child, 'I listened to this unlettered backwoodsman as he explained his philosophy of universal love. "What would you do," said I, "if an idle, thieving vagabond came among you, resolved to stay, but determined not to work?" "We would give him food when hungry, shelter him when cold, and

always treat him as a brother." "Would not this process attract such characters? How would you avoid being overrun with them?" "Such characters would either reform, or not remain with us. We would never speak an angry word, or refuse to minister to their necessities; but we would invariably regard them with the deepest kindness, as we would a guilty but beloved son. This is harder for the human soul to bear than whips or prisons. They could not stand it: I am sure they could not. It would either melt them, or drive them away. In nine cases out of ten, I believe it would melt them." I felt rebuked for my want of faith, and consequent shallowness of insight. That hard-handed labourer brought greater riches to my soul than an eastern merchant laden with pearls.'

To this day, when a civilised people go into a savage country to form settlements in it, they do not in general take much care to conciliate the natives. Either they take the land from them by force, or they do not bargain for it in such a way as to satisfy the original people; and thus the hostility of these rude beings is secured at the very first. Where a satisfactory arrangement has not been made at first, the settlers are almost sure to fall sooner or later into disputes with the natives. These they seek to determine by the law of force; and thus wars arise, which are sure to retard their progress, and occasion them great misery. An invariable course of justice and kindness, and a total abstinence from warlike practices, would have a very different effect, as was proved in the noble instance of William Penn and his followers when they founded the state of Pennsylvania.

Penn, who was one of the society of Friends or Quakers, went to America in the reign of Charles II., determined to deal with the Indians as he would with any of his own people. To quote Mr Montgomery's volume: 'He bought their land, and paid them; he made a treaty with them, and observed it; and he always treated them as men. As a specimen of the manner in which he met the Indians, the following instance is very striking. There were some fertile and excellent lands which, in 1698, Penn ascertained were excluded from his first purchase; and as he was very desirous of obtaining them, he made the proposal to the Indians that he would buy those lands if they were willing. They returned for answer that they had no desire to sell the spot where their fathers were deposited; but, 'to please their father Onas,' as they named Penn, they said that he should have some of the lands. This being decided, they concluded the bargain, that Penn might have as much land as a young man could travel round in one day, 'beginning at the great river Cosquanco (now Kensington), and ending at the great river Kallapingo (now Bristol);' and as an equivalent, they were to receive a certain amount of English goods. Though this plan of measuring the land was of their own selection, yet they were greatly dissatisfied with it after it had been tried; for the young

Englishman chosen to walk off the tract of land, walked so fast and far as to greatly astonish and mortify them. The governor observed this dissatisfaction, and asked the cause. "The walker cheated us," said the Indians. "Ah, how can that be?" said Penn. "Did you not choose yourselves to have the land measured in this way?" "True," replied the Indians; "but white brother make a big walk."

'Some of Penn's commissioners waxing warm, said the bargain was a fair one, and insisted that the Indians ought to abide by it; and if not, should be compelled to it. "Compelled!" exclaimed Penn; "how *can* you *compel* them without bloodshed? Don't you see this looks to murder?" Then turning with a benignant smile to the Indians, he said: "Well, brothers, if you have given us too much land for the goods first agreed on, how much more will satisfy you?"

'This proposal gratified them; and they mentioned the quantity of cloth and the number of fish-hooks with which they would be satisfied. These were cheerfully given; and the Indians, shaking hands with Penn, went away smiling. After they were gone, the governor, looking round on his friends, exclaimed: "Oh, how sweet and cheap a thing is charity! Some of you spoke just now of *compelling* these poor creatures to stick to their bargain; that is, in plain English, to fight and kill them, and all about *a little piece of land.*"

'For this kind conduct, manifested in all his actions to the Indians, he was nobly rewarded. The untamed savage of the forest became the warm friend of the white stranger. Towards Penn and his followers they buried the war-hatchet, and ever evinced the strongest respect for them. And when the colony of Pennsylvania was pressed for provisions, and none could be obtained from other settlements—which scarcity arose from the increasing number of inhabitants not having time to raise the necessary food—the Indians cheerfully came forward and assisted the colony by the fruits of their labours in hunting.'

When the French took possession of what is now the colony of Algeria, it was by force of arms. The war which they carried on for this purpose was attended by frightful evils on both sides. The villages of the natives were destroyed, thousands of the French troops perished, and a vast sum of money was expended annually, with but a doubtful prospect of ultimate benefit to France. It is a most fatal plan thus to go into the country of a half-barbarous people with arms in our hands. It will be found that the true means of conciliating such a people is to appeal to the gentler feelings, of which the merest savages have their share, as well as the most civilised nations. It is very common, when such a doctrine is advanced, for persons to say: 'Oh, that is all well-meaning enthusiasm: it has not experience in its favour: experience proves quite the contrary.' But this is far from being true; for, while we

have numberless cases to prove the obstruction which force creates for itself, we have also some which shew that gentle means have a contrary tendency. There are only fewer illustrations of the power of gentleness than of the slow efficacy of the law of force, because gentleness has been so seldom tried. But in those instances where it has been tried, and fully carried out, it has usually succeeded brilliantly. Few, we believe, are aware that the very commencement of the British empire in India was laid, not in an example of the law of force, but of that of gentleness. The Company had struggled for forty years for liberty to make a permanent settlement and build a factory, but in vain. At length this was obtained from the native princes by Dr Boughton, a physician, in gratitude for the successful exertion of his medical skill amongst them. They could resist everything but the appeal of humanity. We have seen the British power since then spread over nearly the whole of Hindustan; and history would probably make it appear as chiefly the result of certain battles, followed by treaties. But while these means have certainly been attended by certain definite effects, there has also been a less visible, though powerful agency at work, in as far as the English have proved mild and just superiors, and exemplified before the eyes of the natives the maxims of humanity. A bright illustration of the power of humane deeds over a people in a situation analogous to that of the Hindus, was presented some time ago in the consequences attending the establishment of an ophthalmic hospital at Canton, in 1835, by Mr Parker, an American missionary. The principle on which this hospital was founded is *kindness*—to heal the afflicted without expense to them. At first, only the lower orders came for relief; but gradually, as the fame of the institution spread abroad, men of the upper ranks came also. In the first two years, upwards of two thousand persons were treated, many of whom experienced benefit. The effect of this in doing away with the prejudices of the Chinese was most remarkable; our national name acquired a respect which the victories of terror could never have produced. One man of rank, to whom sight was restored, could scarcely be withheld from worshipping the kind-hearted missionary. When England possesses such ample means of this kind for conciliating the nations with whom our commerce brings us into connection, is it not a pity that they are not more used?

LOVE IS POWER—IN SITUATIONS OF COMMAND.

The greater power of love than of fear in maintaining command is beginning to be acknowledged. In former times, command was kept up in the army and navy almost wholly by the terror of severe punishment. The lash, the black-hole, and other barbarous and degrading inflictions, were the main trust of the officers for maintaining discipline. In the whole conduct of the officers to the private

men there was no trace of kindly feeling. The cane was liberally used in drilling; and it was thought indispensably necessary, in speaking to a soldier, to swear at him. The effect of this treatment was to degrade the men, and make them the more frequently liable to punishment. In fact, the treatment and its consequences acted and reacted upon each other, until, in many unfortunate cases, a regiment or a ship would become nearly useless to the service.

These facts are strongly stated in a book, written by one well acquainted with military affairs—Mr Henry Marshall.* He quotes from the work of an old officer, published in 1761, the following just sentiments: 'Abuse deadens the heart; kindness wins the affections. Threatenings infuse into the obdurate bosom a callous indifference; whilst calm admonition sucks the sting from the most hardened mind. *Severity creates hatred—mercy, love.* I have known private and parental admonitions by commanding officers wean the most desperate dispositions, on which severity had exercised its greatest power, without reforming: each blow of retribution stole from the heart the few remaining sparks of manhood, and the debased individual at last fell like a brute into the grave. *Kindness will ever be found the best antidote to crime—severity its most active source.*'

The same old officer tells us an anecdote which forcibly illustrates the superior power of gentle methods. It refers to a man of bad habits, upon whom punishment had been found to have no effect. 'The commander observing that, notwithstanding all his vices, he possessed some valuable qualifications, resolved to try another mode than whipping. It was not long before he had an opportunity of putting his scheme into execution; for the next fault, instead of being punished, to the fellow's great surprise he appointed him sergeant! This opened his eyes; he applied himself diligently to his duty, and became as remarkably sober and good as he had been the contrary before.'

It is not surprising to hear Mr Marshall stating, as an observation made by many excellent officers, 'that those regiments in which flogging has been least practised have been the best behaved. A low degree of discipline not unfrequently exists with a high degree of flogging—a circumstance which shews that the fear of the lash is precarious, little to be trusted, and will not stand the test of temptation.' 'Real improvement,' says Mr Marshall, 'consists in the formation of better and purer principles, and a realisation of them in the life and conduct—a result which cannot be obtained without self-respect, and without a prospect of some portion of happiness coming along with it. It is difficult, therefore, to perceive the wisdom of confining men long in a "black-hole"—a place where soldiers are rarely, if ever, reformed, where the health of persons of a nervous temperament may be destroyed, the spirits prostrated, the intellect

* *Military Miscellany; comprehending a History of Recruiting in the Army, Military Punishments, &c.* By Henry Marshall, F.R.S.E. London: John Murray. 1846.

clouded, and the heart broken. All punishments are attended with serious evils, but none are so bad as those which have a tendency to destroy the mind, on whose improvement we rest our hopes of instilling the principles of subordination.'

Of late years, severe punishments have almost disappeared from the army and navy. It has been found that, where they are greatly necessary, the fault lies more with the officers than the men. The soldier is not now, as formerly, received as an outcast or blackguard, who is to be only turned to use and kept in order by terror. Some deference is paid to his feelings; means for improving his mind are adopted; his little interests are strictly respected; and certain honours and rewards are put before him as the prizes of good conduct. In short, the system of 'love' is gradually supplanting that of force and fear, and its good effects tell upon the poor soldier as upon all other human beings.

LOVE IS POWER—AMONGST CHILDREN.

The return of anger for anger, bad words for bad words, a blow for a blow, is usually the first impulse. Children being extremely liable to follow their first impulses, it follows that enmities and fightings are very apt to arise amongst them. There was more of this evil a few years ago than there is now, because grown people were not so careful as they ought to have been to preserve peace and good feeling amongst the young. Even now, it is too common to see brothers in one family, or boys attending the same school, or young persons generally at their play, fall into quarrels, and come to blows. Fortunately, youthful feelings of any kind being very transient, these hatreds and hostilities are seldom kept up for any length of time. Yet there can be no doubt that great harm often ensues from them, and that they take much from the happiness which the young might enjoy. With boys and girls it is just as true as with their elders—that all angry passion produces wretchedness; while kind feelings, and a mild and forgiving behaviour, tend to make life pass agreeably.

We shall illustrate this by a few anecdotes, taken from an American book written for children, entitled *A Kiss for a Blow*;* but we are sure that everybody must remember scores of facts of a similar kind.

'Two boys, named Abel and George, were at the same school in New York. Each was about ten years old: they were not brothers, but schoolmates and classmates. Both of them had irritable tempers, and had been taught to think that they must resent injuries, and defend their rights at all hazards. Playing *pin* was a common

* By Henry C. Wright, a temperance lecturer. This volume, of which it were to be wished that every family in the country had a copy, was reprinted in Dublin (Webb and Chapman). It is an invaluable little book.

amusement in the school. They played in this way: two boys would take a hat, and set it down between them, crown upward. Each boy would lay a pin on the crown of the hat, and push it; first one boy would push the pin, and then the other. He who could push the pins so as to make them lie across each other, became entitled to them both. One day, during play-hour, Abel and George were playing pin. They pushed the pins about for some time. Both became much excited by the game. At last Abel pushed the pin, so that, as he said, one lay across the point of the other. George denied it. Abel declared they did, and snatched up both pins. George's anger broke forth in a moment, and he struck Abel in the face with his fist. This excited Abel's wrath. They began to fight—the other boys clustering around, not to part them, but to urge them on. Some cried: "Hit him, Abel!" and some: "Give it to him, George!" thus stimulating them to quarrel. The boys seized each other, and finally came tumbling to the ground, Abel uppermost. Then Abel, in his fury, beat George in the face till the blood spouted from his nose and mouth, and he lay like one dead. Then the boys pulled Abel off. But George could not get up. The boys began to be alarmed. They were afraid Abel had killed him. The teacher was called. He carried George in, and washed the blood from his face and head, which he found bruised in a shocking manner. One of his eyes was so hurt and swollen that he could not open it; and from that day the sight of it grew more and more dim, till it became blind.'

Here was a dreadful mischief produced by the angry style of conduct. Now hear, in contrast with this, an anecdote in which the opposite plan was pursued.

'Thomas and Gerald lived in Rhode Island, and were brothers. One cold day, when the ground was frozen, they were out driving a hoop. Both boys were following and driving the same hoop. This is rather dangerous, as the boy who runs behind is in danger of throwing the other down. As they were driving their hoop down the street, running as fast as they could, Thomas, who was foremost, struck his foot against a stone, and fell headlong upon the frozen ground, coming down with violence upon his bare hands and face. Gerald, being close behind, and running fast, could not stop, but came down with his whole weight on Thomas. This hurt Thomas still more, and he was angry with Gerald for falling on him.

'They both rose. Thomas began to scold and storm at his brother, and to beat him. What did Gerald do? Did he cry out, and strike in return? He did no such thing. He put his hand into his pocket hurriedly, rummaged about, and soon drew out a stick of candy, which he thrust into his brother's mouth as he was scolding and beating him. Thomas instantly stopped scolding and beating Gerald, and looked confused and ashamed. His brother urged him to take the candy. He took it, and began to eat—evidently feeling very sorry that he had struck his generous brother.

'Thus his wrath was disarmed, and his blows were staid, by love and kindness.'

It is the same as to the angry assertion of supposed rights: in proof of which, let us read the following little story, and the sound reflections which the author makes upon it.

'Ruth and Amy were sisters, and lived in Pennsylvania. In early spring, as the violets began to bloom, they were playing in a meadow near their father's house. They both happened at the same time to see a violet before them. Both ran to it. Ruth, the elder sister, came to it first, and plucked it. Amy was angry, and cried out: "I saw it first, and it belongs to me." "No, it is not yours; it is mine," said Ruth; "for I saw it as soon as you did, and I got to it first, and plucked it: so I have got it, and you shall not have it." Amy was quite furious, snatched at the flower, and struck her sister. Then Ruth became angry, and struck Amy. So they fought about it, and screamed, and beat each other. Their mother heard them, and came to see what was the matter. She found her little daughters tearing and beating each other.

"What does this mean?" asked the mother.

"Ruth got my flower," said Amy.

"No, I did not, mother," said Ruth. "It was mine. I saw it first, and plucked it."

"But where is the flower?" asked their mother.

'Lo! it had been torn to pieces in the fight! Thus each claimed the flower by right of first discovery; and in fighting to decide who saw it first, and who should have it, both lost it!

'How could this fight have been prevented, and the sweet violet, and the sweeter spirit of sisterly love and affection, been preserved? Ruth said she saw it first, and claimed it. Amy said she saw it first, and claimed it. Now, though Ruth had the violet in her hand, if, when Amy said: "It is mine—I saw it first—I will have it," Ruth had said to her: "Sister, if you think the pretty flower is yours, you may have it; I should rather let you have it than keep it myself; *I would rather have your love than all the flowers that grow*," would there have been any fight—any coldness or unkindness between the sisters? None. They would have saved their sisterly affection from so rude a shock, and the sweet violet too; and Amy would not have cared whether the flower had been in her sister's hand or in her own. She would have enjoyed it just as much—nay, more—had it been in her sister's. The sweet and pretty flower belonged to Him who made it. God made it to delight the two sisters. How wicked in them to get angry and to fight about it!

'Our heavenly Father made the earth and all the beautiful things that adorn it. They are all his. He invites all his children to come and enjoy them. We admire them; we see that there is more than enough for all; and it would seem that, as children of a common

Father, we might look at them, and use and enjoy them, in love and peace. Yet as soon as we see the beautiful things our Father has laid before us, to please us and make us happy in his love, and in each other's love, we begin to fight for them, as Ruth and Amy did for that pretty violet.

'One says: "This land is mine—I found it first." Another says: "No, it is mine—I found it first."

"This gold and silver are mine," says one; "let none dare touch them without my leave." "They are mine," angrily responds another; "I will 'kill, slay, and destroy' all who touch them without consulting me."

'One gets possession of the treasure first. The other comes up, and tries to snatch it away. The first struggles to keep it—the other to take it. One strikes the other. The other strikes in return. Both get enraged. Blows follow. Love gets out—wrath comes in. Blood flows, limbs are broken, and bodies torn to pieces. Thus these brothers and sisters—children of the same family—fight about the sweet and pleasant things their kind and loving Father has given them! Can it be? It would be far better for them to say in such a case: "If you think this land, grove, spring, river, ocean, mountain, or valley is yours, take it and keep it; only love me, and give me a brother's love. I would rather have the affection of one kind and loving heart, than all the gold and silver of the earth."'

The monkeys in Exeter 'Change menagerie were placed in a row of cages, with only thin partitions between each other. Before each cage was a pan for the monkey's food, and these pans were supplied several times a day. Now, the behaviour of the monkeys at their meals was one of the amusing sights of the place. It was this: no sooner had the food been placed in the pans, than these foolish creatures began to eat, not out of their own pans, but out of those of their neighbours. Each stretched his paw obliquely along to his neighbour's pan, in order, if possible, to filch a little from him, expecting to have his own pan to empty at leisure besides. But as every monkey did the same, it happened that, while one was attempting to steal from his neighbour, his neighbour on the other side was taking the opportunity, while his attention was thus engaged, to steal from him. So no one was the better for it. The result was quite the reverse; for whenever any one found his pan invaded by a neighbour, he tried to get a bite at him, or to filch from his pan in return; and thus splutterings and fights took place, in the course of which a great quantity of the food was cast out, and lost upon the ground. In short, the simple effect of the plan of mutual aggression was to make the whole of the monkeys have uncomfortable instead of comfortable meals, and much less to eat than they otherwise would have had. Had each been content with his own pan, the general happiness would have been greatly increased.

Now, monkeys are only poor dumb animals, from whom hardly any better is to be expected. But human beings have superior principles to act upon if they choose, and reason to enable them to see how much better it is for them to do good instead of evil to their neighbours. Yet is it not true that, in many families, we see the various children looking jealously at any distribution of food or good things amongst them, to see that their neighbours do not get an over-proportion, and setting up a great clamour if they think they have got a particle less than their neighbours? Do not children, indeed, often fight about shares on such occasions, and thus make themselves as unhappy as the monkeys? The author of *A Kiss for a Blow* tells us of a father who complained to him of the quarrelsome dispositions of his children. It turned out that this gentleman was particularly careful in training his children always *to stand up for their rights*, and never to submit to insults or injuries without shewing a proper resentment. He thought he was teaching them a *proper spirit*, when he was in reality training them to fight about every trifling difference that might happen amongst them. In another family which Mr Wright visited, there took place at supper exactly such a scene as often occurs in families where the feelings of the children have never been rightly regulated. The mother had helped her young people to pieces of custard-pie. Each looked keenly at the others' pieces, to see if none were better off than another. Charles, who had got the largest, boasted of it, which was an additional provocation to James and Jane. James, after in vain requesting a larger piece from his mother, tried to snatch Charles's piece. Being prevented, he struggled and kicked, struck at his brother and sister, and finally tumbled the pie over upon the floor. When the uproar had subsided, and peace been restored, Mr Wright told the family the following anecdote, which, notwithstanding the largeness of former quotations, we are tempted to give in his own words:

'Last evening I supped with Lydia's father and mother. Before supper, Lydia, her parents, and myself, were sitting in the room together, and her little brother Oliver was out in the yard drawing his cart about. Their mother went out and brought in some peaches, a few of which were large red-cheeked *rare-ripes*, the rest small ordinary peaches. The father handed me one of the rare-ripes, gave one to the mother, and then one of the best to his little daughter, who was eight years old. He then took one of the smaller ones and gave it to Lydia, and told her to give it to her brother, who was about four years old. Lydia went out, and returned in about ten minutes.

"Did you give your brother the peach I sent him?" asked her father.

'Lydia blushed, turned away, and did not answer.

"Did you give your brother the peach I sent him?" asked her father again a little sharply.

"No, father," said she, "I did not give him *that*."

"What did you do with it?" he asked.

"I ate it," said Lydia.

"What! did you not give your brother any?" asked her father.

"Yes, I did, father," said she; "I gave him mine."

"Why did you not give him the one I told you to give?" asked her father rather sternly.

"Because, father," said Lydia, "I thought he would like mine better."

"But you ought not to disobey your father," said he.

"I did not mean to be disobedient, father," said she; and her bosom began to heave and her lips to quiver.

"But you were, my daughter," said he.

"I thought you would not be displeased with me, father," said Lydia, "if I gave my brother the larger peach;" and the tears began to roll down her cheeks.

"But I wanted you to have the larger," said her father; "you are older and bigger than he is."

"I want you to give the best things to my brother!" said the noble girl.

"Why?" asked her father, scarcely able to contain himself.

"Because," answered this generous sister, "I love him so dearly—I always feel happier when he gets the best things."

"You are right, my precious daughter," said her father, as he fondly and proudly folded her in his arms—"you are right, and you may be certain your father can never be displeased with you for wishing to give up the best of everything to your brother. He is a dear little boy, and I am glad you love him so. Do you think he loves you as well as you love him?"

"Yes, father," said the girl, "I think he does; for when I offered him the larger peach, he would not take it, and wanted me to keep it; and it was a good while before I could get him to take it."'

When Mr Wright had concluded this story, he asked his young friends if they knew Lydia and Oliver. They answered they did. 'Did you ever see them quarrel?' 'No.' 'Why do they not quarrel?' Charles and James hung down their heads; but Jane said: 'They don't quarrel because they give the best things to each other.' Jane spoke the truth. There would be no quarrelling of this kind if we were as happy to see our neighbour well served as ourselves. And were this the general spirit, no one would need to have any fear of being partially dealt with, for then he might be confident that his interests were as safe with others as with himself. It is the spirit diffused by such means that is important. When any member of a family says a kind thing to the rest, or acts with a greater regard to their interests than his own, he throws them all upon the exercise of their best feelings. He produces, as it were, an atmosphere of kind and just feeling, which disposes all to promote each other's comfort.

On the contrary, a single ungracious word, one jealous look, will make all uneasy. The genial feelings wither and shrink up, and the selfish ones begin to rush forth. How blessed is he who can bring moral sunshine into a house by his good words and deeds; or who, when the inferior feelings have spoken or acted in others, can keep away the gathering darkness by trying to overcome evil with good!

LOVE IS POWER—WITH THE LOWER ANIMALS.

In past time, man's unkindness to man has not been more conspicuous than his unkindness to the lower animals. In most parts of the earth these have constantly been sufferers from his rude impulses and recklessness; and the consequence is, that most animals have acquired, from the effect of habit transmitted through generations, a fear and hatred of man; which we ought to be humiliated in contemplating, and which is, in itself, a negative, if not positive evil, since there is a great pleasure to be derived from the kindly companionship of animals; and of all this we are deprived, except when we take pains with some special creature. It is by many thought probable that, from the dragooning system which we pursue towards animals, we have never yet realised one-half of the benefits which the domestic races are calculated to confer upon us. Take the horse alone for an example, and hear what a contemporary writer* has said about him. 'In Europe, the sagacious powers of this noble animal are most imperfectly developed. In fact, notwithstanding his outward beauty and his pampered form, he exists here in a state of utter degradation; for he is generally under the power and in the company of beings of the very lowest grade—ignorant, brutal, capricious, and cruel—coachmen, cabmen, grooms, carmen, horse-jockeys, post-boys, butchers, and black-legs; many of them without sense, temper, or feeling—fellows, in the scale of creation, infinitely below the generous creatures they torment. Some are well fed, it is true, and duly exercised—and happy their fate: the rest are abused with a cruelty that has become proverbial. Now, what knowledge can a horse acquire under such treatment?—how is he to display, to exercise, to increase the powers bestowed on him by nature?—from whom is he to learn? Being gregarious by nature, he is here secluded from his own species; he is separated, except for a short time, from his master, who attends only to his animal propensities: when not employed about a heavy, cumbersome machine —"dragging his dull companion to and fro"—he is shut up in the walls of a stable. But this beautiful creature, we repeat, is existing all this time in a degraded state; or, as the newspapers call it, in a *false position.* Who does not know how soon the horse will meet every advance of kindness and attention you make to him—how

* Review of Jesse's *Gleanings of Natural History*; *Gentleman's Magazine*, November 1835.

grateful he will be—how studious of your will—how anxious to understand you—how happy to please and satisfy you! We have possessed two horses at different times, which, with only the treatment that they would experience from a master fond of the animals under his protection, would follow us with the attention of dogs; sometimes stopping to graze on the banks of the road till we had advanced many hundred yards, and then, of their own accord, and apparently with delight, canter forward and rejoin us. In fact, they were gentle, intelligent, and pleasing companions; and this was produced rather by total abstinence from harsh treatment, than from any positive solicitation or great attention on our parts.' The writer proceeds to remark the great gentleness, sagacity, and serviceableness which mark the horse in the East, particularly in Arabia, and which qualities seem to depend entirely on the better treatment which the horse there receives. The Arab makes his horse a domestic companion. He sleeps in the same tent with the family. Children repose upon his neck, and hug and kiss him without the least danger. He steps amongst their sleeping forms by night, without ever injuring them. When his master mounts him, he manifests the greatest pleasure; and if he by any chance falls off, he instantly stands still till he is again mounted. He has even been known to pick up his wounded master and carry him in his teeth to a place of safety. Unquestionably these beautiful traits of character have been developed in the animal by a proper course of treatment. The same law holds good here as amongst men. Treat these in a rational, humane, and confiding manner, and you bring forth their best natural qualities; but, on the contrary, visit them with oppression and cruelty, and you either harden and stupefy them, or rouse them to the manifestation of wrathful feelings, which may prove extremely uncomfortable to yourself. It is probable, then, that, from the way in which we use most animals, we never have experienced nearly so much advantage from their subserviency as we might have done.

LOVE IS POWER—BETWEEN NATION AND NATION.

Under this head we propose to say a few words on war.

War may be defined as a people's expedient for accomplishing a purpose by violence. It is expressly so; and all the ingenuity in the world would fail to make it out as anything else. What a strange idea! A man who would seek to assert a right, or even to defend himself from wrong, by violence—that is, by taking arms, and wounding or killing those opposed to him—would be regarded as an intolerable barbarian. The laws of his country would hold him as guilty of a capital offence, and he would suffer the severest penalty they were empowered to inflict. But when a collection of men, forming what is called a nation, have a right to be asserted, or

a wrong to be redressed, or perhaps only an opinion to be advanced, it is thought quite fair and reasonable that they should use these violent and murderous means. What is forbidden to individuals in every state above the most savage, and hardly tolerated even there, is freely granted to civilised nations, which, accordingly, are every now and then seen falling into bloody fights about matters which, with private men, would be settled by a friendly arbitration, or at most a decision in a law-court. There is nearly perfect machinery for keeping individuals at peace; but scarcely any arrangement whatever for maintaining the same relations amongst states, though states are in no respect different, but in their being composed of a plurality of individuals.

Our being accustomed to see force resorted to by nations, and the enginery of it kept up as a great department of public service, blinds us very much to the real character of war. A father might be seen amongst us taking the greatest pains to repress in his sons the disposition to fight out any dispute that might arise respecting their rights, telling them that they ought to bring the case to him, and he would settle it for them, and make them friends again; and next hour it would not be surprising to hear this man asking one of these sons if he would like to go into the army; that is to say, become a part of the mechanism by which nations seek a bloody adjustment of exactly similar quarrels. He would with one breath say it was contrary to the laws of God and man for brothers to fight, and the next he would be heard gravely counselling his children to fight, with firmness and bravery, the precisely similar quarrels of a state.

A rural clergyman might in like manner be heard deploring the unholy contentions which occasionally take place amongst his flock. Suppose he had amongst them a number of working-people, who had fallen out about wages, and proscribed and maltreated each other, the minister would doubtless express the greatest grief at what was going on, and deem himself called upon by every tie of duty to seek to restore peace; but if, next day, a pair of new colours were to be bestowed upon a regiment, the same man would have no scruple to invoke a blessing upon them—to consecrate them, as it is called; at least such ceremonies frequently take place, and no condemnation of the practice has ever been uttered in this country. Yet these colours are identified with operations of precisely the same nature as a village fight or the contentions regarding wages. They only differ in their taking place on a comparatively great scale, and involving infinitely more misery in their results.

Bewildered by this wonderful contrariety, some readers will be disposed to say: 'There surely is some difference; the mass of mankind cannot be so far wrong.' This, we fear, is fallacious reasoning. What prevents national war from being seen in the same light as private war, is the difficulty of getting a similar point of view from which to see it. We look coolly down upon a pair, or other small

number of combatants, and deplore their rage and its consequences. As to national war, we are perhaps involved in it as parties, and therefore cannot look upon it from without. Or even though it be taking place between nations apart from us, we still are far from being able to take a wide and contemplative survey of it. To see it in exactly the same light, we should almost require to see it as inhabitants of a different and more happy planet.

If we be right in thus regarding war, it follows that everything connected with it is liable to exactly the same reprobation as private outrages of whatever kind. To wreak out a quarrel with another nation by sending armaments against it, is precisely the same thing as to go to a neighbour who had injured or otherwise offended us, and break down his fences, fire his house, and slay himself and his servants. Two rude men may fight with, and bite and scratch each other at a fair, quite as justifiably. There may be less ready access in the one case than in the other to a tribunal which would settle the dispute without violence; but this does not alter the character of the action. Supposing that private persons had no law-courts to which to refer their quarrels, would they not be grievously wrong in bringing them to the law of the strongest? Say, then, that there is nothing analogous to a law-court for national disputes, surely nations are fearfully wrong to put these to the arbitrament of the sword, which will decide without the least regard to right. But, in reality, even nations are not without some resource for peaceably adjusting their differences. An arbitration may always be obtained from some third party, if there be a sincere wish for it on both sides. And any want in this respect might easily be remedied if nations were to come, as they ought to do, into greater union with each other, and act more in a harmonious concert. There might then be a public opinion amongst, as there is at present within, nations, to which any refractory member of the set would be obliged to submit.

Some of the evils of war are so manifest, as to need only to be mentioned. Such is the destruction of life which it occasions, always followed, of course, by misery to many survivors. Such is the devastation it often introduces into a country which is its seat. The injury it does by misapplying the national energies and funds, is less apt to be understood. Yet this is one of its greatest evils. War destroys—it never creates or produces. All it does is in the way of subtraction—nothing in the way of addition. The men who become soldiers are laid idle from useful employment; the money spent in their pay, accoutrements, and all the appurtenances of war, is laid out on what makes no return, and is gone for ever as truly as if it had been thrown into the sea. The persons, indeed, who furnish the articles required for war, have lived upon the profits of their work; but their work has been unserviceable, whereas it might have been otherwise. Their talents and labour have all been

misdirected. Thus, in every point of view, the money spent in war is misspent. And how surprising do some of the facts of this expenditure appear! The expenditure on the British army and navy in 1868, for instance, was nearly three times the amount of all the government grants for the promotion of education in England and Scotland during the thirty previous years. The United States, during the fifty years following 1789, spent, in military and naval equipments (which were only employed one or two years in actual war), *three hundred and sixty millions* sterling; being seven times more than what they spent on all other national affairs whatever. Our own debt of above eight hundred millions represents only a part of our expenditure in war during the last hundred years.

War not only takes largely of our existing means, besides anticipating the future, but it paralyses and blights the powers by which means are acquired. The commerce of a country is usually much deranged by war, in consequence of the shutting up of certain markets, and the danger incurred in reaching others. Manufacturers are consequently thrown idle. All this descends in incalculable miseries upon the humbler classes.

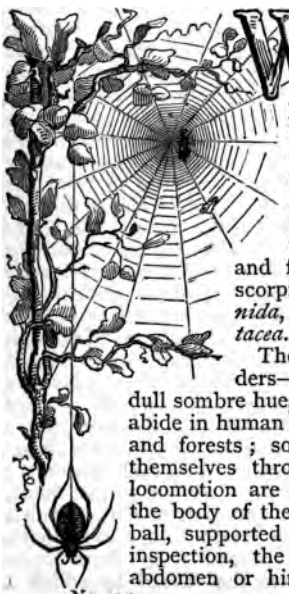
But perhaps the most fatal effect of war is the lowering of the moral tone of a people. It introduces a new set of objects to public notice, and sets all their sympathies into wrong directions. Idle parade and gewgaws take the place of solidly useful matters; men worship what destroys; merit is estimated, not by the extent of good that a man does, but by his power of inflicting evil. The modest benefactors of their race are overlooked; while praise is heaped upon him who has shewn an unusual amount of perhaps merely animal courage, or at best exercised ingenuity in inflicting suffering upon his fellow-creatures. In the progress of such a dispute with another nation, the selfish feelings are called into powerful play. We wish for victory, and seek to obtain it, without the least regard to the merits of the case. 'Our own country and cause, right or wrong,' is practically the maxim of all belligerent parties. This selfishness and injustice diffuses itself into the administration of the government, and even into private affairs; so that corruption, peculation, contrabandism, and fraud abound on all hands. In such a state of things, all that conduces to moral progress is sensibly checked; and it may be said that, for every year spent in war, we should require five to do away with its bad effects, and enable us to start at the point where we formerly were.

It is not wonderful that war should be so disadvantageous; for men are constituted in such a way as to be benefited only by mutual kindness and a firm union, and not by doing each other harm. It is a great mistake to suppose even that we can be benefited in the long-run by only consulting our own interests; a much greater mistake is it to suppose that we can, as a rule, derive good from what does harm to our neighbours. All our highest gratifications

are found in the efforts we make to give happiness to others; it is a thing which requires to come, either originally or by reflection, from a fellow-creature; it has no spontaneous fount in ourselves. A nation, therefore, on the outlook for happiness to itself, would need to promote the benefit of its neighbours; it should seek to form friendly relations with them, to promote an interchange of benefits by commerce and other means; to do them, in short, all the good in its power. By these, but by no other means can nations experience benefit from each other's neighbourhood. It is to be lamented that this principle has not as yet been much acted upon; but wherever it has in any degree been put in practice, it has succeeded. As yet, we see governments for the most part disposed to take precautionary measures against each other, as more fearing each other as enemies, than disposed to trust each other as capable of being made friends. And thus a policy of suspicion, attended with immense expense, is established amongst states. France keeps up an army and navy, lest Britain should some day fall upon her. Britain does the same, dreading some outbreak on the part of France. Forts are raised beside harbours, to protect shipping from these imaginary hostilities. Half the men who are at the prime of life are obliged to go into discipline as soldiers for a month per annum, that they may be ready to repel any assault from their neighbours, who are drilling under the same terror for them. Thus money is misexpended, and human labour misapplied, to an enormous amount, from a mere sentiment of jealousy—a fear which actually engenders its own assailants. How strange that no people have ever yet been found capable of the gallantry of saying to a neighbour: 'We arm not, for we mean no harm, and wish to apprehend none: here we offer you love instead of hostility: you are too magnanimous, in such circumstances, to refuse the one or offer the other!' No nation civilised to the degree of those in Western Europe, could withstand a communication of this nature: it would, like Orlando, blush and hide its sword. There is nothing Quixotic in this doctrine. It proceeds upon the most familiar principles in human nature; namely, that an honest good-will generates the same in the bosoms to which it is addressed. Would governments but try the relaxation of an import duty instead of the putting a war-vessel into commission, would they but hold out a friendly hand in any case of exigency—such as occurred when Hamburg was burnt—instead of raising up jealous forts and martello towers, they would find how much better it was to do good than to threaten or presume evil, and how truly

LOVE IS POWER.

ANECDOTES OF SPIDERS.



WITH the appearance and workmanship of the little creatures called spiders, every one must be more or less familiar. They belong to the great division of Invertebrate Animals called *Articulata*. At one time they were included by naturalists in the class of Insects; but a more minute examination of their form and general development has caused them to be disjoined from the *Insecta*, and formed, along with mites, ticks, and scorpions, into a separate class, called *Arachnida*, intermediate between *Insecta* and *Crustacea*.

There are several hundred species of spiders—some large, some small; some of a dull sombre hue, others brilliantly coloured; some that abide in human dwellings, others that inhabit the fields and forests; some that have the means of floating themselves through the air, others whose means of locomotion are confined to their legs. At first sight, the body of the spider appears to be a roundish soft ball, supported on long jointed legs; but, on narrow inspection, the ball-like mass constitutes only the abdomen or hinder portion, the true body and head

forming the anterior portion, which is small in comparison. To this section the legs are attached, these being eight in number —two more than insects are furnished with. Spiders are destitute of antennæ—those feelers which proceed from the heads of insects—but are provided with a pair of saw-like pincers, which terminate in sharp points. These points are perforated by a small hole, through which the animal emits a poison, which is eminently fatal to most of the smaller insects. These pincers lie folded one upon the other, and are never extended unless in defence, or in the capture of prey. The eyes are simple, and not compound, like those of insects; and are generally six or eight in number, dispersed over the head so as to command a wide range of vision. The arrangement of the eyes varies much in the different families and genera which are distinguished by naturalists. Spiders are all strictly air-breathing animals, and their apparatus for this purpose differs from that of insects. Their skin, or crust, is more leathery than horny; and this they cast periodically during their lifetime. Like crabs and some other animals, they have the power of reproducing lost limbs—a casualty to which their predatory habits render them frequently liable.

One of the most remarkable features in the structure and economy of spiders is the power which many of them possess of emitting slender threads of a silk-like substance, of which they construct nets, or long dangling cables; and on these some of them, as the gossamer-spiders, are buoyed through the air with nearly as much facility as though they had been furnished with wings. The apparatus provided by nature for elaborating and emitting the spider's web is a beautiful piece of mechanism. Within the animal there are several little bags or vesicles containing a gummy matter; and these vesicles are connected with a circular orifice situated at the abdomen. Within this orifice are five little teats, or *spinnerets*, through which the thread is drawn, as represented in the accompanying figure; and on its exposure to the air, the soft gummy substance immediately hardens into a thread. It must not be concluded, however, that there is only a simple thread produced by each spinneret; the fact is, these teats are studded with thousands of minute tubes, too small for the naked eye to perceive, and each of these emits a thread of inconceivable fineness. These minute tubes are known as *spinnerules*, and the films which proceed from them unite like so many strands of a rope, to form the thread by which a

spider suspends itself, or of which it forms its net. The finest thread which human mechanism can produce, is like a ship's cable compared with the delicate films which flow from the spinnerules of the largest spider. These films are all distinctly separate on coming from the spinneret; but unite, as shewn in the adjoining cut, at a short distance, not by any twisting process, but merely by their own glutinous or gummy nature. Thus, the spinning apparatus of the disdained spider, when viewed by the eye of science, becomes one of the most wonderful pieces of animated mechanism, and is of itself sufficient to establish that nothing short of Divinity could have framed it. The animal has great command over this apparatus, and can apply it at will so long as the receptacles within are replenished with the gummy fluid; but as soon as this gum is exhausted, all its efforts to spin are fruitless, and it must wait till nature, by her inscrutable chemistry, has secreted it from the food which is devoured.

With regard to the sexes, male spiders are always much smaller than the females of the same species, being sometimes not more than one-fourth the size. The female lays a considerable number of round whitish eggs, which, by some species, are merely dropped into a crevice, without any protection; by others they are enclosed in a globular cover of web; and by many they are deposited in an irregular mass, and then worked over with a soft envelope. The attention which they pay to these cocoons almost equals that of the ant for its larvæ. A spider may be often seen dragging a ball of eggs much larger than its own body; and though scared, will return again and again to secure its charge. We once deprived a garden-spider of its eggs, and covered them slightly with earth; the animal scampered away for a few feet, and then gathered up its legs, and lay down as if dead. In a short time, when all was quiet, it returned to the spot, and searched round every clod and pellet till it ultimately discovered the object of its search, which it gently uncovered, cleaned, enveloped with a few rounds of fresh web, and then bore rapidly away to a secret crevice. So powerful, indeed, is the spider's affection for her young, that, according to Professor Hentz, 'all her limbs, one by one, may be torn from her body without forcing her to abandon her hold. But if, without mangling the mother, the cocoon be skilfully removed from her, and suddenly thrown out of sight, she instantaneously loses all her activity, seems paralysed, and coils her tremulous limbs as if mortally wounded. If the bag be returned, her ferocity and strength are restored the moment she has any perception of its presence, and she rushes to her treasure to defend it to the

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THE HOUSE-SPIDER.

The house-spider (*Aranea domestica*), though not the most abundant, is perhaps the best known of our native species—being very common in neglected houses, where it spreads its web unmolested for the capture of flies, moths, and other insects. The site of its operations is generally chosen for the double purpose of plunder and security—a fact which will account for its web being often found in retired and shady nooks, the most unlikely places for a fly to enter. The shape of the web is in a great measure determined by the nature of the spot in which it is spread; for the most part we see it of a triangular form in corners, with the den or funnel placed at the farthest angle, in which the creature lies on watch for its prey. In commencing this structure, the spider passes from side to side till it has fixed several strong threads, or chains, which serve as the basis of the web. These it doubles and redoubles, and tightens by stays, which are often carried out to some distance; indeed, no suspension-bridge was ever constructed on more correct principles of strain and tension. The framework being hung, the creature next proceeds to lay the warp and woof—we say *lay*, for these are not interlaced like the warp and woof of the human artist, but simply cross each other, their glutinous nature giving them sufficient adhesion. Great ingenuity is often displayed in rendering this web equally strong on all sides. Thus the strands of the outer extremity are always thicker than those upon which there is less strain; and if the wind agitates it more on one side than another, that side is sure to have additional stays thrown out to keep it steady. When the web is accidentally injured or torn during the capture of some large fly, the spider soon renews it; but there is no foundation for the story that she sweeps the dust from it by shaking it with her paws. The truth is, that when it becomes much defiled with dust, it is deserted for a new habitation.

It has been stated that the house-spider forms a funnel, or cell, at the interior angle of this web, in which it lies in wait, and into which it drags its prey, to devour it at leisure. To this cell all the rays of the web converge; so that if a line at the farthest extremity be touched, the vibration is instantaneously conveyed to the centre. A poor fly, therefore, no sooner impinges upon the net, than out the spider springs to reconnoitre the cause of the disturbance. If it be a fly or moth of ordinary dimensions, the spider bounds boldly forward, grasps it in its claws, and sends its poisoned fangs into its body; and so fatal is this operation, that a few seconds terminate

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last.' The young of some species are fed for a short while by the parent; but the majority, we believe, shift for themselves on leaving the envelope, and soon arrive at maturity.

Thrown early on their own resources, the young spiders commence a solitary life, lurking in holes and corners for the prey which may fall within their reach. Everywhere are they seen fabricating their snares—in the fields, on trees and shrubs, on the grass, and in the earth; and if we watch their proceedings, we may sometimes see them ascend into the air, where, borne by their webs as by an air-balloon, they can elevate themselves to a great height. In this manner they often appear in vast numbers, and at a great distance from land. In 1811, the river Tagus was covered for more than half an hour with their floating webs; and in October 1826, Mr Blackwall found every field and hedge in his neighbourhood covered with a confused network of shining lines, thickly coating his feet and ankles as he walked across a pasture. In the autumn of 1831, we were one morning absolutely enveloped in an atmosphere of gossamer, which not only carpeted the ground, but rose to the height of thirty or forty feet, and which could only have been produced by countless myriads of the little field-spider. Mr Darwin, in his voyage round the globe, noticed thousands of the gossamer-spider on the rigging of his ship when sixty leagues from any shore; and found other species in abundance on island patches so desolate and remote as Keeling's Isle and St Paul's.

These animals, thus widely distributed, are strictly carnivorous in their habits, feeding only upon prey which they have themselves killed. When they have got an insect between their claws, either by entrapping it in their web, or by their stealthy mode of pursuit, they plunge their poisoned pincers into his body, and the bite is usually soon fatal. Sometimes, however, the insect has strength enough to resist its enemy, and to prevent the infliction of the fatal wound; and as a prolonged struggle might be very injurious to the spider, on account of the softness of its body, it generally retires from the combat, if not speedily successful. Where its prey has been entangled in its web, however, the spider still further encloses it by a thread, and then retires till the insect has exhausted its strength by ineffectual struggles, when it soon despatches its victim. Those species which ensnare their prey by webs are generally termed sedentary spiders; those that seize it by running or leaping, are distinguished as wanderers; and a third group, which, like the second, do not construct webs, but merely fashion a den in which they lie in wait, may be termed lurkers. Their habits, however, will be more fully detailed when we come to speak of particular species. Meanwhile, it may be observed that, though some of them are night or day workers indifferently, the greater number of them are on the chase during the day, when their prey is most abundantly abroad.

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the struggle. If the game be of larger size—a gnat or boisterous blue-bottle—the wily hunter either cuts part of the meshes, to prevent the destruction of the whole, or begins to entangle the struggling captive with fresh lines, and then leaves him to exhaust himself in fruitless efforts. 'I once saw in a hot-house in Shropshire,' says Mr Darwin, 'a large female wasp caught in the irregular web of a quite small spider; and this spider, instead of cutting the web, most perseveringly continued to entangle the body, and especially the wings of its prey. The wasp at first aimed in vain repeated thrusts with its sting at its little antagonist. Pitying the wasp, after allowing it to struggle more than an hour, I killed it, and put it back into the web. The spider soon returned; and an hour afterwards, I was much surprised to find it with its jaws buried in the orifice through which the sting is protruded in the living wasp.' Once thus secured, the prey is generally dragged into the den, where its juices are sucked at leisure, and its remains piled away; for spiders are particularly careful to allow no spoils to cumber the surface of their nets.

Destructive as the house-spider is to most of the smaller insects, there are some whose defensive powers are more than a match for it. We have often dropped the common turf-ant on the web of a full-grown spider, which instantly sprang from its den to seize the intruder; but, on perceiving the nature of the game, it invariably retired, and allowed the ant to struggle through the web, or fatigue itself to death. The lightning-bug of America seems also to be more than a match for this so-called 'ruthless tyrant,' as we learn from the following memorandum in Featherstonhaugh's Journal: 'Walking on the piazza of my house at Washington, I noticed that one of the lightning-bugs had become entangled in a spider's web. The spider instantly attacked him, and endeavoured to secure his wings. The bug emitted his light very rapidly, the spider alternately attacking and retreating, until at length it appeared distressed, and sustained itself upon the web with difficulty, staggering and tumbling in its last retreat from the contest, until it gained the wall, from which it frequently fell, suspended by one limb. At length it appeared to recover, and remained quiet. In the meantime the bug ceased struggling, and merely emitted its light; the web soon gave way, and it escaped.'

It is not always, however, that insects even many times larger than the spider thus happily escape. If the wily trapper has not the bodily strength, and if his coils be too slender, he will in general fall upon some device by which the prey may be enticed, as it were, to its own destruction. The following anecdote, from the *Natchez Galaxy*, illustrates the abilities of the house-spider in this respect, in a manner that, had not evidence of a similar nature come under our own observation, we would have been greatly inclined to discredit: 'A spider of moderate size had fortified himself within a very

formidable web in a corner of our office, where he was suffered to remain, for no other reason than his predilection for mosquitoes. His taste for variety, however, was very soon developed. We observed him one morning making very rapid preparations to attack an enormous beetle, whose peregrinations had extended into his neighbourhood. The web was made fast to two of his legs at the first onset. Mr Beetle, apparently not altogether satisfied with these attentions, bade him good-morning, and marched off, carrying his chains with him, in doing which he had well nigh demolished the fortress itself. In a few moments, however, the beetle repeated his visit. In the meantime the spider had repaired damages, and was prepared for the reception of the formidable stranger. The web was about eighteen inches from the ground; the spider precipitated himself from it, but stopped suddenly when within about two inches of the floor. As this feat was again and again repeated, we have no doubt that it was an experiment to try the strength of his cord. At length he threw himself upon the back of the beetle, attached the web to the posterior extremities, and then retreated. Mr Beetle's suspicions of the purity of the intentions of his long-legged host were now confirmed; and, apparently with no small degree of displeasure, he turned his back upon the spider, the frailty of whose web, notwithstanding his precaution, not interfering in the slightest degree with the dignity of Mr Beetle's measured tread; the spider, convinced that open attack was altogether unavailable, resorted to stratagem. With rather an eccentric manœuvre, he fastened the attention of Mr Beetle upon himself, and then commenced a retreat up the surface of a somewhat rough wall. Whether Mr Beetle mistook this trick of the spider for politeness, under the impression that he was conducting him to his castle, or whether it was a matter of sheer curiosity that induced him to follow his betrayer, we are not able to decide; it is sufficient that the decoy was successful. Mr Spider was vastly civil to Mr Beetle; court language was used on the occasion, without doubt, until they reached a point directly over the web, when, like another Roderick Dhu, he threw off his disguise, and in a trice mounted upon the back of Mr Beetle, disengaged his feet from the wall, and they tumbled together into the web. With the rough legs of the beetle, and being unable to obtain foothold, extrication was impossible—escape hopeless; he surrendered at discretion, and on the following evening was found dead in his chains.'

If the little creature thus often gains its purpose by cunning and device, it can also accomplish much through mere resolute perseverance—a trait happily illustrated by the often-told anecdote of the Scottish monarch and the cottage-spider. While wandering on the wild hills of Carrick, in order to escape the emissaries of Edward, Robert the Bruce on one occasion passed the night under the shelter of a poor deserted cottage. Throwing himself down on a heap of

straw, he lay upon his back, with his hands placed under his head, unable to sleep, but gazing vacantly upwards at the rafters of the hut, disfigured with cobwebs. From thoughts long and dreary about the hopelessness of the enterprise in which he was engaged, and the misfortunes he had already encountered, he was roused to take interest in the efforts of a poor industrious spider, which had begun to ply its vocation with the first gray light of morning. The object of the animal was to swing itself, by its thread, from one rafter to another; but in this attempt it repeatedly failed, each time vibrating back to the point whence it had made the effort. Twelve times did the little creature try to reach the desired spot, and as many times was it unsuccessful. Not disheartened with its failure, it made the attempt once more, and lo! the rafter was gained. 'The thirteenth time,' said Bruce, springing to his feet. 'I accept it as a lesson not to despond under difficulties, and shall once more venture my life in the struggle for the independence of my beloved country.' The result is well known.

A curious instinct displayed by the house-spider, and indeed by most of the family, is the simulation of stupor or death. If you touch a spider, it instantly scampers away with great rapidity; but if you hem it in so that escape seems impossible, then straightway it gathers up its limbs, and lies motionless as death. You may turn it over and over with the point of your pencil, but it will exhibit no symptoms of life; to all appearance it is as dead as the withered skeleton of the fly that hangs dangling from its net. 'In this situation,' says Mr Smellie, 'I have pierced spiders with pins, and torn them to pieces, without their discovering the smallest marks of pain. This simulation of death has been ascribed to a strong convulsion or stupor occasioned by terror; but this solution of the phenomenon is erroneous. I have repeatedly tried the experiment, and uniformly found that, if the object of terror be removed, in a few minutes the animal runs off with great celerity. Some beetles, when counterfeiting death, will suffer themselves to be gradually roasted without moving a single joint.'

Besides the common house-spider, there are other species which seem partial to the shelter of human dwellings, and may be regarded as in some measure dependent upon civilisation for their development and increase. There is a small light-gray spider with long legs, which constructs a very diminutive web, and subsists chiefly on small flies and moths. This species is of more rambling habits than the true house-spider, and appears to unite in its person the character both of trapper and hunter. Another species, seemingly a large kind of gossamer-spider, may often be seen dangling for hours together from a single thread, as if it were as much in love with swinging as the ploughboy, who thought the summit of human felicity to consist in liberty to swing on a gate all day. There is a third sort, so curious that it claims a special notice. This is

THE CARDINAL-SPIDER,

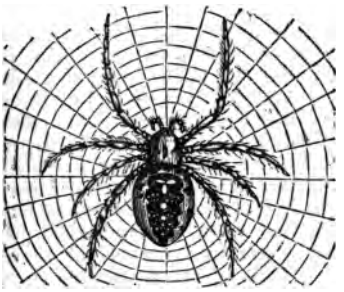
a large and hideous species, found very generally in the palace of Hampton Court. They are called there 'cardinals,' having, it is supposed, been first seen in Cardinal Wolsey's Hall. They are fully an inch in length, according to Mr Jesse's description, and many of them of the thickness of a finger. Their legs are about two inches long, and their body covered with thick hair. They feed chiefly on moths, as appears from the wings of these insects being found in great abundance under and amongst their webs. In running across the carpet in an evening, with the shade cast from their large bodies by the light of the lamp or candle, they have been mistaken for mice, and have occasioned no little alarm to some of the more nervous inhabitants of the palace. This spider is considered a curiosity, and Hampton Court is the only place in which Mr Jesse has met with it.

One cannot read the preceding account without calling to mind the gigantic spider found in the church of St Eustace, at Paris, and which seems to have belonged to the same species. It is told that the sexton of this church was surprised at very often discovering a certain lamp extinguished in the morning, notwithstanding it had been duly replenished with oil the preceding evening. Curious to learn the cause of this mysterious circumstance, he kept watch several evenings, and was at last gratified by the discovery. During the night he observed a spider, of enormous dimensions, come down the chain by which the lamp was suspended, drink up the oil, and, when gorged to satiety, slowly retrace its steps to a recess in the fretwork above. A similar spider is said to have been found, in 1751, in the cathedral church of Milan. It was observed to feed also on oil. When killed, it was sent to the Imperial Museum at Vienna.

THE GARDEN-SPIDER.

The garden-spider (*Epeira diadema*) is one of the most interesting of the family, both as regards the beauty of its form and that of the web, or rather net, which it weaves. It is the circular net of this species which we so often see glittering among the branches of shrubs and trees, formed with as much art and regularity as the figures which adorn the finest lacework. The manner in which this net is suspended and stayed on every side displays even greater ingenuity than is to be found in the web of the house-spider. When desirous of forming a net, the epeira fixes one end of her thread to the place where she is seated, and then elevating her spinnerets,

throws from them a continued jet of thread, which floats onward until it reaches some adjoining branch, to which by its glutinous nature it adheres. By occasionally feeling the tightness of the thread, the spider knows when it has fastened, and then she walks backward and forward over it, each time strengthening it by an additional strand. In this way she lays several suspension chains, each properly stayed and tightened, and then proceeds to weave such a network as is shewn in the accompanying figure. We have admitted the ingenuity of the garden-spider in the extension and structure of her net, but can scarcely receive what is stated by Professor Weber of Leipsic in reference to one which he witnessed constructing its meshes between two trees. The three principal points to which it was attached formed, as usual, an equilateral triangle. The two upper threads were fixed to the trunks of the trees; but not finding a point to fix the lower upon, the spider suspended from its extremity a little pebble by way of counterpoise!—the pebble being heavier than the insect, kept the web perfectly extended.



Epeira diadema.

When on the watch for her prey, the epeira sometimes takes her stand motionless in the centre, but more frequently under some leaf, or in some adjoining crevice, to which she has several leading lines directed. She seizes her victim much in the same manner as the house-spider, but is more careful, if possible, of her net. We once discovered a very large net suspended in front of a summer-house, which was trellised with a rose-bush: the spider was sheltered in a crevice, but the web was exposed and free. Upon throwing a large lively fly on the net, the lurker was instantly out, threw round the buzzing wings of his game a few coils of gossamer, and then seized him, and struck the fatal wound. By struggling, the fly had entangled itself pretty largely in the net, so that it could not be dragged to the den without rending the net from the centre to the circumference. The spider perceiving this dilemma, cut the surrounding meshes, and the fly fell—not to the ground, however; for a strong thread had been provided, and it merely dangled a few inches under the net. The spider then hurried to the mouth of its den, and drew up the fly without difficulty or impediment. Could human reason have done more? This spider we watched for three successive weeks in the same den, and often supplied it with food. A dead fly was apparently no treat; but we have seen it seize five live ones in succession, and drag them to its den, obviously with the

intention of making a hearty meal at leisure. Though busily engaged in feasting, the instant that a buzz was heard on its net, out it sprang, and secured another victim—not, however, without always cautiously reconnoitring the size and strength it had to combat with.

From having frequently remarked that spiders spread their webs in solitary and confined places, to which it is sometimes difficult for flies to penetrate, M. Le Vaillant naturally concluded that these creatures must frequently remain long without food, and that, consequently, they were capable of enduring considerable abstinence. To ascertain the truth of this, he took a large garden-spider, whose abdomen was about the size of a nut, and enclosed it under a bell-glass, which he secured with cement round its bottom, and left it in this situation for ten months. Notwithstanding this deprivation of food, it appeared during the whole time equally vigorous and alert, but its abdomen decreased, till at last it was scarcely larger than the head of a pin. He then put under the bell another spider of the same species. For a little while they kept at a respectful distance from each other, and remained motionless; but presently the meagre one, pressed by hunger, approached and attacked the stranger. It returned several times to the charge; and in these different conflicts its enemy became deprived of almost all its claws: it carried these away, and retired to its former situation to devour them. The meagre one had likewise lost three of its own claws, on which also it fed; and M. Le Vaillant perceived that by this repast its plumpness was in some measure restored. The day following, the new-comer, deprived of all its means of defence, fell a complete sacrifice. It was speedily devoured; and in less than twenty-four hours the old inhabitant of the bell became as plump as it was at the first moment of its confinement. There can be no doubt that all the spider tribe are sometimes compelled to practise extreme abstinence; but this less frequently than one would suppose; for during the summer and autumn months (the period when they are chiefly abroad), there are myriads of insects continually passing and repassing on every square foot of soil.

The garden-spider is one of those that weave a bag or envelope for their eggs, in which they carry them till hatched. There is no foundation whatever for the story, told in some 'entertaining books on natural history,' that the female epeira lines this bag with down plucked from her own breast. The truth is, there is no down on her breast to pluck. The envelope is woven of the same material with which she constructs her web; namely, gossamer from her spinnerets. Some animals, it is true—as the eider-duck, rabbit, &c. —pluck down from their own bodies wherewith to line a nest for their young; but the garden-spider is not one of those.

Somewhat resembling the garden-spider in its habits, and constructing also a geometric net, is the

LABYRINTHIC SPIDER.

the *Angela labyrinthica* of the systematic naturalist. The net of this species is the largest constructed by any European spider, and may be often seen towards the end of summer spread out like a broad sheet in hedges, furze, and other low bushes, and sometimes on the ground. 'The middle of this sheet,' says Mr Rennie, 'which is of a close texture, is swung, like a sailor's hammock, by silken ropes extended all around to the higher branches; but the whole curves upward and backward, sloping down to a long funnel-shaped gallery, which is nearly horizontal at the entrance, but soon winds obliquely till it becomes quite perpendicular. This curved gallery is about a quarter of an inch in diameter, is much more closely woven than the sheet part of the web, and sometimes descends into a hole in the ground, though oftener into a group of crowded twigs, or a tuft of grass. Here the spider dwells secure, frequently resting with her legs extended from the entrance of the gallery, ready to spring out upon whatever insect may fall into her sheet-net. She herself can only be caught by getting behind her, and forcing her out into the web; but though we have often endeavoured to make her construct a net under our eye, we have been as unsuccessful as in similar experiments with the common house-spider.'

THE JUMPING SPIDERS.

The jumping spiders, which form the genus *Salticus* of naturalists, do not ensnare their prey by means of a net or web, but are constrained to seize it by their own activity. They are extremely agile; running, then standing still, as if to collect their strength, springing like a grasshopper, and anon raising themselves on their limbs to look around for prey. Should one of these spiders perceive a fly, it moves stealthily and steadily in that direction, endeavouring all the while to conceal itself; and when near its object, pounces upon it, swift as lightning, and strikes the fatal wound. Should the fly move forward, the spider moves simultaneously; and should the former take wing and alight in the vicinity, the little hunter is off in an instant in that direction; and thus, by alternating watching and dodging, seldom fails in securing its prey. Evelyn, in his *Travels in Italy*, gives an interesting account of the manœuvres of one of these hunters: 'Of all sorts of insects,' says he, 'there is none has afforded me more divertisement than the *venatores* (hunters), which are a sort of *lupi* (wolves), that have their dens in rugged walls and crevices of our houses—a small, brown, and delicately spotted kind of spiders, whose hinder legs are longer than the rest. Such I did frequently observe at Rome, which, espying

a fly at three or four yards' distance upon the balcony where I stood, would not make directly to her, but crawl under the rail, till, being arrived to the antipodes, it would steal up, seldom missing its aim; but if it chanced to want anything of being perfectly opposite, would at first peep, immediately slide down again, till, taking better notice, it would come the next time exactly upon the fly's back. But if this happened not to be within a competent leap, then would this insect move so softly, as the very shadow of the gnomon seemed not to be more imperceptible, unless the fly moved; and then would the spider move also in the same proportion, keeping that just time with her motion, as if the same soul had animated both these little bodies; and whether it were forward, backward, or to either side, without at all turning her body, like a well-managed horse. If, however, the capricious fly took wing, and pitched upon another place behind our huntress, then would the spider whirl its body so nimbly about as nothing could be imagined more swift; by which means she always kept the head towards her prey, though, to appearance, as immovable as if it had been a nail driven into the wood, till, by that indiscernible progress (being arrived within the sphere of her reach), she made a fatal leap, swift as lightning, upon the fly, catching him in the pole, where she never quitted hold till her belly was full, and then dragged the remainder home.'

A correspondent of the *Zoologist* for 1844 corroborates this account of old Evelyn's, by an anecdote of one of our native hunting spiders (*Salticus scenicus*)—a species with black and white zebra-looking stripes on the upper part of the abdomen, and very common in shrubberies and hedgerows: 'He (the spider) was a very fine fellow, and very lively, and was running about on a large leaf, apparently on the look-out for food. When near the tip of the leaf, a fly alighted at its base: in an instant the spider turned and faced the fly. After steadily *pointing* for a short time, he sidled off towards the edge of the leaf, but with a motion so slow as to be almost imperceptible, and still keeping his head directed towards the fly. On reaching the edge of the leaf, he quickly turned over, and crept along on the under side, every now and then popping up his head to see how near he could get to his intended victim. When he arrived at what he considered a convenient distance, he returned to the upper side of the leaf, and with one bound cleared the distance (nearly two inches) between himself and the fly; the latter, however, was too quick for him, and flew off at the moment he made his spring, otherwise, so well directed was his aim, that he must have alighted on the fly's back. Poor fellow! he appeared much ashamed of his failure, and slunk away to the shelter of a leaf which hung down on the one where he had been hunting.'

Evelyn also ascribes to these spiders the property of instructing their young how to hunt; but this we consider as apocryphal, believing that their natural instinct is all-sufficient in this respect.

Leapers of all kinds are liable to falls; and to prevent accidents from this source, nature has been very beneficent in her endowments. The cat kind invariably alight on their feet, let the height from which they fall be what it may; the impetus of the grasshopper is broken by the spread of her sheaths; and the hunting spiders throw out a cable, by which they dangle in the air, and can speedily recover their original position.

WANDERING SPIDERS.

The common wandering spider (*Aranea viatica*) is an active, lively hunter, which may be said to run down its game rather than lie in wait for or ensnare it. It is ever on the move, and, being remarkably quick-sighted, is not long in discovering its game, which it grasps in its feathered arms. Occasionally it seizes a fly stronger than itself, and then the two may be seen rolling and tumbling about—the spider holding on with convulsive grasp, and the fly struggling and buzzing in an agony of terror. The struggle is usually soon over; for what the spider wants in mere bodily strength, is more than made up for by his poisoned fangs, which are sunk at the first opportunity into the breast of his victim. There are numerous species of wanderers, all rather large, and beautifully marked—the ground colour being generally tawny, and the linear bands of orange and changing green, with small black dots between. It is asserted by some that they sit on their eggs, and by others that they carry them about in little balls, like the epeiræ. Both assertions we doubt: they may watch beside their eggs, but assuredly they do not sit on them for the purpose of hatching; and the dragging of a ball behind them for three weeks or more, would be destructive of their capabilities as hunters. We believe that they make use of a fixed envelope of web, as many other of the field-spiders do, and trust to the natural warmth of the season for the development of their brood.

THE GOSSAMER-SPIDER.

Though perhaps the smallest, gossamer-spiders are among the most active and most widely distributed of the tribe. In favourable autumns they are found in myriads, scattered everywhere, and borne everywhere on their airy webs—it may be to hundreds or even thousands of miles distant from the spot whence they arose. One of the most common of the gossamer-spiders of Europe (*Aranea obtextrix*) is about the size of a pin's head, and of a shining dark-brown colour, with yellowish legs. These little creatures have the power of shooting out lines of gossamer from their spinnerets, so as to render themselves buoyant in the air; and these lines, being borne upward and onward by aërial currents, float the aëronauts with as

great safety as if they had wings. They can also coil and thicken these lines when in the air; and by this means, as well as by the lines crossing and tangling with each other, showers of cobwebs have been occasioned, which, till the cause was discovered, gave rise to strange suppositions. By one of these showers in September 1741, which extended for many miles, Mr White of Selborne was prevented from hunting, his dogs being blinded and hoodwinked.

These spiders, according to Dr Bechstein, who has closely studied their habits, first appear, towards the end of September, in woods, gardens, and uplands, where their eggs are hatched in safety; thence they spread themselves over whole districts, and during October, and till the middle of November, may be found in dry fields throughout Europe. At that season extensive tracts of land are sometimes seen swarming with them. In the beginning of October, when but few are hatched, some single threads of their webs, extending from twig to twig, are seen only in the sunshine; about the middle of the month, their threads are more perceptible; and towards the end, if a person stand in such a position as to see the sunbeams play on the slender threads, hedges, meadows, corn-fields, stubble-land, and even whole districts, appear covered with a fine spangling silvery gauze. These little animals do not weave webs, but only extend their threads from one place to another. These threads are so delicate, that not one can be seen unless the sun shines upon it. One of them, to be visible at other times, must be composed of at least six ordinary threads combined together. In serene calm days these spiders work with great diligence, especially after the disappearance of the morning fogs. Between twelve and two, however, their industry excites the greatest admiration. A person with a pretty quick eye, or by help of a glass, may sometimes perceive, among the barley-stubble, such a multitude of these insects extending their threads, that the fields appear to be actually alive with them. When several of the single threads become tangled together, so as to form flocks and balls, they are known in Germany by the name of 'the flying summer,' because the summer seems to fly away at the same time. None of the smaller insects can resist this all-enveloping mesh of gossamer; and, consequently, aphides, flies, and other spiders may be often seen entangled, and struggling in the same mass.

It is not in Europe alone, however, that gossamer-spiders abound. Mr Darwin found their lines coating the rigging of the *Beagle*, when lying within the mouth of the river La Plata, in South America. 'One day (November 1, 1832) I paid particular attention to this subject. The weather had been fine and clear, and in the morning the air was full of patches of the flocculent web, as on an autumnal day in England. The ship was sixty miles distant from the land, in the direction of a steady, though light breeze. Vast numbers of a small spider, about one-tenth of an inch in length, and of a dusky

red colour, were attached to the webs. There must have been, I should suppose, some thousands on the ship. The little spider, when first coming in contact with the rigging, was always seated on a single thread, and not on the flocculent mass, which seems merely to be produced by the entanglement of the single threads. The spiders were all of one species, but of both sexes, together with young ones. These latter were distinguished by their smaller size and more dusky colour. I will not give the description of this spider, but merely state that it does not appear to be included in any of Latreille's genera. The little aëronaut, as soon as it arrived on board, was very active, running about, sometimes letting itself fall, and then reascending the same thread; sometimes employing itself in making a small and very irregular mesh in the corners between the ropes. It could run with facility on the surface of water. When disturbed, it lifted up its front legs in the attitude of attention. On its first arrival, it appeared very thirsty, and drank eagerly of drops of water; this same circumstance has been observed by Strack. May it not be in consequence of the little insect having passed through a dry and rarefied atmosphere? Its stock of web seemed inexhaustible. While watching some that were suspended by a single thread, I several times observed that the slightest breath of air bore them away out of sight in a horizontal line. On another occasion (25th), under similar circumstances, I repeatedly observed the same kind of small spider, either when placed or having crawled on some little eminence, elevate its abdomen, send forth a thread, and then sail away horizontally, but with a rapidity which was quite unaccountable. I thought I could perceive that the spider, before performing the above preparatory steps, connected its legs together with the most delicate threads, but I am not sure whether this observation was correct.'

The mode in which the web is emitted from the spinnerets of this and other spiders, has given rise to much discussion among naturalists, but we fear to very little accurate observation in the field. Some imagine that it is forcibly ejected from the spinner, so as to shoot forth to a distance of several feet; but these lose sight of the fact, that it is impossible to propel such a light substance, even to the distance of a few inches, unless in vacuo. Others call in the aid of electricity; but this, so far as the animal is concerned, is wholly conjectural, though electrical conditions of the atmosphere may greatly facilitate the ascent of the silken lines. Others, again, and among them Mr Darwin, are of opinion that the creature, highly susceptible of the least current in the air, merely elevates its abdomen, and assists with its limbs the evolution of the gossamer, till the thread is caught by the current, which carries it rapidly onward to the distance of several yards. By the force which the light line of gossamer exerts on the body of the spider, it knows *when there is enough* to buoy it up; and then quitting hold of the

object on which it stands, it floats away at pleasure. By lengthening this line, it can render the car more buoyant; or by simply coiling it up, or detaching part of it, the little aëronaut can descend on terra firma. Such, we believe, is the right interpretation of the phenomenon, which is one of great interest and curiosity.

THE WATER-SPIDER.

The water-spider (*Argyroneta aquatica*) is one of our native species, and is found abundantly during summer in our fresh-water ponds and ditches. It is chiefly remarkable for its habitation, which is built in the midst of water, and, in fact, of air—a very uncomfortable one certainly, were it constantly wet; but this the sagacious insect has the means of avoiding, and, by availing itself of some well-known philosophical principles, constructs for itself an apartment, in which it resides in comfort and security. The following is the process: It first spins loose threads, in various directions, to the leaves of water-plants—which may be called the framework of the chamber—and over them spreads a transparent varnish, resembling liquid glass, which issues from the middle of its spinners, and which is so elastic as to be capable of great expansion and contraction. The spider then spreads over its abdomen a little of the same material, and ascends to the surface. The precise mode in which a bubble of air is drawn beneath the gummy matter is not accurately known. Loaded, however, with the material for its little mansion, which to the spectator looks like shining quicksilver, the spider plunges to the bottom, and, with as much dexterity as a chemist transfers gas into a gas-holder, introduces the bubble of air beneath the roof prepared for its reception. This manœuvre is repeated ten or twelve times, until at length, in about a quarter of an hour, as much air is obtained as is sufficient to expand the apartment to its proposed extent, and the industrious little builder now finds itself in possession of a perfect air-tight dwelling, affording a commodious and dry retreat in the very midst of water. Here the inhabitant reposes, unmoved by the storms that agitate the surface of the pool, and devours its prey at ease and in safety. The water-spider becomes dormant during winter, and lodges in empty shells, which it dexterously closes up with a web.

According to Kirby and Spence, a very large aquatic spider, of undetermined species, has often been noticed in the fen-ditches of Norfolk. This creature actually forms a *raft*, for the purpose of obtaining its prey with greater facility. Keeping its station upon a ball of weeds, about three inches in diameter, probably held together by slight silken cords, it is wafted along the surface of the water upon this floating island, which it quits the moment it sees a drowning insect. The booty thus seized it devours at leisure upon its raft, under which it retires when alarmed by any danger. It

would thus appear that we have not only weavers, trappers, hunters, aëronauts, and divers, but piratical cruisers, that act the part of sea-kings within their little domains.

THE TARANTULA.

This spider—the *Aranea tarantula* of Linnæus, and the *Lycosa tarantula* of modern naturalists—is one that can lay claim to something like a classic history, being the source of a superstition very prevalent in Southern Italy. It derives its name from Tarentum, in the neighbourhood of which it was first observed, and is regarded as the most poisonous of the family, its bite being sometimes fatal to man. The following particulars of its natural history are derived from the sketch of M. Léon Dufour, published in 1834. The tarantula, or wolf-spider, as it is also called, is chiefly met with in the south of Europe. To understand its manners fully, it is necessary to notice the peculiarities of its structure. The jaws and feet are large and strong; the second joint of the legs, and the first of the feet, are furnished with long stiff spurs, movable at their base, which are of much use to the animal in seizing and holding its prey. The first two pair of feet are furnished underneath with a down, arranged like a brush, which the tarantula employs in making its toilet, and in assisting it to walk on smooth surfaces; finally, the feet are terminated with strong claws. It prefers inhabiting dry arid situations. The cylindrical burrow which it forms is about an inch in diameter, and sunk to the depth of a foot beneath the surface. The construction of this burrow is such as not only to protect the animal from the pursuit of its enemies, but to serve it as an observatory, whence it may dart on its prey. At first the hole sinks perpendicularly, but, at a depth of four or five inches, bends and forms an almost horizontal elbow, after which it again resumes its direction downward. It is just at this bend that the tarantula stands sentry, turning towards the mouth of its den eyes that sparkle and gleam in the dark. The external orifice of the burrow is usually surmounted by a funnel, an inch in height, and two inches in breadth, so that it is wider than the burrow itself—a circumstance that admits of the extension of the claws, necessary to enable the animal to seize its prey. The funnel is composed of pieces of dry wood, united by clay, and lined inside with a web, which is continued throughout the whole interior of the burrow. The utility of this is obvious, in preserving the hole clean, preventing the falling-in of earth, and enabling the spider, by its claws, quickly to ascend.

Tarantula.

The tarantula, though disagreeable in appearance, is easily tamed. M. Dufour kept one for five months in a bottle, and it would come and take a live fly out of his hand. After having destroyed its victim with the hook of its mandibles, it did not content itself, as most spiders do, with merely sucking its head, but bruised the whole body, moving it through its mouth by means of its feelers, after which it rejected the integuments, and swept them away from its dwelling. After a repast, it seldom failed to make its toilet; that is, it cleansed, with the brushes of which we have spoken, its feelers and jaws, and then resumed its attitude of immovable gravity. The evening and night were the times in which it took exercise, and attempted to escape. It seems probable that the majority of the spider tribe have the faculty of seeing both by night and by day. Six weeks after being taken, the captive changed its skin; and this moulting made no perceptible difference in the colour or size of its body. It supported, at two different periods, a fast of nine days, without appearing to suffer.

We have seen how fatal the bites of spiders are to insects, and even to birds, and from this circumstance might infer that, if the venom were inserted into any wound, it would prove more or less injurious to the higher animals. There are few opportunities of studying this effect among the brute creation; but we know for certain that it has been attended with dangerous symptoms in the human subject. The bite of the tarantula has given rise to many contradictory assertions and much discussion. Kircherus, Sir Thomas Browne, Boyle, Dr Mead, and other early writers, are unanimous in affirming that it produces inflammation of the part, which in a few hours brings on sickness, difficulty of breathing, faintness, and torpor. The person is afterwards afflicted with delirium, and sometimes seized with a deep melancholy. Music, it has been pretended, is the only cure; and for this purpose a musician is brought, who tries a variety of airs, till at last he hits upon one that urges the patient to dance, the violence of which exercise brings on a copious perspiration, which generally effects a cure. Should the patient continue in his melancholy and lethargic state, uninfluenced by the music, death, it was imagined, would be the certain consequence. Such were the early and commonly received opinions respecting the bite of the tarantula. Serao, Cirillo, and other Italian physicians, who have had ample opportunities of investigating the subject, deny entirely the cure of the tarantula's bite by the aid of music. They make no doubt but sometimes the heat of the climate contributes very much to warm the imaginations of those bitten, which may in some measure be soothed by music; but from several experiments, it was found that neither man nor animal, after the bite, had any other complaint than a very trifling inflammation upon the part, like that produced by the sting of the scorpion, and which went off without any danger. Tarantism has

appeared in various parts of Italy, but chiefly in Apulia, where the tarantula abounds. In Sicily, the tarantula, according to Professor Cirillo, is never dangerous.

Mr Swinburne, who travelled in Italy during last century, minutely investigated every particular relative to this spider; but the season was not far enough advanced, and no tarantati (persons bitten, or pretended to have been bitten, by the tarantula) had begun to appear. He prevailed, however, upon a woman, who had been formerly bitten, to act the part and dance the tarantata before him. Many musicians were summoned, and she performed the dance, as all present assured him, to perfection. At first she lolled stupidly on a chair while the instruments were playing some dull music; they touched at length the chord supposed to vibrate to her heart, and up she sprang with a hideous yell, staggered about the room like a drunken person, holding a handkerchief in both hands, raising them alternately, and moving in very true time. As the music grew brisker, her motions quickened, and she skipped about with great vigour and variety of steps, every now and then shrieking very loud. The scene was far from pleasant, and at his desire an end was put to it before the woman was tired. Tarantism has now become very rare, if not altogether extinct in Italy.

THE THERIDION.

The genus *Theridion*, which is one of the most widely distributed, contains some species whose bite, according to report, is quite as dangerous as that of the tarantula. Thus, in 1830 and 1833, a species of theridion appeared in such vast numbers in some parts of Spain that the peasants would not go out to their field-work in consequence of the painful bite of that creature. Those bitten became feverish, and ultimately fell into a lethargic state, which continued for two or three days in the case of the healthy and robust, but which terminated in the death of those of enfeebled constitutions. So great was the consternation created by this pest, that the Medical Society of Barcelona appointed a commission to inquire into the subject, and if possible to devise a remedy. Frictions with oil and sudorifics were found to be the most effectual antidote.

Another of this genus, *T. verecundum*, is mentioned by Professor Hentz as being well known in the southern states of North America, where its bite is reputed to be very poisonous. A glass of brandy is stated, however, to produce instant relief, and to arrest the violent symptoms by inducing a reaction in the system of the patient. Indeed all spiders are considered less or more poisonous; even the humble tenants of our own island have no good name amongst the vulgar. It is evident, nevertheless, that any injury our native species *may* occasion arises more from the imagination of the sufferer than

from the venom of the spider—a circumstance to which Shakspeare very happily alludes in his *Winter's Tale:*

> 'There may be in the cup
> A spider steeped, and one may drink; depart,
> And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
> Is not infected: but if one present
> The abhorred ingredient to his eye, make known
> How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
> With violent hefts.'

BIRD-CATCHING SPIDERS.

That some spiders of great size occasionally prey on very small birds, was first ascertained by Madame Merian, and announced to the world in her work on the *Insects of Surinam*, published in 1705. In this work she gives a circumstantial account of the manner in which the spider seizes its prey, and a figure of a spider preying on a young humming-bird, which it seems to have taken out of its nest. As for a very long time, however, Madame Merian's statements were not confirmed by any other observer, they began to be very generally discredited; but their accuracy has now been placed beyond dispute, and some of the great spiders of the West Indies are known to prey occasionally on young humming-birds and tree-creepers, which they seize in their nests, chiefly during the night. It is probable that some of the largest spiders of other tropical countries have similar habits; and although Sir James Emerson Tennent tells us that he failed to obtain any evidence of the truth of the stories current as to the *Mygale fasciata* of Ceylon—a spider which, with its legs extended, covers an ordinary breakfast-plate—catching and killing birds, and is satisfied that (unless in the possible case of acute suffering from hunger) this creature shuns all descriptions of food except soft insects and annelides, yet he adds, that he was told by a lady that she saw a little house-lizard, a *gecko*, seized and devoured by one of these ugly spiders.

Bird-catcher.

Bird-catching spiders belong mostly to the genus *Mygale*, none of the species of which form webs to entrap their prey, but construct a tube, which serves as their habitation, and in which they lie in wait for such animals as may come within their reach. The bird-catcher (*M. avicularia*) is the most gigantic and powerful of the genus, measuring above three inches from the

snout to the extremity of the abdomen, and said to be capable of extending with its feet a space of eight or ten inches. Its body is covered with a brownish down; its legs, which are as thick as a goose-quill, are closely covered with hair, and armed with claws as sharp and strong as those of some rapacious birds. It is not uncommon in South America, particularly in the tropical forests, where it fixes its tube in rents and crevices of trees, and preys on large insects, beetles, and young birds. The web with which the bird-catcher lines its den is white, of a very fine texture, and semi-transparent, like muslin.

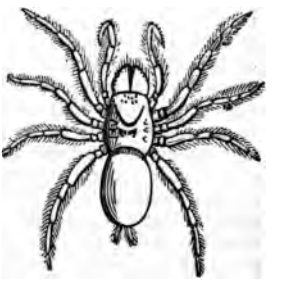
It would seem, however, that all the bird-catching mygales are not lurkers, but that some are active hunters; for Latreille, speaking of a species found in the West Indies, says: 'It chases far and wide in search of its prey, and conceals itself beneath leaves for the purpose of surprising it; and it will climb the branches of trees to devour the young of the humming-bird. When,' continues he, 'it throws itself upon its prey, it clings to the body by means of the double hooks which terminate its tarsi, and it then strives to reach the hinder part of the head, that it may insert its fangs between the skull and the first of the cervical vertebræ. The muscular strength of this spider is very great; and it is with difficulty made to let go what it seizes, even when the surface scarcely presents a hold for the claws with which the tarsi are armed, or for the powerful fangs which assist them to kill birds and lizards. Its obstinacy and ferocity in fighting end only with its life.' We believe this is the same species to which Dampier alludes when, speaking of Campeachy, he says: 'There is a sort of spiders of a prodigious size, some nearly as big as a man's fist, with long small legs, like the spiders of England. They have two fangs, each an inch and a half long, and of a proportionable thickness, which are black as jet, smooth as glass, and, at their small end, as sharp as a thorn; these are not straight, but bending. Some persons wear them in their tobacco-pouches to pick their pipes with; others preserve them for toothpicks, especially such as are troubled with toothache, for, if report may be trusted, they will expel that pain. The backs of these spiders are covered with a dark-yellowish down, as soft as velvet. Some say they are venomous, and others that they are not; but which of these accounts is to be credited, I cannot determine.'

Besides the bird-catchers belonging to the genus *Mygale*, it would appear that other spiders, whose webs are sufficiently strong to entangle small birds, are in the habit of feasting on such prey. Thus, in 1668, a gentleman resident in Bermudas writes to his friend in England: 'Here are spiders that spin their webs betwixt trees standing seven or eight fathoms asunder; and they do their work by spirting their web into the air, where the wind carries it from tree to tree. This web when finished will snare a bird as

big as a thrush. Yourself may prove it, for I have sent you some.' The spider here spoken of is evidently not a *Mygale*, but an *Epeira*, and the same to which Rochefort alludes in his *Natural History of the Antilles*, when he says: 'They spin webs so strong, that the little birds, when entangled therein, have much difficulty in extricating themselves.' Another writer, Percival, in his account of Ceylon, remarks: 'There is an immense spider found here, with legs not less than four inches long, and having the body covered with thick black hair. The webs which it makes are strong enough to entangle and hold even small birds, which form its usual prey.' More recently (1840), Mr M'Leay saw at Elizabeth Bay, near Sydney, 'a young bird suspended on the geometrical web of an enormous spider, which belongs to the same section as the European *Epeira diadema*. It was, when observed, already half eaten, and the spider was in the act of sucking its juices.'

MINING AND MASON SPIDERS.

These names are given to certain species of *Mygale* which burrow in the ground, and construct for themselves curious halls and galleries. They are found chiefly in South America and the West Indies, though some are natives of Southern Europe. *M. cæmentaria* constructs, in dry shelving situations exposed to the sun, a subterranean cylindrical gallery, often two feet deep, and extremely tortuous in its descent. This it lines with a tube of web, forming at its entrance a movable lid, composed of web and earth, attached to the lining by a kind of hinge; and this is adapted, by its size, situation, and weight, to close the opening so precisely as scarcely to allow its entrance to be distinguished from the neighbouring soil. When the spider enters its retreat, or passes out of it, the door shuts itself. Mr Rennie thus describes the nest of a West Indian mason spider (*M. cratiens*), which was presented to him by a friend: 'The nest is composed of very hard argillaceous earth, deeply tinged with brown oxide of iron. It is in the form of a tube, about one inch in diameter, between six and seven inches long, and slightly bent towards the lower extremity—appearing to have been rimed into the clay rather than built. The interior of the tube is lined with a uniform tapestry of silken web, of an orange-white colour, with a texture intermediate between India-paper and very fine glove-leather. But the most wonderful part of this nest is its entrance, which we look upon as the perfection of insect architecture.



Mygale fodiens.

A circular door, about the size of a crown-piece, slightly concave on the outside and convex within, is formed of more than a dozen layers of the same web which lines the interior, closely laid upon one another, and shaped so that the inner layers are the broadest, the outer being gradually less in diameter, except towards the hinge, which is about an inch long; and in consequence of all the layers being united there, and prolonged into the tube, it becomes the thickest and strongest part of the structure. The elasticity of the materials also gives to this hinge the remarkable peculiarity of acting like a spring, and shutting the door of the nest spontaneously. It is, besides, made to fit so accurately to the aperture, which is composed of similar concentric layers of web, that it is almost impossible to distinguish the joining by the most careful inspection. To gratify curiosity, the door has been opened and shut hundreds of times without in the least destroying the power of the spring.' There are many others of this genus whose habitations display equal ingenuity, but our limits will not permit of their description.

THE GALEODES.

A spider known as the *Galeodes vorax* is common to India and the adjoining countries of Southern Asia. It is one of the most active and voracious, as its name implies, of the spider family; and presents so many peculiarities in its habits and mode of life, that we shall transcribe at length the interesting description given by Captain Hutton in the *Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal*: 'My first observations on this species were made in 1832, at Mirzapore, where it is very abundant, and of large size. During the rainy season, it was my constant habit, on a fine evening, to spread a sheet upon the ground near my house, upon which was placed a small lantern, to attract insects. In a very short time two or three of these ravenous spiders would make their appearance at the edge of the sheet, but at a respectful distance from each other; and no sooner did a moth, or a beetle, or a cricket alight upon it, than it was snapped up and devoured before I could lay hold of it. There seemed, indeed, to be no end to the appetite of these creatures; for they continued to seize and devour everything indiscriminately that came within their reach, even to large and hard-winged beetles, cutting them to pieces with their powerful jaws with the greatest ease. Many were the deadly fights I witnessed among these marauders, as they trespassed upon each other's beats, to get possession of some newly alighted prey, and often was I obliged to kill them, in order that I too might in turn obtain some share of the booty. This species is, strictly speaking, nocturnal, though I have sometimes seen them active in the daytime; they live beneath stones, and in holes in the ground, and never construct a net or

other trap for their prey, seizing everything by main force, as they roam about in search of food.

'Again I fell in with this species abundantly at Neemuch, where they were also sometimes of large size. One of these I kept for some time in a vessel, the bottom of which was well supplied with earth, which had been purposely hardened by pouring water on it, and then allowing it to dry. The galeodes soon began to dig a hole, and in a very short time succeeded in making itself a subterranean retreat, in which it usually resided, seldom coming forth beyond the mouth of its den. It proceeded to dig out the earth at first with its strong jaws, cutting it away in a circle; and having thus loosened the soil, gathered it together into a heap with its anterior palpi, and threw it out behind, as a dog does in scratching a hole. When it had by this means succeeded in excavating a hole sufficiently large for it to enter, instead of throwing out the loose earth, as at first, it gathered a quantity together, and surrounding or embracing it with the anterior palpi, shoved the load by main force before it up the mouth of the cave, and then returned for more. Having completed its task, it remained for a few days stationary, and refused to feed, although previously it would devour several insects at a meal, and even small house-lizards. I now perceived that it was a female, the ova being distinctly visible through the skin of the abdomen, which was much distended.

'The ova were deposited in the cave, to the number of more than fifty, the parent being motionless amidst them. In the course of a fortnight, these, which were of the size of a largish mustard-seed, and of whitish hue, were all hatched.

'The young are at first motionless, and appear devoid of animation, until the period of three weeks has elapsed, at which time they cast the first skin. Their colour, which up to this time was pure milky white, now gave place to a faint tinge of pale brown, and the jaws and palpi became deep brown. They now threw off their lethargy, and began to move about, and occasionally sallied forth from the den, but instantly retreated on the slightest appearance of danger. All this time, however, they took apparently no food whatever, and yet they continued to grow both in size and activity.

'It was indeed very interesting to watch the motions of the parent at this season. From the generally bad and ferocious character which the spider tribe bears, I fully expected to see the parent, at the first craving of appetite, commence an attack upon her own family, and devour them; but the All-wise Creator has endowed even this ferocious spider with that most powerful feeling—maternal love; and thus is the galeodes, the very tiger of the insect world, subdued at this period into the anxious and tender mother. Placing herself in front of the aperture of the cave, she seized and examined between her anterior palpi everything that entered. I tried repeatedly to arouse her anger by thrusting in straws, hoping to make

her forget her good behaviour; but all in vain; for though she bit and pulled at the straws in evident anger, not once did she turn upon her offspring, although crowding round, and crawling over her very body. I then threw in some beetles and flies, upon which she vented her fury by speedily devouring them; and I thought by this means to play her a trick. Accordingly, I withdrew two or three of the young ones from the cave, and threw in alternately a beetle and a young galeodes, thinking to deceive the parent, and make her, in the blindness of her fury, *commit infanticide*. But nature was not to be thus deceived. The unfortunate beetles were instantly seized and devoured; but the mother knew her offspring, and drew them into the den without the slightest injury. The beetles were gathered into her jaws, but her own offspring were merely seized between the anterior palpi, and allowed to pass on unhurt.

'This species is extremely voracious, feeding at night upon beetles, flies, and even large lizards; and sometimes gorging itself to such a degree as to render it almost unable to move. A lizard, three inches long, *exclusive of tail*, was entirely devoured; the spider sprung at it, and made a seizure immediately behind the shoulder, never quitting its hold until the whole was consumed. The poor lizard struggled violently at first, rolling over and over in its agony, but the spider kept firm hold, and gradually sawed away with its double jaws into the very entrails of its victim. The only parts uneaten were the jaws and part of the skin, although the lizard was at least five inches long from nose to extremity of tail. After this meal, the spider remained gorged and motionless for about a fortnight, being much swollen and distended.

'A young sparrow, about half-grown, was placed under a bell-glass with a galeodes; the moment the luckless bird moved, the spider seized him by the thigh, which he speedily sawed off, in spite of the sparrow's fluttering; and then, as the poor bird continued to struggle in pain, the savage seized him by the throat, and soon put an end to his sufferings by cutting off the head. It did not, however, devour the bird, nor any part of it, but seemed satisfied with having killed it.

'On another occasion I gave it a large garden-lizard, which was instantly seized by the middle of the body; the lizard, finding that it could not shake off its adversary, turned its head, and bit the galeodes on one leg, which obliged it immediately to quit its hold and retreat. On another occasion, my friend, Dr Baddeley, confined one of these spiders in a wall-shade with two young musk-rats (*Sorex Indicus*), both of which were killed by it.

'When two of these spiders are confined in a vessel together, both endeavour to make their escape, as if conscious of their mutual danger. If, in their efforts to get away, they are brought into contact, the one instantly seizes the other, and devours him, the

victim making no struggles whatever; but if they meet face to face, both enter into a wrestling-match for life or death.

'They plant their true feet firmly on the ground, the body at the same time being elevated, and the two pair of palpi held out in front to ward off the attack. In this attitude they advance and retire, according as either gains a slight advantage, endeavouring to throw each other to one side, so as to expose some vulnerable part, or form an opening for attack; and when this is once effected, the fortunate wrestler instantly takes advantage of it, and rushing in, seizes his adversary behind the thorax, and the combat is ended; the vanquished victim yielding himself without further struggle to his inevitable fate.

'The usual size of an adult specimen of galeodes is about 2½ to 2¾ inches long, and the body or abdomen equal to a thrush's egg. When in motion, the body is elevated off the ground, and the two pair of palpi, or feelers, are stretched out, ready to make a seizure; it progresses therefore solely upon the true legs, which spring from the thorax, and are six in number. The head is armed with two strong and formidable chelæ, or double jaws, answering to the long cheliform fore-arms of the scorpion . . . . eyes two, and placed on the top of the head, between the base of the jaws; the colour generally is sandy-brown, and the body soft, and clothed with short mouse-coloured hairs; the limbs, and especially the palpi, are furnished with long coarse hairs. . . . . In seizing its prey, one pair of jaws keeps hold, while the other is advanced to cut; and they thus alternately advance and hold till the victim is sawed in two. The only sound they emit is a hissing or rustling, caused by the friction of the two pair of chelæ, as they are advanced and withdrawn; this is only heard when the spider is suddenly disturbed or irritated.'

Such are the habits and peculiarities of the *Galeodes vorax*—a species generally regarded with disgust and aversion. It is found in most parts of India, in the Burman empire and in Afghanistan, where it has been mistaken for the tarantula. In cases where they fix their habitation in a garden, these great spiders have been known to render good service by devouring larvæ, grubs, cockroaches, and other noxious insects; and there is no reason to doubt that they serve some wise and useful purpose in the general economy of nature.

FOREIGN SPIDERS OF VARIOUS GENERA.

Speaking of the zoology of Rio de Janeiro, Mr Darwin observes that the number of spiders, in proportion to insects, is there, as compared with England, very much larger. 'The variety of species among the jumping spiders appears almost infinite. The genus, or rather family, of Epeira is here characterised by many singular

forms : some species have pointed coriaceous shells, others enlarged and spiny limbs. Every path in the forest is barricaded with the strong yellow web of a species belonging to the same division with the *E. clavipes* of Fabricius, which was formerly said by Sloane to make, in the West Indies, webs so strong as to catch birds. A small and pretty kind of spider, with very long fore-legs, and which appears to belong to an undescribed genus, lives as a parasite on almost every one of these webs. I suppose it is too insignificant to be noticed by the great epeira, and is therefore allowed to prey on the minute insects which, adhering to the lines, would otherwise be wasted. When frightened, this little spider either feigns death by extending its front legs, or suddenly drops from the web.

'A large epeira, of the same division with *E. tuberculata* and *conica*, is extremely common, especially in dry situations. Its web, which is generally placed among the great leaves of the common agavé, is sometimes strengthened near the centre by a pair or even four zigzag ribbons, which connect two adjoining rays. When any large insect, as a grasshopper or wasp, is caught, the spider, by a dexterous movement, makes it revolve very rapidly, and at the same time emitting a band of thread from its spinners, soon envelops its prey in a case like the cocoon of a silk-worm. The spider now examines the powerless victim, and gives the fatal bite on the hinder part of its thorax ; then, retreating, patiently waits till the poison has taken effect. The virulence of this poison may be judged of from the fact, that in half a minute I opened the mesh, and found a large wasp quite lifeless. This spider always stands with its head downward near the centre of this web. When disturbed, it acts differently according to circumstances. If there is a thicket below, it suddenly falls down ; and I have distinctly seen the thread from the spinners lengthened by the animal, while yet stationary, as preparatory to its fall. If the ground is clear beneath, the spider seldom falls, but moves quickly through a central passage from one to the other side. When still further disturbed, it practises a curious manœuvre : standing in the middle, it violently jerks the web, which is attached to elastic twigs, till at last the whole acquires such a rapid vibratory movement that even the outline of the spider's body becomes indistinct.'

Though it is thus omnipotent over the majority of insects, there are some of these more than a match for the most ferocious spiders, even making their carcasses a regular article of dietary. The same authority mentions a deadly contest which he once witnessed between a pepsis and a large spider of the genus Lycosa. 'The wasp made a sudden dash at its prey, and then flew away. The spider was evidently wounded ; for, trying to escape, it rolled down a little slope, but had still strength sufficient to crawl into a thick tuft of grass. The wasp soon returned, and, surprised at not immediately finding its victim, it then commenced as regular a hunt as ever

hound did after fox; making short semicircular casts, and all the time rapidly vibrating its wings and antennæ. The spider, though well concealed, was soon discovered; and the wasp, evidently still afraid of its adversary's jaws, after much manœuvring, inflicted two stings on the under side of its thorax. At last, carefully examining with its antennæ the now motionless spider, it proceeded to drag away the body.'

The species of which we have yet spoken are strictly solitary in their habits; indeed, we question whether all spiders are not the same in this respect, being only brought into proximity by favourable locality or abundance of food. Mr Darwin, however, states that he found, near St Té Bajada, many large black spiders, with ruby-coloured marks on their backs, having *gregarious* habits. 'The webs,' says he, 'were placed vertically, as is invariably the case with the genus Epeira. They were separated from each other by a space of about two feet; but were all attached to certain common lines, which were of great length, and extended to all parts of the community. In this manner the tops of some large bushes were encompassed by the united nets. Azara has described a gregarious spider in Paraguay, which Walckenaer thinks must be a theridion, but probably it is an epeira, and perhaps even the same species with mine. I cannot, however, recollect seeing a central nest as large as a hat, in which during autumn, when the spiders die, Azara says the eggs are deposited. As all the spiders which I saw were of the same size, they must have been nearly of the same age. This gregarious habit in so typical a genus as Epeira, among creatures which are so bloodthirsty and solitary that even the two sexes attack each other, is a very singular fact.'

The singularity of the webs of several foreign species has attracted much attention. In Java, some of these are said to be so strong and tough that they are not easily divided without a knife, and in this case quite capable of entangling not only insects, but birds and small quadrupeds. In the Cordilleras, Mr Darwin found nets constructed after the manner of those of our garden-spider; but instead of all the rays being netted, only two were woven together, so that the web was of a wedge-shape. Perhaps the most ingenious exhibition of net-working which we have read is that of an Australian spider, related by a correspondent of the *Zoologist* for January 1846: 'In the middle of last April I was particularly struck with the singular habits of a spider, which had constructed his web between a high fence and the gable-end of my house [in Sydney]; these being about ten yards from each other, and the web being about midway between them. As soon as the web was finished, the spider procured a leaf, and having rolled it up in the form of an extinguisher, he fixed it in the very centre of the web, with the point upwards. In this domicile he remained at rest until some prey was entangled in the web, when he immediately pounced upon it, and conveyed it to his mansion to be

devoured. Whether the object of this singular contrivance was protection from the weather, or concealment from his prey, or both combined, I am unable to say; but it struck me as very ingenious. Had the domicile been placed at the extremity of the lines, the spider would have had at least five yards of line to traverse before reaching the centre of the web, and of course the same distance to return with his prey. One wet and windy night spider and all disappeared.'

With the exception of the Javanese spiders, all that we have yet mentioned weave comparatively small and slender fabrics. This is not the case, however, with a Brazilian spider noticed by Dr Walsh, and apparently the same with the large Epeira found by Mr Darwin in the neighbourhood of Rio de Janeiro; at least both weave strong *yellow* webs, and have semi-gregarious habits. The doctor's account of it is as follows: 'Among the insects is an enormous spider, which I did not observe elsewhere. In passing through an opening between some trees, I felt my head entangled in some obstructions, and on withdrawing it, my straw-hat remained behind. When I looked up, I saw it suspended in the air, entangled in the meshes of an immense cobweb, which was drawn like a veil of thick gauze across the opening, and was expanded from branch to branch of the opposite trees, as large as a sheet ten or twelve feet in diameter. The whole of this space was covered with spiders of the same species, but different sizes; some of them, when their legs were expanded, forming a circle of six or seven inches in circumference. They were particularly distinguished by bright spots. The cords composing the web were of a glossy yellow, like the fibres of silk-worms, and equally strong. I wound off several on a card, and they extended to the length of three or four yards.' Sir James Emerson Tennent tells us of a spider of Ceylon—the *Olios Trapobanius*—very common in that island, and remarkable for the fiery-red hue of its under surface, that 'it spins a moderate-sized web, hung vertically between two sets of lines, stretched one above the other athwart the pathways.' 'Some of the cords,' he adds, 'thus carried horizontally from tree to tree at a considerable height from the ground, are so strong as to cause a painful check across the face when moving quickly against them; and more than once in riding I have had my hat lifted off my head by a single line.' One cannot read these accounts without concluding that such a product, if found in abundance, might be successfully applied to some economical purpose. Indeed, the application of spider-web has already been attempted, with various success, to the manufacture of a kind of silk, of which we shall now give some account.

SPIDER-SILK.

The idea of obtaining silk from the produce of the spider occurred first, we believe, to Reaumur, who for that purpose collected the egg-bags or cocoons, and not the webs, of the common garden-spider.

Having obtained, with some trouble, thirteen ounces of these bags, he had them beaten and washed, to free them from extraneous impurities. After this they were steeped in a solution of soap, nitre, and gum-arabic, and then boiled in the same mixture over a slow fire. Clean warm water was then used to free them from the soap, &c.; and having been laid for some days to dry, they were loosened with the fingers previously to being carded by the common silk-carders. By this process a beautiful ash-coloured silk is said to have been obtained, easy to be spun, and much stronger in the thread than that of the silk-worm. This was woven in a stocking-weaver's loom. The thirteen ounces of bags yielded about four ounces of silk, three of which were sufficient for the manufacture of a pair of stockings. This experiment fully demonstrated the capabilities of spider-silk; but the impossibility of obtaining abundance of the raw material precluded any further application of the discovery. Naturally, the substance is concealed, or torn and scattered about in insignificant quantities; and to rear spiders artificially, as we do the silk-worm, has been found impossible, in consequence of their hostile and ferocious natures. Reaumur placed 5000 in fifty different cells, and fed them on insects and proper juices; notwithstanding, the larger devoured the smaller, till in a short time only two or three were left in each compartment.

More recently, a gentleman of the name of Rolt received an honorary medal from the London Society of Arts for obtaining silk from the produce of the same spider. In Mr Rolt's experiment, the silk was obtained directly from the spinnerets of the animal, and not from its egg-bags or cocoons. He connected a small reel with the steam-engine of the factory in which he was occupied, and putting it in motion, at the rate of 150 feet per minute, found that a full-grown spider would thus continue to afford an unbroken thread during from three to five minutes. The specimen of this silk which Mr Rolt presented to the Society was wound off from twenty-four spiders in two hours. Its length was estimated at 18,000 feet, its colour was white, and its lustre of metallic brilliancy, owing probably to its great opacity. Mr Rolt did not attempt to combine two or more filaments into one winding, nor to form it into thread by throwing. The thread of the garden-spider is so much finer than that of the silk-worm, that the united strength of five of the former is, according to Mr Rolt, equal only to one of the latter; and assuming that the weight is in proportion to the strength, and that a spider will yield twice a year a thread 750 feet in length, while that produced by a single silk-worm is 1900 feet, it follows that the produce of one silk-worm is equal to that of 6½ spiders. 'Now,' says the Report in the Society's Transactions, 'as on an average it takes 3500 silk-worms to produce a pound of silk, it would take about 22,000 spiders to produce an equal quantity. Besides, spiders are not so easily confined as silk-worms, and whenever two come in contact, a battle

ensues, which ends in the destruction of the weaker one. Spiders kept for silk must therefore be each in separate dens or cells; and the apparatus contrived by Mr Rolt for this purpose, though very ingenious, and well adapted to carry on a course of experiments with a hundred or two, would manifestly be wholly inapplicable to any purpose of commercial utility.' Such has been the result of the experiments to obtain silk from spiders. The scantiness of the produce, the impossibility of rearing the animals in communities, and, above all, the difficulty of supplying them with food, leave little or no hope of amendment.

Strange as it may seem, spiders have otherwise had, or still have, some economical importance attached to them. 'Medicinally,' says Hentz, 'the web is narcotic, and has been administered internally in some cases of fever with success.' The web of the common house-spider has long been employed in stopping the effusion of blood. 'Good Master Cobweb,' says Bottom, 'if I cut my finger, I will make bold with thee.' Though spiders are regarded by us with aversion, there are savage tribes who eat them. Sparman says that the Bashie men consider them as dainties; and Labillardière asserts that the inhabitants of New Caledonia seek for and devour large quantities of a spider nearly an inch long, which they roast over a fire.

ADVENTURES OF ROBERT DRURY.

VOYAGE TO INDIA.

I WAS born on the 24th of July 1687, in Crutched Friars, London, where my father then lived; but soon after, he removed to the Old Jewry, near Cheapside, where he kept, for several years afterwards, that noted house called the *King's Head*, a famous beef-steak house in its day, and a great resort of merchants and other gentlemen. Reared in London, and often about the Thames, I acquired an unconquerable desire to go to sea; and though my parents did everything in their power to give me a good education, and promised to push me on in the world, if I would abandon this notion, I persevered in my obstinate resolution. Not all the entreaties of my poor dear mother, though she once begged me on her knees, nor the persuasions of my father or any other friends, could make the least impression on me.

When they found their endeavours were ineffectual, they formed a new scheme to wean me from a sea-life. This was to procure me a short voyage, hoping that the many dangers and hardships to which I should be exposed, and should see others undergo, would deter me from persevering in that course of life.

As wilful persons never want woe, such was my obstinacy, that

nothing would content me but what contributed to my ruin; and Providence justly frustrated all my hopes, by indulging me in the choice I had so foolishly and ungratefully made, in direct opposition to my duty to my affectionate parents. When it was proposed that I should take a short voyage, I insisted that nothing but a voyage to the East Indies would please me; for no other reason that I can think of, than that I had a cousin in the East India Company's service at Calcutta. It was accordingly resolved to gratify this whim. My father, however, shewed a due concern for my comfort and welfare, by the manner in which he fitted me out. He supplied me plentifully with provisions, clothes, and other necessaries for the voyage; besides which, I had a cargo to trade on, to the value of a hundred pounds, which was a large trust for a boy of not yet fourteen years of age. I went as a passenger, well recommended to Captain William Younge, with whom my passage and the freight of my cargo were agreed for, and we soon after embarked.

The vessel Captain Younge commanded was the *Degrave*, of 700 tons burden, and carrying 52 guns. She was a regular India trader, and, like all others of her class, required to be well armed for the sake of defence. The parting with my mother was not without pain; but I was a giddy boy, and soon recovered my spirits. The ship dropped pleasantly down the Thames to the Nore, and passed through the Downs on February 19, 1701. Nothing remarkable occurred during the outward-bound voyage. In our route, we stopped a week at the Canaries, and arrived at Fort George, in the East Indies, in three months and twenty days from the Downs. Two days after, we weighed anchor, and sailed to Mastapatan, where we staid a month, and then proceeded to complete our voyage to Bengal.

On arriving at Calcutta, my cousin came on board, and offered to assist in disposing of my goods; but the captain discovering that he was far from being trustworthy, took charge of my cargo, and sold the whole to good advantage, taking in exchange the commodities of the country. While lying at this port, we lost many of our crew by fever; and, worst of all, at length Captain Younge also died, leaving his son, who was second-mate, to take charge of the ship. This was a serious disaster, for our new commander was an inexperienced young man, not fit for so important a trust. The number of deaths on board caused us to wait a considerable time to recruit the ship's company. During this period of inaction, I learned to swim, and frequently amused myself by swimming in the Hooghly. I became so exceedingly expert in this art, that I could swim several miles up or down the river.

Our business being finished at Bengal, and our crew greatly renewed, we sailed on our homeward voyage, having on board 120 hands, some of them Lascars, besides two women and myself, and a few other passengers. As we were going down the river, our ship ran aground, and stuck fast; but there being a very strong tide, it

turned her round, and we got off the next high water without any damage, as we imagined. This accident proved the cause of the sad misfortune which soon after overtook us. On getting out to sea, the vessel was found to have sprung a leak, and we were obliged to keep two chain-pumps continually at work. We were two months in this distressing condition, every man taking his turn at the severe labour of pumping. It was a joyful sight to see the island of Mauritius rising on the horizon, and we were all still more delighted to arrive at the island, which lies about 600 miles to the east of Madagascar. This fine island was inhabited by the Dutch,* who treated us with great kindness and humanity, assisting us with whatever was in their power. We made a tent on shore, in which we stowed great part of our cargo, in order to lighten the ship, and discover the leak. In this search, which could not have been properly performed, the sailors were unsuccessful, and the captain gave it up as hopeless. A month was spent on the island. Having taken on board plenty of good fish, turtle, and goats, with some beef, we departed, shaping our course directly for the Cape of Good Hope.

The infatuation of going to sea with a leaky vessel is more than I can possibly account for. Whatever motive urged the captain to do such an act of folly, he and all of us were severely punished for it. When we had been gone a few days from Mauritius, the leak gained on us more and more, and it was with great difficulty the ship could be kept above water. Young as I was, I saw that we were on the verge of destruction, and now repented in tears the madness of putting myself in the way of such a catastrophe. It was dreadful to see the exertions which the men made to keep the vessel from sinking. They wrought incessantly at the pumps; but the water came in as quickly as it was pumped and bailed out, and gained gradually, in spite of every effort. All were spent with fatigue, and despair settled on every countenance. According to our reckoning, we were a hundred leagues southward of Madagascar; and to lighten the ship, several guns and much of the heavy goods were heaved overboard. The captain was for continuing our course to the Cape, 600 leagues distant, but the ship's company in general opposed it, being of opinion that they could not keep her above water long enough, and were in favour of running to Madagascar, which was the nearest land.

The peril we were in did not admit of delay, and by urgent persuasion the captain ordered 'bout ship, and put back for Madagascar. The wind favouring us, the water-logged vessel got on somewhat better in its new course; and on the third day I was sent along with the captain's boy up to the mast-head to look out for land, since nobody else could be so well spared. In such apparent danger, my

*The Dutch afterwards abandoned Mauritius; and in 1721 it was taken possession of by the French, by whom it was called the Isle of France. The British took it from the French in 1810.—ED.

being a passenger was no excuse. Accordingly, I went up, and sat there two hours and a half, looking across the broad ocean for the much-desired land. At length a speck seemed to rise on the horizon, and I asked my comrade if that were land; for I feared to call out, and inspire men in such desperate circumstances with groundless hopes: they were not, I knew, in a frame of mind to be trifled with. I therefore did not call out till I could plainly discover a white cliff, and a smoke at a distance from it, whereupon I boldly shouted: 'Land! land!'

At this joyful news, several sailors immediately ran up the shrouds, and even the captain himself, to make his observations. One among them knew the land, and said it was Port Dauphin, and that the king of that part of the island—all the people being negroes, in a savage state—was an enemy to all white men, and treated all the Europeans who fell into his hands in a barbarous manner. This king, he said, was called Samuel, and he advised us by all means to avoid landing on his territories. This information put us into the utmost confusion and despair, and proved indeed our ruin. The man who made the discouraging report spoke his real sentiments; but he laboured under a mistake, as we afterwards discovered. King Samuel had, it appears, received an affront from the crew of a French vessel, and he ever afterwards attacked all French without mercy who put into his dominions; he had, however, no animosity against any other white nation, but the reverse; so that, had we put in there, we had at least saved our lives and some of our cargo. Under the erroneous impression made by the sailor, we unfortunately steered westward along the coast, to see if a proper landing-place could be found.

Crawling onward in this wretched condition, we kept a look-out for some safe spot to run the vessel aground. Nothing of the kind was to be seen; and the ship, staggering in the water, threatened every instant to be swamped. The men now went to the captain and asked him what he proposed to do, for the ship could swim no longer. He asked them if they approved of his running the vessel on shore at all risks, to which they all agreed, crying out: 'Anything to save our lives.' It would have been of great importance to get ashore in an orderly manner; but this could not be done, in consequence of another blunder of the captain. We had lost our long-boat and pinnace at Bengal, and the captain not taking the trouble to replace them, we had but one small boat left. In this juncture, an attempt was made to ease the vessel by cutting away the masts, and throwing everything overboard, hoping she would drive high on the beach. This failed, and now our only chance of getting through the breakers that dashed on the shore was by the small boat, and a raft made with some planks and yards.

While engaged making the raft, some of the natives who were fishing saw our distress, and made a smoke to guide us to the shore;

but although this looked like kindness, we entertained a poor opinion of the intentions of the savages. The raft was finished that night, and it was arranged that the attempt to land should be made in the morning.

After a dismal night, day dawned, and all prepared to leave the ill-fated vessel. The first thing done was to send Mr Pratt, our chief-mate, and four men in the boat, with a long rope for a warp, to fasten on the land. A great sea constantly runs here upon the rocks, and before they got to land, their boat was staved in pieces; however, being pretty near it, by the help of some of the natives, who were negroes, they saved that part of the boat to which the rope was fastened. We had two Englishwomen on board: one of them would not venture on the raft, nor would the captain; but the other woman and about forty or fifty of us did: I stripped off all my clothes, but took two purses of money and a silver cup, and tied them fast round my middle. We hauled by the rope towards the shore, but were no sooner among the breakers than the first sea upset the raft, and washed us off: some swam to the raft again, but were soon washed off; and though the woman was drowning just by me, yet I could not save her. I sank under every wave, and with great difficulty got on shore, as did every one else on the raft, except the woman. There was such a surf running, and the sea broke so high, that we durst not venture out with the raft again, which the captain perceiving, ordered the cable to be cut, and let the ship drive nearer the land, where she soon beat to pieces. The captain got on shore with his father's heart in his hand, which, according to his request when dying, was put into a bottle, in order to be brought to England and buried at Dover.

At length they all got on shore on pieces of the ship, planks, &c., two men only excepted, who were drowned, and the woman before mentioned: the other woman escaped, though she was so full of water, as well as some others, that we were obliged to roll and rub them well, to make them disgorge the water. We laid them also before a great fire made for that purpose, and in a little time they revived. We were in all above 160, including the Lascars.

The country now began to be alarmed, and we had already two or three hundred negroes flocking round us, picking up several pieces of silk and fine calicoes: the muslin they had little or no regard for. Our goods were driven ashore in whole bales; for what with saltpetre and other things, we reckoned there might be 300 tons left, after all that was thrown overboard at sundry times before.

One of the negroes brought an ox to us, and intimated by signs that we should kill him; but we made signs to them again to shoot him for us, we having no ammunition. When one of them perceived this, he lent us his gun, ready charged, and with it one of our men shot the bullock dead on the spot.

It was extremely shocking to see the negroes cut the beast's skin

and flesh together, then toss them into the fire, or ashes, as it happened, and eat them half roasted. I shuddered for fear they should devour us in like manner; for they seemed to me to be a kind of cannibals, of whom I had heard very dreadful stories: everything, in short, appeared horrible to nature, and excited in us the most dismal apprehensions.

Being very much at the mercy of the barbarians into whose hands we had fallen, they used no ceremony in taking possession of every article that had belonged to the ship. While some were busily engaged in opening our bales, and taking what they liked best, I observed that several of them regarded the iron they found much more than all those goods we usually look on as valuable, and took great pains to break all such pieces of timber as had iron in them. I broke open my chest, and took out only one suit of clothes, leaving the rest to those who had most mind for them.

ADVENTURES AFTER SHIPWRECK.

Our shipwreck had been conducted with so little regard to future proceedings, or even the preservation of our lives against the attacks of the natives, that the whole company were now exposed to any fresh misery that might ensue. As I was a mere boy, and had no right to advise one way or another, I necessarily submitted to the decision of others. Our captain, whose rashness and folly had caused all our disasters, proved equally incompetent in this new posture of affairs. He could give no directions; and two days and nights were spent very miserably on the shore, without coming to any resolution, or knowing what to do.

On the third evening, about nine o'clock, we heard a man call out 'Hollo!' at a great distance, like an Englishman, who, being immediately answered, came nearer, and asked who we were. Having given him the required information, he sat down with us by our fire, and told us the object of his visit. He was one of the crew of an English vessel, commanded by Captain Drummond, a Scotchman, which had been two months before wrecked on the island; and the captain and crew, including a Captain Steward, were now detained by the king of this part of the country, and would gladly make their escape. He, our visitant, whose name was Sam, had been deputed by the king to bring information as to who we were, and what we wanted. Sam further gave us an idea of the condition of things in Madagascar. The whole island, he said, which was as large as Great Britain, was altogether inhabited by negroes, forming a great many petty kingdoms, which were almost continually at war with each other. All were much on a level as to barbarism, but they were generally acquainted with the use of firearms and gunpowder, which, with other articles, they got from English, Dutch, and other traders, in exchange principally for slaves. The capturing of slaves,

in order to carry on this trade, was a main cause of the numerous wars between the different kings and chiefs. The only king who possessed the inclination to help distressed English sailors was King Samuel, a man who had once been in Europe, and acquired some civilised habits; and although he had a great enmity to the French, he would have succoured us had we put into Port Dauphin.

Sam having made an end of his story, to which everybody listened with the utmost attention, we parted, and went with heavy hearts to our respective quarters, which were under the bushes. It was very late, and we endeavoured to repose ourselves as well as we could. The pieces of muslin served us to spread on the ground for beds; but as for my own part, I could not close my eyes to rest. I now began to reflect on my former obstinacy and perverseness. The thought of my tender mother's begging me on her knees not to go to sea, gave me the most distracting torture. I could now see my error, and repent, but who could I blame but myself? Here were many poor men who had no other way to live, but I was reduced to no such necessity: I ran headlong into misery, and severely felt the effects of it. Tears I shed in plenty, but could not with any justice complain of fate or Providence, for my punishment was but the natural result of my own ill conduct.

We were all up by daylight, and most of my fellow-sufferers got as little rest as I; for the man's relation had made us give over all hopes of relief, and nothing but sorrow, distress, and despair appeared in all its dismal forms in each man's face, according to his different constitution. We had saved neither arms nor ammunition, the want of which completed our ruin; for nearly 170 of us would have made our way through that part of the country we wanted to travel, had we but wherewithal to defend ourselves.

About one o'clock in the afternoon, the king came down with about 200 negroes. They brought no firearms with them, lest we should seize them by force, but they were armed with lances. As soon as we saw them approaching us, we all stood together in a body, with our captain at the head of us. When they drew near, he called Sam and asked him who was our captain. As soon as he was informed, he came up to him, and took him by the hand, and said in a familiar manner: 'Salamonger, captain;' which is a term of salutation much like our saying: 'Your servant, sir.' The captain returned the compliment, Sam having informed him before in what manner he should behave himself to the king. His majesty brought with him four large bullocks, six calabashes of *toake* (a kind of drink), ten baskets of potatoes, and two pots of honey, all which he presented to our captain; and gave us, moreover, two or three earthen pots to dress our victuals in. We immediately roasted the potatoes. The king staid two hours with us before he withdrew to the cottage where he proposed to lodge that night, and asked several questions about our ship, and the manner of her being lost. He

told the captain he was heartily sorry for his misfortune, though in my opinion that was nothing but a compliment; for, as I found afterwards, he was more brutish and dishonest than most of the other kings on the island; and his whole nation were clothed for many years out of the effects they saved from our wreck.

The next morning, he paid us another visit, and then he told us that he expected we should prepare to go along with him to his town, and there we should remain till some ships should come to trade, when we might return to our own country. The captain suspecting this to be a mere artifice, told Sam to say that he would think of the proposal. Upon this, the king departed, and gave us no further trouble at that time.

As soon as he was gone, the captain called us all together, and in a very pathetic speech, addressed us as follows: 'I am now on an equality with the meanest man here present; my fortune is as low, and my life is as little to be regarded: I do not pretend, therefore, to command, but to consult with you what is most expedient to be done in the present unhappy situation of our affairs. However,' said he, 'I am happy in this, that though my own life and liberty are lost as well as yours, yet this misfortune is not anywise chargeable on me, for I would rather have kept on my course to the Cape of Good Hope in a leaky ship, than put in here; but you strenuously opposed it; for death in my opinion is to be preferred to our present and prospective condition. In death, our sorrows would have ended; but now, who can tell the troubles and torments we shall yet undergo?' At this the tears stood in his eyes. 'Consider, gentlemen,' said he, 'we have neither arms nor ammunition wherewith to defend ourselves, and I have endeavoured to prevail on the king to give us a passage through his country to a sea-port, but in vain. Think of it, therefore, and consult your own safety as well as you can: be but of one mind, and I am ready to comply with anything you would have me do. As for my own life, I set no value upon it; it would not now be worth preserving, but for the hopes I have of being serviceable to my friends. Remember, I must return an answer to-morrow morning, and I will advise nothing, nor do anything without your concurrence.'

We went together and consulted as the captain advised, and came soon to an agreement, for the matter in debate lay within a small compass. The king had refused to give us leave to go to a sea-port, and we had no arms to fight and force our way, if we could have found it. We therefore determined to go quietly up the country with the king to his place of residence, where we were in hopes of seeing and conversing with Captain Drummond, Captain Steward, and the other people, who, being gallant and courageous men, and by this time somewhat acquainted with the natives, might probably be capable of giving us some proper and seasonable advice.

Next morning, the king paid the captain a visit; they saluted each

other in the usual manner, and sat down together upon the sand, whilst we all stood round them. Soon after, the king ordered Sam to ask the captain if he was ready to go, for it would be best to walk in the cool of the morning, and rest at noon. The captain observed that he did not ask whether he was inclined to go or not, as might reasonably have been expected, since he pretended to give him time to consider of it, but peremptorily asked if he was ready to go. The captain answered that we were. At this, the king seemed fully satisfied, and ordered Sam to tell us he would breakfast first, and advised us to do so too, that we might be the better enabled to perform our journey.

We had little satisfaction, however, in eating and drinking, especially since the hour was come in which we were obliged to leave the sea-side; and it galled us severely to think how we were forced up the country like a flock of sheep, at the pleasure of a parcel of barbarous negroes, without any power to make terms for ourselves like men. The king having sent, the word was given to march. I was ready in an instant, for I carried nothing with me but what I brought ashore; but many of our people took pieces of silk and fine calico. We assembled together, and went to the place where the king's tent was pitched. We were no sooner come than he was for marching. We left the sea with heavy hearts, looking very wishfully back as long as we could discern it; and as often as we did, we observed the negroes hard at work breaking up our bales, and enriching themselves with the plunder of our goods. In short, they were so busy that but few went back with the king.

Our people were but ill disposed for travelling, since everybody was tired with working and want of rest. Many were lamed with hurts received in getting on shore; some were also without shoes, and most of us had but bad ones. Then, again, the country near the sea-side, and some few miles further, is full of short underwood and thorny shrubs, which tore our clothes to rags; for the path was very narrow, and, before this accident, but little frequented; the ground also was sandy, so that when the sun was advanced pretty high, it scorched our feet to that degree that we were scarcely able to walk.

About noon we came to one of their small mean villages, consisting of about eight or ten houses, or rather huts; for they were not above six or seven feet high, and about eight or nine feet in length, and their doors not above three or four feet high. Our people crept into these hovels to rest, and to see what they could meet with to refresh themselves. Some found honey, others milk, and others beef; for the king had given us free permission to take whatever eatables came to hand. The inhabitants were all absent, the men at the sea-side taking advantage of the wreck, and the women and children fled into the woods at our approach. We passed several of these poor villages, but saw few of the people. Here we reposed

till the heat was abated, when we made ourselves but a poor compensation by robbing them of their trifles, while they were enriching themselves with our most valuable commodities.

In the cool of the evening we marched again, and in a little time came to a more open and better road. As we were now some miles from the sea, the king left us, and went before to his seat, leaving us to march at our leisure, having taken care that we should not want provisions, and left his chief officer strict orders to supply us with whatever we wanted, and what the country could afford.

At night we came to another of these little villages, where we killed a bullock, and got a few earthen pots to cook our meat in. The water was very thick and nasty, they having none but what they brought from a great distance, out of holes and pits in the woods, and kept in calabashes, or long tubs, which hold about four or five gallons each; however, it served our purpose, for at that time we were not very curious. We reposed ourselves on the ground in the best manner we could, and rose the next morning by daylight. We had beef for our breakfast, without any bread, or roots in the place of it, and our meat was full of sand; however, eating and drinking was the least of our concern at that time. We passed this day much after the same manner as the one before, with this difference only, that those who wanted shoes were sadly harassed in the woods.

On the third day of our march we came to our journey's end. We were obliged to walk much faster than either of the two former, having more ground to traverse, and less time to do it in; for we were ordered to be at the king's town before sunset. I missed one of my purses in this day's journey: the loss of it was not of any great importance to me at that time, for it would have been of little service to me had I kept it; but the loss of a medal afterwards, which my dear mother had presented me with as a testimony of her love and a token to remember her, was no small addition to my other misfortunes.

The residence of this king is about fifty miles from the sea-side; for I reckon we might travel sixteen or seventeen miles a day. It stands in a wood, secured with trees all round, which seem to have been planted there when very young: they grow very regular and tall, and so close together that a small dog cannot pass between them. The outworks are likewise armed with large strong thorns, so that there is no breaking through or climbing over them. There are but two passages or gates, which are so narrow that two only can go abreast. One of these is to the northward, and the other to the southward: the whole is about a mile in circumference.

When we came near our journey's end, we halted, whilst Sam went to inform the king of our arrival. We were ordered to wait till he was ready for our reception; our captain, too, put us into the best form he could, ordering all our baggage, and such things as our people brought with them, to be lodged under a tamarind

tree, and three or four Lascars to look after them. The king soon sent for us, and we marched in order by fours. He was sitting on a mat, cross-legged, in the open air, just before the door of his palace, with a gun leaning on his shoulder, and a brace of pistols lying by his side; his sons and kinsmen sat in the same manner on the ground, on each hand of him, armed with guns and lances; the natives joined them on both sides, and formed together a semicircle; most of these were likewise furnished with guns and lances. There were mats spread from one end of the people to the other for us to sit on; so that when we had joined them, the assembly assumed a circular form. We were somewhat concerned to see them all thus in arms, till Sam informed us that they never go from one house to another without them.

As soon as we were seated, the king (by Sam) assured the captain he was welcome, and sent for ten calabashes of toake: six he gave to our people, three to his own, and one he reserved for our captain and himself. He also sent for Captain Drummond, Captain Steward, and the rest of their company. Captain Younge arose to salute them; and after the usual compliments were passed, the captains sat down together. The king ordered a servant to pour out some toake into a clean earthen cup, which he kept for his own use, and drank it up without drinking to anybody, but ordered some more to be poured out for our captain in another cup; but as it was dirty, he refused it: the king asked Sam the reason of it, who told him the truth, so he sent a man immediately to wash it. The captain indeed expected to be served out of the king's cup, but Sam informed him that neither black nor white, nor even his wives or children, ever drank out of his cup; and this is the general custom of the country.

When I saw the servant returning with the cup our captain had refused, I took out my silver one, and presented it to him. After we had all drunk out of it, the king wished to see it, and was so wonderfully pleased with it, that he desired to keep it; but the captain informed him that it was none of his, but belonged to a lad who was behind him. I called to Sam, and desired him to acquaint the king, that since so many people had drunk out of it, I humbly conceived it could not be fit for his use. At this, he and the people round him laughed heartily. He ordered me to stand up, that he might see me: however, I saved my cup this time. Night drawing on, he withdrew, ordering us a bullock for our supper. Notwithstanding his courteous reception of us, he would not trust us all to lie within the gates of the town. Our captain, Mr Pratt, our chief-mate, Mr Bembo, our second-mate, and myself, were the only persons who were so far indulged. We had a hutch ordered us next to that of Captain Drummond and his companions; but the rest of the people lay without the gates under the trees. In this manner we lived for some few days.

Every morning, we went, as was expected, in a body to visit the king; but one morning he ordered Sam to inform us that he had an inveterate enemy to the westward, who had hitherto proved too powerful for him, but since his gods had been so indulgent as to send some white men into his dominions, he would embrace so favourable an opportunity once more to try his strength with our assistance. But in the meantime he should be obliged to distribute us among his sons, who lived at distant towns, not only for the convenience of providing for such a number of us (there not being room enough in this town), but to ease himself of a charge which was too great and burdensome for him to support alone. He also sent to me this night to beg the silver cup before mentioned, with which request (knowing it was in his power to take it by force, if he thought fit) I readily complied. This unexpected separation was a terrible blow to us, and we returned to our cottages with heavy hearts, well knowing if we could not find out some way to prevent it, there were no hopes of ever getting off the island.

Hereupon, the three captains, namely, Drummond, Steward, and Younge, with some of the chief of our people, entered immediately into a consultation about what was proper to be done in this emergency, and to make some bold attempt for our lives and liberty. Captain Drummond, as I heard afterwards, was the person who proposed to take the king prisoner, and by that means to make their own terms with the natives. Now, Captain Drummond and some others were men of experience and undaunted resolution: our captain, indeed, had courage enough, but he was too young. However, the proposition was universally approved of, and the time and manner of the execution were fixed. I was too young to be admitted as one of the council, therefore I shall not pretend to relate what reasons were produced either for or against the proposal. I observed Captain Younge and Mr Bembo to talk with great earnestness, but in whispers, and with the utmost precaution. As I was then a stranger to that design, I slept sound, till I was roused in the morning by a great and sudden noise in the town, occasioned by the plot being put in execution. Our people went as usual betimes in the morning to pay their compliments to the king; and whilst some of them were at the prince's house, the signal was given by one of Captain Drummond's men firing a pistol, at which the king was seized, and his son at the same time.

This instantly alarmed the whole town: I started up without my shoes, being frightened at the sudden outcry. Not knowing what was the matter, and seeing the negroes flocking out of the town, I ran with them, till I was taken notice of by one of our men, who called me back; and I was as much amazed as the natives to see the king, his consort, and one of his sons, with their hands tied behind them, under the guard of our people. They presently

rifled the king's mansion-house, and every other place where they could find any agreeable plunder. We happened to find about thirty small-arms, a small quantity of powder and shot, and a few lances. The natives, as I observed before, ran out of the town, but they did it with no other view than to procure assistance; for they soon alarmed the country, and returned with great numbers from all the adjacent towns, and immediately besieged us. They fired in upon us, and wounded one of our men in the groin, on which Captain Younge ordered Sam to tell the king if they fired any more, they would kill him that very moment. The king, hearing their resolution, called to his men, and desired them to desist, if they had a mind to save his life.

This attempt, indeed, was bold and hazardous, and some perhaps may censure it as criminal. I shall not say much in its defence; but since I have come to years of maturity, I cannot forbear reflecting that if nature, even in a Christian country, will rebel against principle, what will it not do for life and liberty under the tyranny and oppression of a barbarous and savage nation? Be this as it may, we put ourselves in a posture of defence, and marched out of the town: six men under arms marched in the front; and in the body, where the king was, six went armed before him, and six behind; three before his son, and three behind; and six brought up the rear, in which were the Lascars. Captain Younge, out of compassion, would have released the queen, and let her go wherever she pleased, but she would not abandon her husband.

We had not got above four miles on our march before our wounded companion fainted, and not being able to carry him off, we were forced to leave him by the side of a pond of water, where, as I was afterwards informed, they soon put him out of pain, by striking their lances into several parts of his body. Having marched about two or three miles farther, we got out of the woods, and found ourselves in a spacious open plain, where we could see all around us, and soon found that our enemies were not only near, but numerous, and threatened immediately to attack us. We faced towards them, our armed men being in the front, with the king bound before them. Sam was ordered at the same time to tell him that our design was not to hurt either him or his son, nor to carry them into their enemies' country, but only to detain them as hostages for our safeguard while we passed through his dominions; and that as soon as we came to the borders of Port Dauphin, we would let them go again, and give them back the arms and ammunition we had taken from them; but if the least violence was offered to us, we would sacrifice them both; and this we desired him to tell his people.

Hereupon, he called one of his generals to him, assuring him that he should receive no harm. Accordingly, he left his gun and lance behind him, and came to us, where he was informed, both by us and the king, of our resolution; upon which he told us there should not

be a gun fired whilst we preserved the king alive and gave him civil treatment.

This parley being over, we continued our march through the plain till near evening; many of us without shoes as well as myself, and some sick, which obliged us to take up our quarters sooner than we would otherwise have done; so that every one was almost faint, and glad of rest. The king ordered Sam to tell us that an ox should be sent to us forthwith. We made a trench like a ring, in the midst whereof we planted the black king and his son: our captain and some few others were appointed as a guard over them; our armed men were divided into four parties, in order to secure us in the best manner they could. We had just finished our camp, when the officer who had been with us before, and three other men, brought us a bullock. He brought likewise some roasted meat in his hand, and a horn of water for the king; so we loosed our royal prisoners' hands, that they might feed themselves. They ate some small matter, and gave the remainder to Captain Younge.

Whilst we were employed in killing the ox, we desired the king to send some of his people into the woods for some fuel to dress it, which he readily did; and they soon brought us sufficient for our purpose. But all this time we wanted water, and complained thereof to the king, who assured us that there was none to be got near that place by several miles, and that what small quantity was given him in the horn was taken from that very pond where we left the wounded man, which could not be less than about ten miles distant. This very much disheartened us; for we were parched with thirst, which was the more increased by the fatigue of our long march and the heat of the country. However, there was no help for us, and patience was the only remedy. When the king and his son had supped, we bound their hands before them, that they might sleep as easy as they could; so, after we had cut up our bullock, and divided it amongst us, we broiled and ate it, though with but little satisfaction, for want of water; and when we had made as good a supper as our unhappy circumstances would well admit of, we also used our best endeavours to repose ourselves. The three captains, however, agreed to watch alternately, and divided our people into three parties for that purpose. The king entreated his wife to go home and comfort his children, but more particularly recommended his beloved daughter to her care. She went at his request, but shed tears when departing, as did also the king and his son. Such of us as were not on the watch lay down; but we had a wretched night, for the ground was stony, and there was but little grass; and, what was still a greater affliction, we were excessively dry, and had nothing to quench our thirst.

At dawn of day we arose, which was the second day of our travel, and the better to support ourselves under the fatigue of it, we ate part of the remains of our beef; but it was a miserable repast, as we had

nothing to drink. However, we put ourselves in the same order as we had done the day before, and went forward. The natives perceiving us in motion, moved too, but kept at a greater distance, and went into our camp after we had quitted it, to see what they could find. Their labour was not altogether lost, for many of our people left behind them half those India goods they had brought out of the town, that they might travel with less fatigue. We walked with more ease half this day than we did the day before, the weather being cloudy and cool. About noon, the general who had been with us before came with some roasted meat and a horn of water for the king and his son: as we did not loosen their hands, we were forced to feed them. The general ordered Sam to ask the captains if they would release the king for six guns. I perceived there was a debate between them and Mr Bembo; some thinking the six guns would be of great service to us, especially as we should still have the king's son: others were of opinion that it would be more for our safety to keep the king: however, it was agreed at last that he should be dismissed. We informed the general, that if they would give us six very good guns, and promise on their honour not to follow us, but return with their king, we would let him go; and that as soon as we came to the river Manderra, which divided his dominions from those of Port Dauphin, we would release the king's son, and leave all their arms behind us.

The general was startled at this unexpected condescension, and despatched one of his attendants to the king's other sons, who were not far off with their army, to acquaint them with our proposal; and in half an hour's time, returned to us with six of the best guns. They made the more haste, lest our minds should alter: we kept them no longer in suspense than while we took the guns to pieces, to see whether they were in good condition or not; and finding them better than we could reasonably have expected in such a country, we released their king, and sent him away with the general. He took his leave of the prince, and went directly to the army. We were so near as to see the ceremony of his meeting with his sons, who fell down and embraced his knees, and, with all the earnestness imaginable, shed tears for joy. After they had kissed and licked his knees and legs for about five or six minutes, they arose to give his head officers an opportunity of paying the like homage; and after them, some others of an inferior station, who in general expressed a most sincere and passionate affection to his person, and shewed all the demonstrations of joy imaginable on account of his return. This ceremonial being over, they all hallooed and fired their guns, as a public testimony of their joy and satisfaction.

We now walked away on our toilsome march, still retaining the prince a prisoner as a hostage. In the course of the day, we were disconcerted to observe that a crowd still hung on our rear, and that this party came to a pause when we encamped for the night. Our

sufferings were at this point considerably increased. We could find neither victuals nor water, and were so parched with thirst, that we crawled on the ground to lick the dew; and this was all the refreshment we could then meet with.

On the third day of our march, we rose early, and went forward as well as we could. The negroes, who strictly observed our motions, were as ready as we; but we placed our armed men in the front, determined to make a bold push for it, if they attempted to obstruct our passage. They divided, and let us proceed without molestation; and though we travelled all the morning, yet we met with nothing remarkable, till we arrived at a little round hill, whereon there stood a prodigious large tub, about six feet high, which held near a hundred gallons, and was full of toake. Our people were going immediately to drain it dry; but Sam threw it down, and spilt all the liquor, asking us with some warmth if we were so blind as not to see the plot that was laid for our destruction; for it was planted there to tempt us to drink, with no other intention than to poison us all, or at least to intoxicate us to that degree that they might rescue their prince without opposition, and murder us at their pleasure.

While we were reflecting on this extraordinary action, the general and two or three more came up to us, and asked Sam what reason he could offer for spilling the toake; to which he made no regular reply, but bid him be gone about his business. The general desired to speak with the young prince; and after a little discourse with him, directed Sam to acquaint Captain Younge, that if he should think fit to release the prince, they would give him three of the head men of the country in exchange. Under the delusive idea that they followed us only on account of the prince, and that, if we should release him, they would all return back, our captain complied with the general's proposition, and in a short time three men were delivered in exchange for the prince.

All arrangements for securing the three new hostages being made, we proceeded on our journey as well as men could without provisions, and were too soon convinced of Captain Younge's mistake; for the negroes, instead of retiring, approached nearer, and some marched before us, so that we expected every minute they would attack us. We had a young lad in our company who lost his leg in Bengal. Notwithstanding he was well recovered, and supplied with a wooden one well fitted, yet it cannot be imagined that he should be able to keep up with us; for, being now surprised by their surrounding us, we doubled our pace, and, in short, were obliged to leave this poor lad behind us. We saw the barbarians come up with him, take off his wooden leg, and first insult him; then they thrust their lances into his body, and left him wallowing in his blood. Being eye-witnesses of this act of inhumanity, and apprehensive of the like treatment, we hurried on as fast as our feeble limbs would carry us till sunset, when we came to a large tamarind tree, the leaves whereof,

as they were sour, we chewed, to moisten our mouths. The fruit itself was not then in season.

The three negroes whom we had taken as hostages, observing what had passed, and thinking their lives in danger, called to Sam and the captains, and told them they had a scheme to propose, which would be for the safety of us all; which was this, that as soon as it was dark, we should keep marching on as silently as possible all night. The captains approved of this proposal, and ordered none of us to sleep, but to be ready as soon as the watchword was given. This was very grievous, considering how tired we were the day before; but we submitted cheerfully to anything that gave us hopes of escaping from the violent hands of those bloodthirsty barbarians. As soon as it was dark enough to conceal our flight, we assembled together, and took a considerable quantity of muslins and calicoes, and hung them upon the bushes, that the spies, who we knew watched us, might not anywise mistrust our sudden removal.

We walked off accordingly, undiscovered by them. Captain Drummond, however, being taken so ill that he could not walk at all, none of us being strong enough to carry him, we resolved to make the three negroes perform that office by turns. After we had thus travelled most part of the night, we came to a thicket among some cotton trees, where the man who had the charge of Captain Drummond threw him upon the ground, ran away into the wood, and we never saw him more. Upon this we had a more watchful eye over the other two, and led him whose turn it was to carry the captain with a rope about his neck.

Weak as we were, we travelled a great many miles that night, and were glad when the day broke upon us; for the negroes had told us before, that if we walked hard all night, we should be at Manderra river betimes in the morning: and their information was correct; for as soon as we came to a little hill, the sun then just rising, we had a prospect of the river, though at a considerable distance; however, the hopes we had of coming to it in a short time, and of getting water to quench our thirst, gave us no small pleasure, and our spirits began to revive at the very sight of it. It was some comfort, likewise, to think that the king's dominions extended no further, notwithstanding there were no inhabitants to protect us within several miles on the other side. Some of our people who were more tired than the rest, took liberty to sit down to refresh themselves, as taking it for granted that the negro army would never come in sight of us again.

But this vain notion of being safe and secure too quickly vanished; for as soon as they missed us in the morning, they pursued us like so many beagles, and before we got within a mile of Manderra river, overtook us. Thereupon, they began to butcher our men then resting under the trees, striking their lances into their sides and throats.

Though I was one of those who could not travel well, yet there were twenty behind me: the woman whose life was preserved in our ship was next to me. I, seeing them kill our people in this barbarous manner, threw off my coat and waistcoat, and trusted to my heels; for the foremost of our people having passed the river, and I not being far off, took courage; but hearing the report of a gun, I looked back, and saw the poor woman fall, and the negroes sticking their lances in her sides. My turn was next, for the same negroes pursued me, and before I reached the brink of the river, they fired a gun at me, but I jumped in. Our men who had got safe over made a stand, in order to defend those who were behind; and notwithstanding the negroes followed me so close, I could not refrain from drinking two or three times.

Those who had got over now marched forward, and I kept up with them as well as I could. We had a wood to pass through, and the negroes, as soon as they saw us quit the banks, immediately crossed and pursued us. They got into the woods, and, firing behind the trees every now and then, they killed three or four of our men. We had not travelled above two miles in this wood, before we came to a large sandy plain, to which we could see no end; and here they determined to stop our progress, since, if we went much farther, we should be within hearing of King Samuel's subjects, who were their mortal enemies, and would readily assist us. They divided themselves, therefore, into several bodies, in order to break in upon us on all sides; and we being apprised of their designs, were resolved to sell our lives and liberties as dear as possible. Hereupon, our captains put us in as good a posture of defence as they could, and divided the men who bore arms into four classes; one under the command of each of our three captains, and the other under Mr John Bembo: such as had no arms, or were disabled, were covered in a little valley, and with them were the two negro hostages.

We had not above thirty-six firearms amongst us all, and not many more persons fit to fight, so that we were a poor handful to withstand an army of two or three thousand. When they found we made a stand, they did so too, and according to their wonted manner, where it could be done, three or four of them in a place threw up the sand before them, and being also beneath us, we could see only their heads. Their shot flew very fast over us, and we kept them in play from noon till six in the evening, by which time all our ammunition was spent. Those of us who had money made slugs of it; our next shift was to take the middle screws out of our guns, and charge our pieces with them. When we had used all these means, we knew not what to do further: now we began to reflect on those who advised us to deliver up first the king, and afterwards his son, since the keeping of them would have been our principal safeguard. The two negroes in our custody expected, no doubt, every minute to

be killed, as very justly they might; but as their death would be of no service to us, we did them no injury.

At length it was unanimously agreed that Dudey and her husband should be sent to the enemy with a flag of truce, not only to prolong the time, but to know what they further wanted; so we tied a piece of red silk to a lance, and sent them away. They kept firing at us all this time, not knowing what we meant by not returning it. They shot at those who carried the flag; but perceiving that they were not armed, the prince ordered them to cease. Dudey was interpreter, and told them that our captain was inclined to make peace with them, and to deliver up the two hostages, with the guns and ammunition we took with us, as soon as we were advanced a little farther into the country. They said they would suffer us to go in the morning, in case we would deliver up our arms and the men, but not that evening, because it was dark. Their true reason was this: they knew, if we got away that night, we should send some of King Samuel's people, who were their bitter enemies, to be revenged on them for the ill treatment we had met with.

With the vain idea of appeasing them, it was resolved that next morning we should give up our arms, Captain Drummond and some of his friends, however, protesting against the folly which the party were about to commit. Morning dawned, after a dismal night, bringing with it a day of sorrow. As soon as we could see, we missed Captain Drummond, Captain Steward, Mr Bembo, Dudey and her husband, and four or five more, who deserted in the night, without communicating their intentions to us. Now we plainly saw destruction before us, and the end of this miserable journey, which, after so bold an attempt, we undertook for the preservation of our lives and liberty; and a tragical one it was; for no sooner was it broad daylight than the negroes came up to us, and the prince had a short conference with Sam. Captain Younge asked him the purport of their discourse; he answered, they wanted to know what was become of Captain Drummond and the rest. The words were no sooner out of his mouth than one of the princes took hold of me, and delivered me to one of his attendants. There were three or four lads like myself, and much about my age, who were seized at the same time, and delivered to their people in the same manner, who bound our hands with cords.

There now ensued a scene of horrid butchery, every one of our unfortunate company, including Captain Younge, being killed on the spot. The bodies were next stripped of their clothing, and every article carried off as spoil. Little time was consumed in this tragical affair; for the savages expected that the subjects of King Samuel, roused by Captain Drummond, would soon be down upon them; and I afterwards learned that such a friendly force actually came soon after our departure. In the attack which had been made on us, Sam contrived to escape, and returned with the negroes;

whether he was ever sincere in his friendship for us, is doubtful; however, by our infatuated simplicity, we had been our own worst enemies.

REDUCED TO SLAVERY.

I was now the captive of a naked savage, and was led away like a calf to the shambles, galled with cords, and not knowing what should be my fate. Other two lads were treated in the same manner, and soon we were parted by our respective masters. My master, or proprietor as I may call him, was named Mevarrow; he was a chief of some consequence, or rather the king of a tribe, and his design was now to return home with his booty.

All the way we went, I was shocked at observing the mangled bodies of our men, which lay exposed under the broiling sun. When we reached the river we had crossed, I was so faint for want of victuals, having had no sustenance for three days, that I could scarcely stand on my legs. Though my master expressed some little concern for me, yet he would not bait till he was past the river; however, he ordered his people to stop at the first commodious place and make a fire; and now I was in hopes of some agreeable refreshment, for some of his servants had carried beef on their backs for that purpose. Though they cut it into long pieces, with the hide, and dressed and ate it half-roasted, according to their custom, and gave it to me in the same manner, yet I thought this contemptible food—and what a beggar in England would not have touched—the most delicious entertainment I ever met with. We rested here about an hour, when he to whose care I was intrusted made signs to know if I could walk; and as I was a little refreshed, I got up, and travelled the remainder of the day with more ease than I expected, since they walked but slowly, as I perceived, on purpose to indulge me.

At night we came to a wood, the place appointed for our lodging, and there we met with three or four men whom my master had sent out foraging, and they brought in with them two bullocks, one of which my master sent to his brother, for the use of him and his people, and the other was killed for us; for the army was now disbanded, and all were marching home with their respective chiefs to their own habitations. Here my master came to me and gave me a lance, intimating that I might cut out as much as I thought proper. I cut about a pound, without any part of the hide, which he perceiving, imputed it to my ignorance, and so cut a slice with the hide, and dressed it for me, which I ate with seeming thankfulness, not daring to refuse it. As soon as supper was over, each man pulled as much grass as was sufficient for himself to lie on: my guardian, however, provided enough for himself and me: I then reposed myself accordingly, and he lay by me; but his black skin

smelled so rank that I was forced to turn my back on him all night long. I had very little rest, for the ghastly spectacle of my massacred friends was ever before me, and made me start from sleep as soon as I closed my eyes.

At break of day we arose, and after a short repast, marched on till noon, when we baited among some shady trees near a pond of water. Whilst some employed themselves in kindling a fire, others were busy in digging up and down amongst the grass. I could not at first conceive what they were doing, but I soon observed one of them pulling out of the ground a long white root, which I found was a yam, having seen many of them at Bengal. They soon furnished themselves with a sufficient quantity. I perceived they grew wild, without any cultivation. Some of them were eighteen inches long at least, and about six or seven inches in circumference. They gave me some of them, which I roasted, and ate, with a great deal of pleasure, instead of bread, with my beef. They are very agreeable to the taste, as well as wholesome food.

We arrived that evening at a small town, which we no sooner entered, than the women and children flocked round about me, pinched me, struck me on the back with their fists, and shewed several other tokens of their derision and contempt, at which I could not forbear weeping, as it was not in my power to express my feelings any other way; but when my guardian observed it, he came to my assistance, and freed me from my persecutors. All the houses that were empty were taken up by my master, his brother, and other head men, so that my guardian and I lay exposed to the open air. The ill treatment I met with from the women and children put a thousand distracting thoughts into my head: sometimes I imagined that I might be preserved alive for no other purpose than to be carried to the king and his son, who would in all probability be fired with resentment at our late seizing of them, and making them prisoners; then, again, I thought that, to gratify their pleasure and revenge, they would order me to be put to death before their faces, by slow degrees, and the most exquisite torments. Such melancholy reflections as these so disordered me, that when once, through weariness, I fell into a slumber, I had a dream which so terrified me, that I started upright, and trembled in every joint; in short, I could not get one wink of sleep all the night long.

When it was broad daylight, we marched homeward—for now I must call it so—and in three or four hours' time we arrived at a considerable town, with three or four tamarind trees before it. One of the negroes carried a large shell, which, when he blew, sounded like a postboy's horn. This brought the women to a spacious house in the middle of the town, about twelve feet high, which I soon perceived was my master's. No sooner had he seated himself at the door, than his wife came out, crawling on her hands and knees till she came to him, and then licked his feet; and when she had

thus testified her duty and respects, his mother paid him the like compliment; and all the women in the town saluted their husbands in the same manner; then each man went to his respective habitation, my master's brother only excepted, who, though he had a house, had no wife to receive him, and so he staid behind.

My mistress intimated by her motions that she would have me go in and sit down. Much serious discourse passed between my master and her; and though I knew nothing of what they said, yet, by her looking so earnestly at me whilst he was talking, I conjectured he was relating to her our tragical tale, and I perceived that the tears frequently stood in her eyes. This conference over, she ordered some *carravances* to be boiled for our dinner—a kind of pulse much like our gray pease: she gave me some, but as they had been boiled in dirty water, I could not eat them. She, perceiving I did not like them, strained them off the water, and put some milk to them, and after that I made a tolerable meal of them. She gave me not only a mat to lie down upon, but likewise a piece of calico, about two yards in length, to cover me. She intimated that she wanted to know my name, which I told her was Robin. Having received so much civility from my mistress, I began to be much better satisfied than I was at first, and then laid me down and slept, without any fear or concern, about four hours, as near as I could guess by the sun. When I waked, my mistress called me by my name, and gave me some milk to drink. She talked for some considerable time to me, but I could not understand one word she said. My master was all this time with his brother at the door, regaling themselves with toake.

Through the kindness of my mistress, who had herself been taken captive, and brought as a slave to my master's camp, I was less harshly treated than any of the other slaves in the establishment, of whom there were upwards of 200. Perhaps also I was indebted to my want of bodily strength for not being put to excessive labour. Nevertheless, my fate was most distressing and hopeless. At night, I slept in a hut without any furniture, and my clothes being taken from me, the only covering which I wore was a piece of cloth round the middle, like that worn by all the people in the country. Thus stripped of my apparel, and almost entirely naked, I was a miserable-looking object; but I suffered less from cold than heat. The sun beat on my body, blistering the skin, and covering it with freckles, while I was exposed at the same time to the bites and stings of insects, of which there is a vast variety in Madagascar.

I was first tried by my master as a labourer to hoe the weeds in the fields of carravances; but being awkward at that kind of work, I was made to attend on the cattle, drive them to water, and see that they did not break into any of the plantations. Besides this, I was obliged to drag home every night a tub of water for the use of the family, there being no water near my master's house. In

my employment as a neat-herd, I had the society of other boys, also attendants on their masters' cattle, and from these companions, who were natives of the country, as well as from others, I picked up a knowledge of the language, and was soon able to speak it so as to be understood.

After being some months in this kind of service, my master departed with a numerous band of followers on a warlike expedition. He was absent for more than a fortnight, and at his return, made a triumphant entry into the town, amidst the firing of guns and blowing of horns. After Mevarrow, came his brother Sambo and the attendants, followed by the cattle which had been taken from the enemy; the prisoners of war, now become slaves, brought up the rear. The great man, my master, having halted and seated himself in front of his house, his consort, attended by the women of the neighbourhood, came as usual and licked his feet.

During this ceremonial, my master, casting his eyes around, saw me at a distance, and called me to him. I approached him in a manner considered respectful, with my hands lifted up, as in a praying posture; but did not kneel down, as all the others did, having a conscientious reluctance to perform such an act: whereupon my brutal owner flew into a rage, and reproached me for not paying him the same respect as his wife, mother, and others about him. However, I peremptorily refused, and told him I would obey all his lawful commands, and do whatever work he thought proper to employ me in, but this act of divine homage I could never comply with.

On this he fell into a violent passion, upbraided me with being ungrateful, and insensible of his saving me from being killed among my countrymen, and urged, moreover, that I was his slave, &c.; but notwithstanding all this, I still continued resolute and firm to my purpose. Whereupon he arose from his seat, and with his lance made a stroke at me with all his might; but his brother, by a sudden push on one side, prevented the mischief he intended. He was going to repeat his blow, but his brother interposed, and entreated him to excuse me; but he absolutely, and in the warmest terms, refused to forgive me, unless I would lick his feet. His brother begged he would give him a little time to talk with me in private, which he did; and after he had told me the danger of not doing it, and that, in submitting to it, I did no more than what many great princes were obliged to do when taken prisoners, I found at length it was prudence to comply; so I went in, asked pardon, and performed the ceremony as others had done before me. He told me he readily forgave me, but would make me sensible I was a slave. I did not much regard his menaces; for, as I had no prospect of ever returning to England, I set but little value on my life. The next day, I incurred his displeasure again, and never expected to escape from feeling the weight of his resentment.

My master then performed the ceremony of thanksgiving to God

for his happy deliverance from all the hazards of war, and for the success of his arms; which is done by some silly adoration before a kind of household altar, accompanied with ridiculous ceremonies. Having performed these devotions, my master would have me do the same; but this I also firmly refused, and he was now more savage than ever. Taking hold of me by one hand, and with his lance in the other, he threatened instantly to sacrifice me. I expected nothing but death, and waited every moment in an agony for the mortal blow. Sambo, at this crisis, again humanely interfered, along with many others, all using their utmost endeavours to persuade him against so rash an action; but to no purpose; till his brother at last very warmly told him he would that minute depart, and see his face no more, if he offered to be guilty of such an act of inhumanity; and rose up to be gone accordingly. When my master saw his brother was going in good earnest, he called him back, and promised to spare my life, but assured him he would punish me very severely for my contempt of his orders. Sambo told him he should submit that to his own discretion; all he begged of him was, not to kill me. Upon this, by a secret sign, he advised me to kneel down and lick his feet, which I readily complied with, and asked his pardon. When I got up, I kneeled down to Dean Sambo of my own accord, and licked his feet, as a testimony of my gratitude and respect for thus saving my life a second time.

As soon as this storm was blown over, I was remanded to my former post of cow-keeper. I had a great deal of trouble sometimes with these cattle, for they are very unruly; and notwithstanding they are larger beasts than any I ever saw elsewhere of the kind, they are so nimble that they will leap over high fences like a greyhound. They have an excrescence between their shoulders, somewhat like that of camels, all fat and flesh, some of which will weigh about three or four score pounds. They are also beautifully coloured: some are streaked like a tiger, others, like a leopard, are marked with various spots. Here are likewise some sheep with large heavy tails, like Turkish sheep—not woolly as ours, but more like a goat; and also a small number of goats, resembling those of other countries. There are, besides, plenty of hogs in the country, and immense swarms of bees. These bees produce a vast abundance of honey, from which the natives make their drink called toake.

ESCAPE.

[What with cow-herding, gathering honey, helping to build huts with wood and clay, and going sometimes, greatly against his will, on warlike or cattle-stealing expeditions, besides doing much thankless drudgery of a miscellaneous kind, Drury informs us that twelve years were consumed. Often in his hut, in the silence of night,

he thought of his father, mother, and friends in England, and wept when he reflected on the hopelessness of his lot. He, however, felt more than he could well express, even by tears. Twelve years of slavery had changed him in a remarkable manner. He had forgotten his own language, and could no longer converse in English. The words stuck half-expressed on his tongue. From being a handsome English boy, he had grown to be a brown-skinned savage. His feelings had been changed as well as his person; and in some of his habits he was little superior to the lower animals. Yet, as has been said, he sometimes wept, and never forgot his home. The recollection of his mother's tenderness could not be obliterated from his memory. It survived all the horrors of his hapless condition, and stimulated him to attempt his escape from an odious bondage.

He pondered long on the means of absconding; and at length, by the friendly aid of a fellow-servant, he took to flight. His plan was, in the first place, to reach the territory of a chief called Afferrer, friendly to the whites, before his absence was discovered; and although this required great dexterity and toil, he effected the journey. Still, he was scarcely safe. His enraged master sent messengers to request that he should be delivered up as a runaway slave, and poor Drury trembled for the result. Afferrer appeared to be shocked at the proposal. He said that the idea of making a white man a slave was ridiculous, and that the refugee should remain with him as long as he pleased, or go wherever he thought proper. The men were therefore obliged to return disconcerted, and Drury was in the meantime secure. In this new home he was certainly not compelled to work as a slave, but neither was he altogether a freeman. The chief with whom he had taken refuge was pretty constantly at war, and his object was to make use of him in his expeditions. Constrained to appear satisfied, Drury lived with Afferrer two months, going with him on two excursions against his enemies. As this, however, was an employment not at all to the mind of the refugee, he took an opportunity of once more escaping. We continue the narrative chiefly in his own language.]

With a bundle of dried meat, which I had contrived to conceal, I set off on my journey, walking briskly all night, and keeping in a south-easterly direction, with the hope of reaching Port Dauphin. A great river, called the Oneghaloyhe, issuing in St Augustine's Bay, I was told had to be crossed on the journey. In the morning, I saw certain mountains that had been mentioned to me; by this I perceived I had made considerable progress, and therefore would not conceal myself, as at first I proposed, but proceeded on my journey, looking sharply about me, in case of any lurking enemy. With little to fear, I went merrily on, singing Madagascar songs, for I had forgotten all my English ones. The bellowing of the wild cattle would now and then make me start, imagining they were my pursuers. When I came to a pleasant brook, I baited there, and at

sunset I looked out for a covert in a thicket to lie in; but I could not find one near at hand, so I was contented to repose myself in the open plain, pulling up a sufficient quantity of grass for a bed and a pillow, and making a small fire to warm my beef. I did not think proper to make a great one, lest it should be discerned at a distance, for in the afternoon I observed some fires to the eastward of the mountain. I was disturbed in my sleep by night-walkers, whom I imagined were my pursuers, and accordingly I took up my lances in order to defend myself; but when I was thoroughly waked, I found they were only some cattle that snorted at the smell of my fire, and ran away much more afraid of me than I was of them.

The second day, in the morning, I staid till the sun appeared before I moved forward, that I might not be deceived in my course. Nothing remarkable happened this day. I looked out early this evening for a lodging, the clouds gathering very black, and soon found a large thick tree, where I kindled a fire, warmed some meat, and hung up the remainder, to keep it as dry as I could, for I had nothing else that could be injured by the rain. At length it poured down, as I expected, in a violent manner, attended with thunder and lightning. It soon penetrated my roof; however, I crowded myself up together, with my head on my knees, my hands between my legs, and my little body-covering over my ears. The rain ran down like a flood, but as it was warm, I did not so much regard it. In three or four hours, it was fair weather again, and I laid me down and took a comfortable nap.

The next morning, I dried my beef at a fire, which I made for that purpose, for it was the third day after it was killed; but I was very careful of it, not knowing how to kill more at that time; so I put it up in clean grass, and marched forward. The mountains over which I was to pass seemed very high, craggy, and thick with wood, and no path nor opening could I find. It looked dismal enough, but I was determined to run all hazards. Those mountains seemed to me to traverse the island, and appeared, as we call it at sea, like double land—one hill behind another. I saw nothing all this day but a few wild cattle, and now and then a wild dog. The weather was fair, and I slept sound all this night.

The fourth day I walked till noon, at which time I baited. My beef was now but very indifferent. In the afternoon, as I was walking, I saw about a dozen men before me; upon this, I skulked in a bush, peeping to observe whether they had discovered me; but I was soon out of my pain, for they were surrounding some cattle a good way to the westward on a hill. I was likewise on another hill, so that I could see them throw their lances, and kill three beeves, which I was well assured were more than they could carry away with them at once. I staid where I was, proposing, when they were gone, to have some beef. To work they fell immediately,

cutting up the beasts, and each man making up his burden, hanging the remainder up in a tree, that the wild dogs might not get it, and went home to the eastward. As soon as they were gone, and I had looked well about me, I threw away my bad meat, made up to the tree, and took as much as I could well carry. Away I marched with my booty towards the mountains, not daring to rest, lest they should return and discover me. In less than an hour, I reached the foot of the hills in the thick woods, and finding no path, nor track of men, nor any hopes of any, not knowing what to do, I determined to go through all; but as I happened on a run of water, I took up my quarters near it, made a fire, cut some wooden spits, and roasted my beef. I kept my fire burning all night, lest the foxes should come and attack me.

The next morning, I made up my package with grass, binding it with the bark of trees, and moved forward up the hill. My burden was now much lighter. In an hour, though I could find no path but what some swine had made, I got to the top of it. I climbed a high tree to take a survey, but could discover no entrance, nothing but hills and vales, one beyond another; a cragged, dismal desert was all that presented itself to my view. I would have descended, had I not been in danger of being seen by the hunters; besides, I could not tell which way to look, whether east or west, for the proper pass; so setting a lance up on end, I turned the way it fell, though I imagined it was due north, or rather somewhat to the eastward. However, superstition prevailed where reason was nowise concerned, for I was as likely to be right one way as another; and in case I went to the northward, so long as I knew it, I must go as often as I could to the westward, as sailors are forced to do, run their latitude first, and their longitude afterwards. I went down this hill, and up another, which was about an hour's walk; but when I came to descend this, it was right up and down. Without due thought, I threw down my lances, hatchet, and burden, thinking to descend by a very tall tree, whose top branches reached close to the brow; but I could not do it. However, I made ropes of the bark of a tree; and fixing them to the strongest branches, I slid down, I daresay, no less than thirty feet, rather than I would lose my lances and other materials. I passed over a fine spring and run of water in the vale. Though the hill on the other side was a craggy steep rock, I found a way to ascend it; and on the top, climbed another to take my view; but had the same dismal prospect. Here I dug *faungidge*, it being sunset, and seeing a hole in a large rock, I had thoughts of taking up my lodging there; but peeping in, on a sudden I heard such an outcry, which, with the echo in the rock, made so confused a noise, that I knew not what it could be. My fears prevailed, and I imagined it might be pursuers, for it drew nearer and nearer; so, setting my back to a tree, with a lance in each hand, I waited for the murderers, when instantly came squeaking towards me a herd

of wild swine, which ran away more terrified than myself. After I was well recovered from my fright, I made two fires, for fear of the foxes, and then laid me down on my stony bed, for here was no grass.

The next morning, which was the sixth day, I made a hearty meal on roots and beef, and, the hill extending north and south, I went straight on till it declined gradually into a valley, in which was a small river that ran westward. By the time I arrived at the top of the next hill it drew towards evening, for I was not much less than two hours in ascending it; and yet, considering my burden, though it was not very heavy now, I went at a good pace. As I was looking out for a commodious lodging—that is to say, a place with the fewest stones in it—I discovered a swarm of bees. This was a joyful sight, for it was food that would not spoil with keeping. I soon cut down a tree, and smoked them out.

I made such a hearty meal this night of honey and beef, that I slept too sound, insomuch that I was waked with a severe mortification for my thoughtless security. A fox caught hold of my heel, and would have dragged me along; whereupon I started, and catching up a firebrand, gave him such a blow as staggered him; but as soon as he recovered, he flew at my face. By this time I was upon my feet, and recovered one of my lances, with which I prevented him from ever assaulting me more; but his hideous howling brought more about him. I saw three, whose eyes sparkled like diamonds: however, they kept at a distance; for, with some light dry wood that lay near me, I made a blaze directly, in order to keep a flame all night; but did not wake to renew it, as I ought to have done; so that both my fires being almost reduced to ashes, one of them boldly ventured between them; and it was very happy for me that he did not seize upon my throat, for when men have negligently slept where they haunt, I have known them meet with such a mischance. After I had made up my fires, and put my enemies to flight, I examined my heel, and found two large holes on each side where his teeth had entered. I bound it up in the best manner I could, and making a great fire, threw the fox upon it, by way of resentment. I had not so much pleasure in eating my breakfast this morning as I had in my last night's supper; besides, my beef was now a little too tender; however, as I had honey enough for a week, and here were good roots in plenty, I did not concern myself much about it.

I walked on the seventh day, and though I favoured my lame foot as much as I could, yet I rested but once all day. This way happened to be plain and easy. At evening I came to a place where lay several bodies of trees which were dead and dry. Thinking this, therefore, a proper lodging, I made four very large fires, sat me down to supper, and afterwards ventured to go to sleep with all those fires round me. But my heel now became so painful, and was swelled to that degree, that I could not go forward the next day;

but as there was faungidge enough within twenty or thirty yards of me, I dug up several, and determined to continue here till my foot grew better. My beef was soon gone, but faungidge was both meat and drink to me. I saved part of my beef-fat to dress my heel with, which, as I gave it six days' rest, took down all the swelling. During this time I made such large fires every night, that, could they have been seen, were like those of an army. I had not far to go for wood or anything else that I wanted, or at least that I could anywise expect in such a place.

Proceeding on my journey, and exposed day after day to accidents, fatigue, and often hunger, I at length, on the morning of the twenty-third day, had the joyful sight of the Oneghaloyhe, a river as broad as the Thames at London. All day I spent in contriving how I should cross so broad a stream without a canoe, and lay down at night still uncertain what I should do. In the morning I thought of looking out for some old trees, or branches that were fallen; and in a short time I met with several that were fit for my purpose—not only great arms, but trunks of trees broken off by tempests: these I dragged to the river-side. In the next place, I made it my business to find out a creeper, which is as large as a withy, but, twining round trees, is very pliant. I lopped off the superfluous branches from six long and thick arms of the trees, and placing three at bottom and three at top, I bound them together, making what we call in the East Indies a catamaran. I built it afloat in the water, for otherwise I could not have launched it, and moored it to a lance, which I stuck in the shore for that purpose. I then fixed my package, in order to preserve it as dry as I possibly could, as also my hatchet and my other lance; after that I made a paddle to row with. Then I pulled up my lance, and kept it in my hand to defend myself against the alligators, in case any of them should assault me; for I was informed they were very numerous and very fierce here. It blew a fresh gale at west against the stream, which in the middle made a sea, and gave me no small concern; for I was in great danger of being overset, and becoming a prey to the alligators. It pleased God, however, to protect me, and I landed safely on the other shore. This being a pretty good day's work, I determined not to go much further that evening before I took up my lodging.

RETURN TO ENGLAND.

[Travelling in the manner he describes, Drury had at length the good-fortune to fall in with different tribes friendly to the English, amongst whom he lived for some time, but still watched by his jealous entertainers. The great man with whom he latterly lived was named Rer Moume, and by him he was kept two years and a half, during which an incident occurred that led to his removal from the island. The court of Rer Moume being visited by a person

named William Thornbury, connected with the trade carried on upon the coast, Drury endeavoured to interest him in his behalf; nor was he unsuccessful. After a lapse of many months, two ships arrived at a place called Yong-Owl to trade.] This (continues Drury) I was overjoyed to hear, and flattered myself that William Thornbury had not forgotten me. They staid there several days, and slaves were sent to be sold, and guns and other goods were returned for them. I was at a loss how to break my mind to Rer Moume, hoping he would say something to me of his own accord; but as I was sitting with him one evening, two men came in with a basket of palmetto leaves sewed up, and delivered it to the prince, who opened it, and finding a letter, asked the men what they meant by giving him that. 'The captain,' they said, 'gave it us for your white man, but we thought proper to let you see it first.' Rer Moume now handed me the packet, which, to my great surprise, contained a letter from Captain William Macket, directed *To Robert Drury, on the island of Madagascar.* I opened it, and the contents were to the following effect: That he had a letter on board from my father, with full instructions, as well from him as his owners, to purchase my liberty, let it cost what it would; and in case I could not possibly come down myself, to send him word the reason of it, and what measures he should take to serve me.

Rer Moume perceived that my countenance changed whilst I was reading the letter, and asked me what was the matter. I told him that the captain desired to speak with me, and that my father had sent for me home, and hoped he would be pleased to give his consent. 'How do you know all this?' says the prince. 'Can you conjure?' Then turning to the messengers: 'Have you, pray, heard anything like this?' 'Yes,' said they, 'it is all the discourse at the sea-side that Robin's father sent both these ships for him.' Rer Moume took the letter, and turning it over and over, said he had heard of such methods of conveying intelligence to one another, but never actually saw it before, and could not conceive which way it could be done without conjuration. I endeavoured to demonstrate to him, as well as I could, how we learned in our infancy the characters first, and then we put them together. 'But,' says he, 'I presume you have no inclination to leave us now, since you live here so much at your ease? You have several cattle and a slave, and if you shall want more, you shall have them.' These offers I of course put aside, and besought him to let me go. I said that if he thought proper to demand any consideration of the captain for my freedom, it should be paid. Rer Moume answered, that if I wished to go, he should take nothing for my release; but that if my friends would make him a present of a good gun, he should accept of the favour, and call it *Robin*, in remembrance of me. This generous answer gave me such joy, that I immediately kneeled down and licked his feet with the utmost sincerity, as justly thinking I could never sufficiently express

my gratitude. He would not dismiss me instantly, but did in a day or two after, and ordered the messengers to be taken care of in the meantime.

How joyful were my feelings when I at length departed, and came in sight of the sea-coast, with the huts which had been erected for trading with the commanders of the vessels! At these huts, or factory, as I may call it, I met Mr Hill, the steward of the *Drake*, Captain Macket's ship, and two or three more of the crew, who took me for a wild man; and in a letter which Hill sent off by a canoe to the captain, he told him the wild Englishman was come. I desired him to say I could speak but little English; and for several days I was frequently puzzled for words to express my meaning.

Captain Macket soon came on shore, along with Captain Bloom, of the ship *Sarah;* the other ship lay in the offing. I gazed at them intently as my deliverers, but not more so than they gazed at me. I was little better than a savage; and what added to the wildness of my appearance was that I had nothing on but my *lamber*. My skin being swarthy and full of freckles, and my hair long and matted together, I really made a frightful figure. But they soon restored me to my original form. Mr Hill cut my hair off, and ordered me to be shaved, and dressed in a neat seaman's habit, light, and fit for the country. The captain asked me what ransom was expected for my freedom. I told him nothing but a gun for a present, to be kept in remembrance of me. He thereupon picked out a handsome and very good bucanier gun, as also some powder, flints, and a case of spirits, as a present to Rer Moume. He gave likewise knives and beads to his two men, and a small gun to the messengers who went for me. For my own part, I presented the captain with my slave Anthony. After this, he gave me a letter from my father, expressive of his happiness in hearing from Mr Thornbury that I was alive, and desiring me to put myself under the charge of Captain Macket, who would do everything for my comfort.

About three days after, I went abroad; but the sea and change of diet made me very sick for some time; after which, the two captains took me to another part of the coast, to help them to trade, which I was able to do, by being able to speak the language of the natives. Other two vessels also arrived at this time, and there was a great trade carried on in buying slaves.* On the 20th of January 1717, we bade adieu to the island of Madagascar. We did not touch at the Cape of Good Hope, but at St Helena; and from thence we sailed in a short time to Jamaica, where we delivered our cargo. After a stay of some time, taking in West India goods,

* It may be observed that although Drury had himself just escaped from the horrors of slavery, he does not seem to have considered that he was committing a crime in helping to reduce others to a similar condition. In this respect, however, he did not act more inconsistently than the modern upholders of negro slavery.—Ed.

we sailed for England, and crossing the Atlantic, arrived in the Downs on the 9th of September, after I had been absent from my native country sixteen years and about nine months—fifteen years of which had been spent in captivity. By the captain's direction, I went ashore, he having previously supplied me with what was necessary for my journey to London; yet I did not set forward till I had returned thanks to God, in the most solemn manner, for my safe arrival, and for my deliverance from the many dangers I had escaped, and from the many miseries I had so long endured.

[The pleasure which Drury felt on reaching London, was greatly damped by the intelligence of the death of his father and mother, grief at his loss having for years preyed on their spirits. His father had died only lately, and left him the sum of £200, with a house at Stoke-Newington. Discouraged by the loss of his parents, he tells us that, after settling his affairs, he returned to Madagascar on a trading expedition; and having there procured a cargo of slaves, and taken them to Virginia, he came back to England in September 1720. Here his narrative terminates; and we are led to infer that, settling in London on the moderate competence he had acquired, he did not again tempt the dangers of the ocean. Some years before his death, says the editor of his volume, he was to be spoken with every day at Old Tom's Coffee-house, in Birchin Lane; at which place several inquisitive gentlemen received from his own mouth the confirmation of those particulars which seemed dubious, or carried with them the least air of a romance.

We have only to add, in regard to the present condition of Madagascar, that one of the tribes, the Hovas, who seem to be of Malay or Polynesian origin, have acquired a kind of supremacy over most of the others of African race, and that, in the beginning of this century, under a chief or king of the Hovas, Christian missionaries were established, and some progress was made in introducing European arts. The female sovereign who succeeded him endeavoured to exterminate Christianity, and banished Europeans from the island. Her son and successor (1862) gave promise of favouring European civilisation, but he soon fell a victim to a conspiracy, and further progress is in the meantime arrested. The French have formed a settlement on the islet of Sainte-Marie, on the east coast, and this will probably end in their taking possession of the whole island.]*

* The present tract is an abridgment of a somewhat scarce and curious autobiography, in one volume, published originally in London in 1743, and reprinted in 1807.—ED.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE BORDERS.

AT an early period, the boundaries of England differed considerably from their present limits. The south-eastern provinces of Lothian and Berwickshire belonged to England, while the south-western frontier of Scotland was enlarged beyond its present bounds by the possession of the ancient British kingdom of Cumberland. In the year 1018, Eadulf, Earl of Northumberland, ceded to Malcolm II. the whole district of Lothian and Berwickshire to the Tweed. But this extension of territory on the eastern frontier was balanced by the loss of Cumberland, which was wrested from Malcolm Canmore by William the Conqueror. After this period, no permanent change took place on the boundaries of the two kingdoms; and the Borders, with the exception of Berwick on the east, and the 'Debatable Land' on the west, which were constant subjects of dispute, might be considered as finally settled according to the present limits.

At the eastern extremity of the boundary-line between England and Scotland stands the town of Berwick, on the north bank of the Tweed. This ancient town was the key of the kingdom on this side, and was therefore the object of perpetual strife for several centuries. It was finally left in possession of the English about the close of the fifteenth century. In 1551 the town, and a small district adjoining to it, called Berwick Bounds—in all about eight miles—were made

independent of both England and Scotland, and in acts of parliament applicable to England and Wales, 'the good town of Berwick-on-Tweed' was always added. But this practice has been abolished, and Berwick, with its liberties, now forms part of the county of Northumberland. In consequence of this circumstance, the boundary-line between the two countries at its eastern extremity leaves the German Ocean about three miles to the north of the Tweed, and proceeding in a south-westerly direction, strikes the river about three miles from the sea. From this point the Tweed forms the line of demarcation as far as Carham, four miles west from Coldstream, when the boundary proceeds southward, inclining to the east for a distance of fifteen or sixteen miles; it afterwards turns towards the south-west, in which direction it continues nearly the whole of the remaining distance. For forty or fifty miles the dividing line runs through a wild and mountainous country, and along the highest ridges of the Cheviot Hills—the *waterbreak*, as it is called, being understood as the proper boundary. A large extent of the district through which this part of the line runs was formerly in the condition of a forest, and now consists of extensive sheep-walks. On leaving the mountain ridges which divide Northumberland from Roxburghshire, the line takes the bottom of a valley, along by a stream called the Kershope (a branch of the Liddel), and afterwards along the river Liddel, till about four miles north of Longtown, when it strikes off abruptly from the course of this stream in a direction due west, being marked by an old ditch and embankment called the Scots Dike. This dike is four miles in length, and terminates on the banks of a stream called the Sark, which flows in a southerly direction towards the Solway, and forms the boundary of the two countries between the place where the Scots Dike touches it and its efflux into the Solway. The Solway Firth, which separates Cumberland from the Scottish counties of Dumfries and Kirkcudbright, may be considered as forming the remaining portion of the boundary between the two kingdoms. In ordinary conversation it is customary to speak of the Tweed as the great dividing line of England and Scotland; but it will be observed from the above that the Tweed really forms a comparatively small part of the boundary, by far the larger portion being an ill-marked track across a mountainous country.

From the indistinctness of the line in many parts of its course, there are, in different places, disputed or debatable lands, claimed by opposite jurisdictions; but these being desolate pastoral tracts, no practical inconvenience ensues.

In consequence of the mutual discord which long unhappily subsisted between England and Scotland, as well as from the feebleness of the administrative law on both sides, the tract of country along the Borders, extending to a length of seventy or eighty miles, by an irregular breadth of from ten to thirty or forty, was distinguished as the scene of almost perpetual disturbance. Apart from that of

England and Scotland, the Borders may be said to have a history of their own; for while the two conterminous nations were at peace, this central district was often engaged in its own family wars and predatory forays, over which the monarchs on either side had no vigorous control.

To remedy this state of things as far as possible, the Borders were divided into east, west, and middle marches, which were placed under the charge of officers of high rank, holding special commissions from the crown, and entitled wardens or guardians of the marches. The persons who filled this important office were usually noblemen or chiefs possessed of great personal influence in the districts committed to their jurisdiction. The duties intrusted to their charge were of a very extensive nature, comprehending the maintenance of law and good order among the inhabitants of their own districts; the control and administration of all the crown manors within their jurisdiction; and the power of apprehending and inflicting summary punishment on those who had been guilty of march treason and felony, or of violating any of the ancient rules and customs of the marches. In time of war, the warden was captain-general within his district, with full powers to call out all 'the fencible men,' for the purpose either of defending their own territory, or of invading that of the enemy. In time of peace, he had the difficult duty committed to him of maintaining the amicable relations between the two countries, and of redressing the various grievances arising out of the continual incursions of the moss-troopers on both sides.

The weakness of the Scottish monarchs usually compelled them to confer the office of warden on some of the chiefs of the great Border clans, who appear, without any scruple, to have employed their authority to crush their private enemies, rather than to preserve the public peace, or to secure the impartial administration of justice. The extensive power of these turbulent chieftains made it almost equally dangerous to withhold or to grant whatever boons they chose to exact. Their numerous and devoted clansmen and allies were ever ready to obey their commands, even in opposition to the royal authority; and a combination of these formidable barons, on more than one occasion, proved too strong for the reigning sovereign.

BORDER CLANS AND FEUDS.

The system of clanship existed at a very early period on the Borders, and continued to flourish there until the union of the crowns. The frontier provinces of England and Scotland were inhabited in ancient times by several tribes of Britons or Celts, and the patriarchal form of government—a leading feature of Celtic manners—remained on the Borders long after the abrogation of the

other peculiar usages of the ancient inhabitants, and in despite of the feudal system, with which it was often at variance. According to this simple mode of government, which was universal among the ancient Celtic nations, the chief of the clan was supposed to be the immediate representative of the common ancestor whose name they usually bore, and from whom, it was alleged, they were all descended. He was their counsellor in peace, and their leader in war. His authority over them was absolute, and they paid the most unlimited obedience to his commands. Indeed, they respected no other authority: and so completely were they devoted to the service of their chief, that they were at all times ready to follow him against the king himself. In return for this devoted attachment to his person and interest, the clansmen looked up to their chief for advice, subsistence, protection, and revenge. He was expected to display the most profuse hospitality, and to expend his means of subsistence in the service of his clan. He seems to have had little that he could properly call his own, except his horses and his arms. However extensive his domains, he derived no advantage from them, save only from such parts as he could himself cultivate or occupy. The rest of his territories were distributed among his friends and principal followers, who repaid him by their personal service in battle, their assistance in labouring the land retained in his own possession, the payment of the various feudal casualties, and probably by a share of their plunder. Payment of rent was unknown on the Borders till after the union of the crowns. The revenues of the chieftains were therefore almost exclusively derived from their extensive flocks and herds, and from the *black-mail* which they exacted from their neighbours in payment of the protection afforded them from plunder.

As the clansmen were expected to exhibit the deepest devotion to the interests of their chief, so, in return, he was expected to extend to them his protection under all circumstances, and by all means, legal or illegal. The authority of the feudal superior was greatly inferior to that of the chief; for, in the acts regulating the Borders, we find repeated mention of 'clannes having captaines and chieftaines, on whom they depend, oft-times against the willes of their landeslordes.' Consequently, these laws looked to the chieftain rather than to the feudal superior for the restraint of the disorderly tribes; and it is repeatedly enacted that the head of the clan should be first called upon to deliver those of his sept who should commit any trespass; and that on his failure to do so, he should be liable to the injured party in full redress. Hence, in accordance with the ancient Celtic usages, the chief not unfrequently made atonement for the murders or acts of aggression committed by his clan, by the payment of such a fine, or 'assythement,' as it was called, as might make up the feud. Oftener, however, the chieftains not only con*nived at the misc*onduct of their clansmen and allies, but protected

them in all their deeds of rapine and bloodshed; and as the offended clan considered it a sacred duty to avenge the death of any of their number, not only upon the homicide, but, in the phrase of the time, upon 'all his name, kindred, maintainers, and upholders,' deadly feuds were of frequent occurrence, and the most savage acts of cruelty were remorselessly committed. Speaking of this custom of blood-revenge, which it justly terms most heathenish and barbarous, the statute (1594) expressly declares that the 'murders, ravage, and daily oppression of the subjects, to the displeasure of God, dishonour of the prince, and devastation of the country,' were occasioned partly by the negligence of the landlords and territorial magistrates within whose jurisdiction the malefactors dwelt, but chiefly by the chieftains, and principal leaders of the clans and their branches, who bore deadly quarrel, and sought revenge for the hurt or slaughter of any of their 'unhappy race,' although done in form of justice, or in recovery of stolen goods. 'So that the said chieftains, principals of branches, and householders worthily may be esteemed the very authors, fosterers, and maintainers of the wicked deeds of the vagabonds of their clans or surnames.'

Of the inveterate determination of the Borderers to act vengefully, we have a striking example in the case of Sir Robert Kerr, warden of the middle marches in the year 1511, who was slain at a Border meeting by three Englishmen—Heron, Starhead, and Lilburn. The English monarch delivered up Lilburn to justice in Scotland; but the other two escaped. Starhead fled for refuge to the very centre of England, and there lived in secrecy and upon his guard. Two dependants of the murdered warden were deputed by Andrew Kerr of Cessford to revenge his father's death. They travelled through England in various disguises till they discovered the place of Starhead's retreat, murdered him in his bed, and brought his head to their master, by whom, in memorial of their vengeance, it was exposed at the Cross of Edinburgh. Heron would have shared the same fate, had he not spread abroad a report of his having died of the plague, and caused his funeral obsequies to be performed. A deadly feud of this kind, attended with all the circumstances of horror peculiar to a barbarous age, raged between the powerful families of Johnstone and Maxwell about the close of the sixteenth century. In the year 1593, Lord Maxwell, who was then warden of the west marches, armed with the royal authority, assembled all the barons of Nithsdale, and displaying his banner as the king's lieutenant, invaded Annandale at the head of two thousand men, with the purpose of crushing the ancient rival and enemy of his house. The Johnstones, however, assisted by the Scotts, Elliots, and other clans, boldly stood their ground; and in a desperate conflict which took place at the Dryfe Sands, not far from Lockerby, gained a decisive victory. Lord Maxwell was struck from his horse, mutilated of his right hand, and then cruelly slain under a tree, still called

'Maxwell's Thorn.' His followers suffered grievously in the retreat. Many of them were slashed in the face by the pursuers; a kind of blow which to this day is called in that district 'a Lockerby lick.'

So feeble was the royal authority, that the king not only found himself unable to exact any vengeance for this outrage, but was even constrained to bestow on Johnstone the wardency of the middle marches. The feud between the Maxwells and Johnstones was carried on with every circumstance of ferocity which could add horror to civil war. The son of the slain Lord Maxwell vowed the deepest revenge for his father's death. With this view he invited Sir James Johnstone to a friendly conference, under the pretence of a desire to terminate the feud between their clans. They met, each with a single attendant, at a place called Auchmanhill, on the 6th of August 1608—fifteen years after the battle of Dryfe Sands—when Lord Maxwell, availing himself of a favourable opportunity, treacherously shot Sir James Johnstone through the back with a brace of bullets. The gallant old chief died on the spot, after having for some time bravely defended himself against the traitorous assassin, who endeavoured to strike him with his sword while he lay dying on the ground. 'A fact,' says Spottiswood, 'detested by all honest men, and the gentleman's misfortune severely lamented, for he was a man full of wisdom and courage.'

The murderer, finding no refuge in the Borders, made his escape to France; but, having ventured to return to Scotland after the union of the crowns, he was apprehended, and brought to trial at Edinburgh; and the royal authority being now much strengthened, the king caused him to be publicly executed, 21st May 1613. 'Thus,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'was finally ended, by a solitary example of severity, the "foul debate" betwixt the Maxwells and Johnstones, in the course of which each family lost two chieftains—one dying of a broken heart, one in the field of battle, one by assassination, and one by the sword of the executioner.'

In cases of deadly feud, vengeance was sought not only against the offender, but against all who were in any way connected with him. Of this the tragical fate of Anthony d'Arcy, Sieur de la Bastie, affords a melancholy example. After the execution of Lord Home by the Regent Albany in 1516, De la Bastie was appointed to succeed him as warden of the east marches. It does not appear that this gallant knight, whose talents were equally high in the cabinet and in the field, had the least concern in Lord Home's execution; but he was a friend of the regent, and that was enough to expose him to the vengeance of the ferocious Borderers, who burned to avenge the death of their chief. A plot, contrived by Home of Wedderburn and other friends of the late earl, drew De la Bastie towards Langton in the Merse. Here, ere he was aware, he found himself surrounded by his unrelenting enemies. He attempted to save himself by the *fleetness of his horse*; but his ignorance of the country unfortunately

led him into a morass near the town of Dunse. His pursuers came up, and put him to death. The ferocious Wedderburn cut off his head, tied it by its long and plaited tresses to his saddle-bow, and galloping into the town of Dunse, affixed the ghastly trophy on the market-cross.

The exaction of blood for blood to the uttermost drachm was indeed handed down from father to son as a sacred duty, which no lapse of time could set aside.

'At the sacred font, the priest
Through ages left the masterhand unblest,
To urge with keener aim the blood-incrusted spear.'

The deadly feud between the clans of Scott and Kerr, which arose out of the slaughter of the Laird of Cessford at the battle of Melrose, in the year 1526, raged during the greater part of a century, in spite of all the efforts made to bring about an agreement. Among other expedients resorted to for this purpose, there was a bond executed in 1529 between the heads of the two clans, binding themselves to perform reciprocally the four principal pilgrimages of Scotland, for the benefit of those of the opposite name who had fallen in the quarrel. All was in vain. Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch was slain by the Kerrs in the streets of Edinburgh, in revenge for the death of Cessford, twenty-six years after that event had taken place; and half a century later, the animosity between the families continued to rage as fiercely as ever. Well might the poet say, in reference to these long-breathed feuds:

'Can piety the discord heal,
Or stanch the death-feud's enmity?
Can Christian lore, can patriot zeal,
Can love of blessed charity?
No! vainly to each holy shrine
In mutual pilgrimage they drew;
Implored, in vain, the grace divine;
For chiefs their own red falchions slew:
While Cessford owns the rule of Car,
While Ettrick boasts the line of Scott,
The slaughtered chiefs, the mortal jar,
The havoc of the feudal war,
Shall never, never be forgot!'

Lay of the Last Minstrel, Canto i.

A story, which has been handed down by tradition respecting a quarrel between the Murrays and Scotts, would seem to indicate that these family feuds had sometimes a more amicable termination. During the reign of James VI., William (afterwards Sir William) Scott, eldest son of Scott of Harden, made an incursion upon the lands of Sir Gideon Murray of Elibank, afterwards deputy-treasurer of Scotland, and a great favourite of the king. But the Laird of

Elibank was upon his guard, and having collected his retainers, attacked the marauders when they were encumbered with their plunder, defeated them, and made young Harden prisoner. Sir Gideon conducted his captive to Elibank Tower, where his lady received him with congratulations on his victory, and inquired what he intended to do with his prisoner. 'I intend,' said the victorious laird, 'to consign him instantly to the gallows, as a man taken red-hand in the act of robbery and violence.'

'Hoot na, Sir Gideon,' answered his more considerate lady; 'that is not like your wisdom. Would you hang the winsome young Laird of Harden when ye have three ill-favoured daughters to marry?'

'Right!' answered the baron, who joyfully caught at the idea. 'He shall either marry our daughter, Mickle-mouthed Meg, or strap for it.'

When this alternative was proposed to the prisoner, he for some time stoutly preferred the gibbet to 'Mickle-mouthed Meg,' and persevered in this ungallant resolution till he was literally led forth to execution, when, seeing no other chance of escape, he consented to save his life at the expense of marrying the young lady.

The marriage contracted under such singular circumstances proved eminently happy, and it appears to have completely terminated the feud between the Murrays and Scotts. Such was the confidence which the chief of the latter clan reposed in the talents and probity of Sir Gideon, that when he was afterwards obliged to leave Scotland for some time, he committed to him the management of his affairs; and accordingly, acting as his representative, the Laird of Elibank carried five hundred of the clan of Scott to the assistance of the Johnstones at the bloody battle of Dryfe Sands.

According to a vague tradition, the number of Scottish Border clans was eighteen. The most powerful of these were the Douglases, Homes, Kerrs, and Scotts, on the east and middle marches; and the Maxwells, Johnstones, and Jardines, on the west. The power of these mighty families was greatly increased by the bonds of alliance (or *man-rent*, as they were termed) which they were in the habit of forming with the chiefs of the smaller clans, who, in return for maintenance and protection, engaged to become their followers and liegemen. In this way several of the Border barons became possessed of such exorbitant power as to be enabled to set the royal authority at defiance. The formidable House of Douglas, in particular, on various occasions contended with the sovereign on equal terms, and had at one period nearly gained possession of the Scottish throne.

Each of these mighty chiefs, surrounded by his own officers, and supported on all occasions by a train of knights, squires, and inferior chiefs, was almost a king in miniature. Every chieftain, too, was the supreme criminal judge within his own territories, possessed the *power of life* and death over his own retainers, and even of reclaiming

from the supreme court any vassal who lived upon his lands. Can we wonder that privileges so extensive were often abused, and that the excesses of these petty tyrants should have frequently proved altogether intolerable.

The tradition of the country has preserved many instances of the cruel and oppressive actions perpetrated by these Border chiefs; and though it may sometimes be difficult to separate facts from fables, yet, making every allowance for popular exaggeration, enough remains behind to shew the fearful miseries which the exorbitant power of these nobles produced.* The crimes of the last Lord Soulis, a great feudal oppressor, who held extensive sway in the Borders about the beginning of the fourteenth century, have left an indelible impression on the popular mind. The scene of his cruelties is said to have been the strong castle of Hermitage in Liddesdale, the ruins of which are still regarded by the peasantry with peculiar aversion and terror. Local tradition represents him as a cruel tyrant and sorcerer, combining prodigious bodily strength with cruelty, avarice, dissimulation, and treachery; as constantly employed in oppressing his vassals, harassing his neighbours, and employing all means, human and infernal, to fortify his castle against the royal authority; invoking the fiends by his incantations; and forcing his vassals to drag materials like beasts of burden. Tradition proceeds to relate that the neighbouring Borderers having irritated the king by reiterated complaints against this oppressor, he at length hastily exclaimed: 'Fient nor he were sodden and suppit in broo!' The petitioners, satisfied with this answer, which they chose to understand literally, proceeded with the utmost haste to execute the commission, and actually, it is said, boiled Soulis upon the Nine Stane Rig—a declivity which derived its name from an old circle of upright stones, nine of which remained till a late period. Five of these stones are still visible, and two are particularly pointed out as those that supported the iron bar upon which the fatal caldron was suspended.

Shortly after the fall of the family of Soulis, Hermitage Castle passed into the possession of the Douglases, and became the principal stronghold of the 'Black Knight of Liddesdale,' a natural son of the Good Lord James Douglas, the companion of Bruce. In 1342 it was the scene of the following terrible story. Sir Alexander Ramsay of Dalhousie was one of the bravest of the Scottish barons, and had distinguished himself by his gallant and patriotic exploits in

* It is said that an ancestor of Jardine of Applegarth had, in the time of Charles II., in the exercise of his territorial jurisdiction, imprisoned a person named Porteous in the Massy More, or dungeon of his castle of Spedlin, near Lochmaben. Being called suddenly to Edinburgh, the laird discovered, as he entered the West Port, that he had brought along with him the key of the dungeon. Struck with the utmost horror, he sent back his servant to relieve the prisoner; but it was too late. The wretched being was found lying upon the steps descending from the door of the vault, starved to death. In the agonies of hunger he had gnawed the flesh from one of his arms.

the wars with England. Having taken by storm the castle of Roxburgh, a fortress of great strength and importance, King David bestowed on him the government of the place, together with the sheriffdom of Teviotdale. Douglas, who had previously held the office of sheriff, was enraged at this act, and vowed revenge against Ramsay, his old companion in arms. He came suddenly upon him with a strong party of his vassals while he was holding his court in the open church at Hawick. Ramsay, having no suspicion of injury from his old comrade, invited him to take his place beside him; but the ferocious warrior, drawing his sword, rushed upon his victim, wounded him in a vain attempt at resistance, threw him bleeding across a horse, and carried him off to the remote and inaccessible castle of Hermitage. Here he was thrown into a dungeon, and left to perish of hunger. He is said to have prolonged his existence for seventeen days by some particles of corn which fell from a granary above his prison.

About the close of last century, a mason, digging for stones about the old castle of Hermitage, laid open a stone vault, in which, amid a great quantity of chaff, lay several human bones, along with an ancient sword and a bridle bit of uncommon size. These were conjectured, with great probability, to have belonged to the gallant but unfortunate Ramsay. 'It is a melancholy reflection,' says Mr Tytler, 'that a fate so horrid befell one of the bravest and most popular leaders of the Scottish nation, and that the deed did not only pass unrevenged, but that its perpetrator received a speedy pardon, and was rewarded by the office which had led to the murder.'

We are not to imagine that this was a solitary case. Deeds of equal atrocity were of frequent occurrence on the Border. The Douglases, in particular, seem to have had no law but their own will, and inflicted vengeance for their real or imaginary wrongs entirely by their own authority, and according to their own arbitrary pleasure. In the year 1451, Herries of Terregles, a gentleman of ancient family and considerable influence in Dumfriesshire, having attempted to defend himself against the attacks of some of the followers of the Earl of Douglas, who were ravaging his lands, and to recover from them their plunder, was defeated, and dragged before the earl, who caused him to be hanged, although the king sent him a positive order by a herald, enjoining him to forbear any injury to the person of his prisoner.

But a still more flagrant breach of law and insult to the royal authority occurred in the following year. Maclellan, the guardian of the young lord of Bomby, ancestor of the Earls of Kirkcudbright, having refused to join Douglas in a treasonable league, was seized by him, and imprisoned in his strong fortress of Thrieve in Galloway. As Maclellan was much esteemed by the king, and the nephew of Sir Patrick Gray, captain of the royal guard, the king sent 'a sweet letter of supplication,' praying the earl to deliver his prisoner

into the hands of his kinsman. When Sir Patrick arrived at the castle of Thrieve, Douglas, who had just risen from dinner, received him with great apparent courtesy, but declined entering upon the business which had led to the visit until Gray also had dined. 'It was ill talking,' he said, 'between a fou [full] man and a fasting.' But suspecting the object of Sir Patrick's visit, and determined to defeat it, he gave private orders that Maclellan should be immediately led forth and beheaded in the courtyard of the castle.

After dinner, Sir Patrick presented the king's letter to the earl, who received and read it with great affectation of reverence. 'Sorry am I,' said he, with a look of much concern, 'that it is not in my power to give obedience to the commands of my sovereign, much as I am beholden to him for so gracious a letter to me, whom he has been pleased of late to regard with somewhat altered favour; but such redress as I can afford thou shalt have speedily.' He then took his visitor by the hand, and led him to the castle green, where the bleeding trunk of Maclellan was still lying. 'Yonder, Sir Patrick,' said he, 'is your sister's son, but unfortunately he wants the head. Take his body, however, and do with it what you will.'

'My lord,' said Gray, suppressing his grief and indignation, 'if you have taken his head, you may dispose of the body as you will.' But when he had mounted his horse, which he instantly called for, his resentment broke out in spite of the dangerous situation in which he was placed. 'My lord,' said he, 'if I live, you shall be rewarded for this deed according to your demerits.'

This expression of natural indignation, however, had nearly cost him his life; for the earl was highly offended, and gave orders for an instant pursuit; and if Gray had not been well mounted, he would, in all probability, have shared the fate of his nephew. The chase was continued almost to Edinburgh, a distance of fifty or sixty miles. It is not uninstructive to mention, that when Douglas was shortly afterwards stabbed by the king in Stirling Castle, Sir Patrick Gray, who was present, at one blow felled him with his battle-axe.

The overthrow of this great family followed soon after; but the Earl of Angus, whose share in the ruin of his kinsman led to the saying that 'the *Red* Douglas had put down the *Black*,' obtained a large portion of the forfeited domains of this mighty House, including the strong castles of Douglas, Hermitage, and Tantallon, and appears to have very soon enjoyed almost the same extensive supremacy on the Borders. The same system of rapine and bloodshed was consequently pursued. Archibald, fifth Earl of Angus, called *Bell-the-Cat*, who was at once warden of the east and middle marches, and Lord of Liddesdale and Jedwood Forest, seems to have had as little respect for law or royal authority as his kinsmen and rivals the Earls of Douglas. His share in the murder of the favourites of James III. at Lauder, and of the overthrow and death of the unfortunate monarch in the battle of Sauchieburn, is well known.

A quarrel which he fastened on Spens of Kilspindie, a favourite of James IV., cost him his lordship of Liddesdale and castle of Hermitage. Spens, who was a renowned cavalier, had been present when Angus was highly praised for strength and valour. 'It may be,' answered Spens, 'if all be good that is upcome.'

Shortly after, Angus, while hawking near Bothwell with a single attendant, met Kilspindie. 'What reason had ye,' said the earl, 'for making question of my manhood? Thou art a tall fellow, and so am I, and, by St Bride of Douglas, one of us shall pay for it!'

'Since it may be no better,' answered Kilspindie, 'I will defend myself against the best earl in Scotland.'

With these words they encountered fiercely, till Angus, with one blow, severed the thigh of his antagonist, who died on the spot. The earl then addressed the attendant of Kilspindie: 'Go thy way: tell my gossip the king that here was nothing but fair-play. I know my gossip will be offended; but I will get me into Liddesdale, and remain in my castle of the Hermitage till his anger be abated.'

James, however, took advantage of the opportunity to compel Angus, as the price of his pardon, to leave

> 'The dusky vale
> Of Hermitage in Liddesdale,
> Its dungeons and its towers,
> Where Bothwell's turrets brave the air,
> And Bothwell bank is blooming fair,
> To fix his princely bowers;'

which was a considerable diminution to the family power and greatness. The sword with which Angus slew Spens—

> 'The huge and sweeping brand,
> Which wont of yore in battle fray
> His foeman's limbs to shred away,
> As wood-knife lops the sapling spray'—

was presented by his descendant, the famous Earl of Morton, to Lord Lindsay of the Byres, when he defied Bothwell to single combat on Carberry Hill.

The grandson of old Bell-the-Cat married the widowed queen of James IV., and obtained the supreme authority in Scotland during the minority of James V. In the words of an old historian: 'He ruled all which he liked, and no man durst say the contrary. There dared no man strive at law with a Douglas, or yet with the adherent of a Douglas; for if he did, he was sure to get the worst of his lawsuit.' And he adds: 'Although Angus travelled through the country under the pretence of punishing thieves, robbers, and murderers, there were no malefactors so great as those which rode in his own company.'

The high spirit of the young king, who was now fourteen years old, was galled by the ignominious restraint in which he was held; and

in a progress to the Border, for the purpose of repressing some excesses of the Armstrongs, intimation was secretly given to Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch that he should raise his clan, and rescue the king out of the hands of the Douglases.

Buccleuch immediately levied his retainers and friends, comprehending a large body of Elliots, Armstrongs, and other broken clans, over whom he exercised great authority. Angus had passed the night at Melrose; and the Kerrs and Homes, who had accompanied him in his expedition, had taken their leave of the king, when Buccleuch and his followers suddenly appeared on an eminence called Halidon Hill, and interposed between Angus and the bridge over the Tweed. 'Sir,' said the earl to the king, 'yonder is Buccleuch, and the thieves of Annandale with him, to interrupt your passage. I vow to God they shall either fight or flee; and ye shall tarry here on this know [knoll], and my brother George with you, with any other company you please, and I shall pass and put yon thieves off the ground, and rid the gate unto your Grace, or else die for it.'

The earl with these words alighted, and hastened to the charge; and the Borderers, shouting their war-cry, immediately joined battle, and fought stoutly. The encounter was fierce and obstinate; but the Homes and Kerrs returning at the noise of the conflict, set upon the wing and rear of Buccleuch's men, and decided the fate of the day. About eighty of the Scotts were slain in this clan battle, which was fought on the 25th July 1526. The death of the Laird of Cessford, who was killed in the pursuit by a retainer of Buccleuch, occasioned the deadly feud between the Scotts and Kerrs of which we have already spoken.

BORDER CASTLES AND FORAYS.

The residences of the Border chieftains by no means corresponded to the extent of their power and the number of their retainers, and presented a striking contrast to the magnificent fortresses of the great English nobles. This, however, was not always the case. During the interval of more than a century which elapsed between the reign of William the Lion and the death of Alexander III., there was profound peace between England and Scotland; and the Borders appear to have been in a state of progressive improvement. At this period were erected several monastic edifices within the Scottish Border, which formed the refuge of learning, and whose inmates must have contributed, in ordinary times, to allay the fierce passions of the neighbouring inhabitants. Among the structures of this kind may be named the abbeys of Melrose, Dryburgh, Jedburgh, and Kelso on the eastern marches, and Lincluden on the west. These, with some other monasteries, formed seats of refinement and

peaceful contemplation, while all around was little better than a mental wilderness. Usually, these sanctuaries were respected by the hand of rapine; but in the case of national wars, they suffered in common with other buildings, and were laid waste with fire and sword. In all cases, however, the piety of the age restored them, until they finally sunk under the violence of the iconoclasts in the sixteenth century.

In some instances, adjoining these religious houses, towns arose, and numerous strong and extensive royal and baronial castles graced and defended the frontier. There is little reason to doubt, that if the peace between England and Scotland had not been broken by the unjustifiable pretensions of Edward I., the Borders would have gradually been improved in character with the rest of Scotland, and centuries of misery would have been avoided. The war of Scottish independence, which raged throughout nearly the whole of the fourteenth century, at once stopped all advancement, and threw the Borders back into a state of disorganisation. Monasteries were destroyed, towns sacked, castles stormed, and thousands of the inhabitants killed. Perceiving that the only means of preserving the liberties of their country consisted in laying waste the district, the Scots burned and erased many dwellings, and pulled down all the strongholds of importance likely to fall into the hands of the enemy.

When the Good Lord James Douglas three several times recovered possession of his ancestral castle, upon each occasion he laid waste and demolished it, and took refuge with his followers in the hills and forests. 'He loved better,' he said, 'to hear the lark sing than the mouse squeak.' The same devastating but uncompromising and effectual system of warfare was carried on during the whole of the struggle which the Scots maintained for their independence, and was delivered by Robert Bruce as a legacy to his successors, in what is affectionately called the 'Good King Robert's Testament.' On his death-bed he enjoined his followers, in their wars, always to fight on foot; to trust for protection to their mountains, morasses, and woods, rather than to walls and garrisons; to employ for arms the bow, the spear, and the battle-axe; to drive their herds into the narrow glens, and to fortify them there whilst they laid waste the plain country by fire, and compelled the enemy to evacuate it. 'Let your scouts and watches,' he concluded, 'be vociferating through the night, keeping the enemy in perpetual alarm; and, worn out with famine, fatigue, and apprehension, they will retreat as certainly as if routed in battle.' These judicious counsels were followed by the Scots in all their wars with the English down to the days of Cromwell. Hence the great baronial and royal castles which existed on the Borders were, with very few exceptions, levelled with the ground during the wars of Bruce and Baliol. The castle of Jedburgh, *one of the strongest* of these fortresses, remained for a long time in

the hands of the English, and was a source of great annoyance to the adjacent country. On its reduction by the Scots in 1408, it was immediately ordered to be destroyed; but so strongly was it constructed, and so unskilful were the Scots in the work of destruction, that it was proposed to impose a tax of two pennies on every hearth in Scotland to defray the expense of razing and levelling the fortifications. But the regent ordered the sum required to be paid out of the royal revenues.

The lesser strengths, consisting of single towers, or peels, as they were called, each forming the lodgment of a petty chief, do not seem to have suffered the same devastation at the hands of their proprietors, who probably reckoned on defending them from all casual assaults. These towers, whose remains are now the most remarkable features in the Border landscape, were for the most part built in some situation of great natural strength; on a precipice, or on the banks of a torrent, or surrounded by woods and morasses, which rendered them almost inaccessible. The position of these Border houses, in short, so plainly indicated the pursuits and apprehensions of their inhabitants, that James V., on approaching the castle of Lochwood, the ancient seat of the Johnstones, is said to have exclaimed, that he who built it must have been a knave in his heart. The principal part of these fortresses consisted of a large square tower, called a *keep*, having walls of immense thickness, which could easily be defended against any sudden or desultory assault. The residences of the inferior chiefs, called peels or bastel-houses, were usually built upon a still smaller scale, and consisted merely of a high square tower, surrounded by an outer wall, which served as a protection for the cattle at night. The apartments were placed one above another, and communicated only by a narrow stair, which could be easily blocked up or defended; so that the garrison could hold out for a considerable time, even after the lower story was in the possession of the enemy. In such circumstances the assailants usually heaped together quantities of wetted straw in the lower apartments, and setting it on fire, drove the defenders from story to story by means of the smoke, and sometimes compelled them to surrender.

Around these fortresses were placed the habitations of the vassals and retainers of the chief, who were ready upon the first summons either to take arms for the defence of the castle, or to follow their lord to the field; and as much ground in the vicinity was cleared and cultivated as was necessary for their support.

The Border towns, before and after the war of independence, were usually furnished with a number of towers, like the peels of the inferior gentry, and were the abodes either of the wealthier burghers, or of the neighbouring proprietors, who occasionally dwelt within the town. 'In each village or town,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'were several small towers, having battlements projecting over the side

walls, and usually an advanced angle or two, with shot-holes for flanking the doorway, which was always defended by a strong door of oak, studded with nails, and often by an exterior grated door of iron. These small peel-houses were ordinarily inhabited by the principal feuars and their families; but upon the alarm of approaching danger, the whole inhabitants thronged from their own miserable cottages, which were situated around, to garrison these points of defence. It was then no easy matter for a hostile party to penetrate into the village; for the men were habituated to the use of bows and firearms, and the towers being generally so placed that the discharge from one crossed that of another, it was impossible to assault any of them individually.' In the village of Lessudden, when burned by Sir Ralph Evers in 1544, there were as many as sixteen of these strongholds, which afforded excellent posts for resisting the assaults of an enemy, even after the town was taken. On the approach of a superior army, the chieftains and their retainers usually took to the woods and mountains, leaving their habitations to the fate of war. There is scarcely a single instance known of a distinguished baron having been made prisoner in his own house.

In these dismal times all the ordinary class of houses in the Border towns were thatched; and as it was almost certain that these would be set on fire by the enemy, it was customary for the inhabitants, at the approach of invaders, to clear off all the thatch from their dwellings, and, if possible, flee with their cattle and other property to the mountains. Still further to guard against fire, as well as rapine, the lower stories of the houses were vaulted, and accessible only by a low doorway. Domestic strongholds of this kind may still be seen in all the Border and some other of the old towns of Scotland. A few remain in Peebles, which was frequently burned in the troublous times to which we refer.

To guard against sudden attack, it was usual for the Scottish Borderers to give telegraphic warning of the approach of an enemy by means of beacon or bale fires, lighted on the tops of the hills or loftiest battlements of the principal castles. Thus signals from Berwick, up the vale of Tweed to Lanarkshire, and from the Tweed to the Forth, made the whole country aware of the coming danger.

'A sheet of flame, from the turret high,
Waved like a blood-flag on the sky,
All flaring and uneven;
And soon a score of fires, I ween,
From height, and hill, and cliff were seen:
Each with warlike tidings fraught;
Each from each the signal caught;
Each after each they glanced to sight,
As stars arise upon the night.
They gleamed on many a dusky tarn,
Haunted by the lonely earn;

On many a cairn's gray pyramid,
Where urns of mighty chiefs lie hid;
Till high Dunedin the blazes saw,
From Soltra and Dumpender Law;
And Lothian heard the regent's order,
That all should bowne them for the Border.'
Lay of the Last Minstrel, Canto iii.

The precautions taken by the English against the inroads of their northern neighbours were of a somewhat different kind, and suited to their superior wealth and civilisation. They paid greater attention to defence, as they had something of value to defend. All along the English frontiers arose baronial castles of magnificent structure, great extent, and fortified with all the art of the age. Their great strength afforded a secure asylum to their inhabitants, and enabled them to set at defiance the attacks of the Scottish Borderers. Newcastle, Hexham, Carlisle, and other towns along the English Border were in like manner much more strongly and skilfully fortified than those of the opposite frontier, and afforded therefore a much better protection from invasion. A line of communication was established along the whole Border from Berwick to Carlisle, with setters and searchers, sleuth-hounds and watchers, by day and night. The fords over the rivers were either strictly guarded, or stopped and destroyed; and narrow defiles through the mountains were blocked up, or rendered impassable. But although these precautions served to a considerable extent to protect the English frontier from extensive invasions, they were wholly insufficient to prevent the desultory incursions of the Scottish marauders, who, making sudden and rapid inroads into particular districts, laid all waste, and returned loaded with spoil before a sufficient force could be collected to present an obstacle to their return. These unceasing *raids* were scarcely less destructive than the more extensive invasions of the English armies.

In their frequent invasions of England, the Scottish Borderers always manifested a desire of spoil rather than of slaughter. Their great object was to collect as much booty as possible. Hence it was their policy on such occasions to avoid a regular engagement, and by hasty marches to elude any hostile force that might be sent against them, in order that they might carry off, unmolested, their prisoners and plunder. Of the success of these tactics we have a striking example in the destructive inroad which Douglas and Randolph made into England about the close of the reign of Robert Bruce. For many days the English army followed the smoke of the houses and villages which the Scots had burned, without being able even to get a sight of their destroyers; and when at length the offer of a large reward obtained for King Edward information where the enemy lay, he found them encamped in an impregnable position, which could not even be reached without the greatest danger. Here

the two armies lay opposite to each other for several days, the English vainly endeavouring, by manœuvres and bravadoes, to induce the Scottish leaders to abandon their strong ground and risk a battle. At length the Scots, after having in a night-attack surprised the English camp, and nearly carried off the king, decamped at midnight, and retreating through a morass in their rear, had advanced a considerable way on their march towards Scotland before the English were aware that they had quitted their position.

When the English visited the deserted camp of their nimble foes, it presented a singular spectacle. In it were found an immense number of slaughtered cattle and of red and fallow deer, and more than three hundred kettles made of skins of cattle with the hair on, suspended on stakes over the half-extinguished fires, and full of meat and water ready for boiling, with about a thousand spit-racks with meat on them, and many thousand pair of shoes made of raw hides with the hair on the outer side—a kind of buskins or *brogues* peculiar to Scotland, which procured for their wearers the name of the 'rough-footed Scots,' and sometimes, from the colour of the hide, 'red-shanks.' The only living things found in the camp were five English prisoners tied to trees, who had been commanded to say to their monarch, that 'if he were displeased with what had been done, he might come and revenge himself on Scotland.'

The Borderers, however, did not always act with equal prudence in avoiding great battles with the English. The imprudence of their leaders, the impatient valour of the troops, or the spirit of chivalry, often induced them to risk an engagement. A memorable example of this occurred in 1388, when a battle was fought at Otterburn between the forces of Percy, son of the Earl of Northumberland, and those of Douglas, in which the latter was victorious. The shame of this disaster, as it was considered, was effaced at Homildon, where, fourteen years after, Hotspur gave a bloody defeat to the successor of the hero of Otterburn—James, the second Earl of Douglas. Thus victory sometimes inclined to one side, and sometimes to another. It was altogether a savage and unjustifiable warfare, whether carried on by the chiefs and their retainers, or at the instigation of the kings of the two countries.

BORDER MOSS-TROOPERS.

Besides the chiefs who carried on a predatory warfare for the sake of spoil or the wantonness of aggression, there were many marauders who knew no measure of law, had no mighty chieftain to whom they owed allegiance, or who would be bound for their good behaviour. These men, with their petty trains of dependants, were viewed as broken clans, and were only countenanced by the great barons when they themselves stood in need of their assistance. Living in small towers about the Border valleys, they were in the

habit of sallying out at night to pillage the flocks and herds of some unsuspicious neighbour; for they were by no means particular whether their prey belonged to the Scots or English.

The principal marauders of this class within the Scottish Border were the Elliots, Armstrongs, Turnbulls, Rutherfords, and Scotts. When hard pressed in pursuit by the enraged wardens of the marches, or others, they would flee for temporary refuge to mosses, inapproachable by those not acquainted with the paths, and there hold the law at defiance. One of their most noted places of refuge was the Tarras Moss in Liddesdale, a desolate and horrible morass, accessible by paths known only to themselves. Through this marsh a small river runs furiously among huge rocks. Upon its banks are found some dry spots, which were occupied by these outlaws and their families in cases of emergency. The morass is so deep, that, according to an old historian, two spears tied together would not reach the bottom. Into this inaccessible retreat the Armstrongs fled when pursued in 1588 by Archibald, eighth Earl of Angus, lieutenant on the Border. The earl used to declare that he had as much delight in hunting a thief as others in chasing a hare. But on this occasion he was completely foiled by the impracticability of the morass, and the cunning of the outlaws who harboured in it. From their frequenting morasses, these marauders came to be known by the name of moss-troopers. They were generally well mounted on horseback, with light armour or buff coats, and provided with a sword and short musket; some carried spears, which were exceedingly formidable to an enemy.

Freebooters as these men unquestionably were, we should form an incorrect estimate of their character were we to associate them in idea with the mean felons of modern days. Rapine at the time seems to have been a legalised principle; law and justice were at the lowest ebb; and many of the broken clans were men who had been ruined by national wars, and denied all form of reparation. Of the more 'respectable' heads of these freebooting bands, Walter Scott of Harden, commonly called 'Auld Wat of Harden,' may be taken as a specimen. Tradition has preserved a great variety of anecdotes respecting this redoubted chief. His castle was situated on the very brink of a dark and precipitous dell on the Borthwick, about three miles from Hawick. The spoil which he carried off from his neighbours was concealed in the recess of this deep and impervious glen. From thence the cattle were brought out one by one, as they were wanted, to supply the rude and plentiful table of the laird. When the last bullock was killed and devoured, it was the lady's custom to place on the table a dish, which, on being uncovered, was found to contain a pair of clean spurs—a hint to the riders that they must shift for their next meal. A kindred saying is recorded of a mother to her son, which has now become proverbial, 'Ride, Rowly [Rowland]; hough's i' the pot;' that is, the last piece

of beef was in the pot, and therefore it was high time for him to go and fetch more. Upon one occasion, when the village herd was driving out the cattle to pasture, the old laird heard him call loudly to drive out Harden's cow. 'Harden's cow!' echoed the affronted chief; 'is it come to that pass? By my faith, they shall soon say Harden's kye.' Accordingly, he sounded his bugle, mounted his horse, set out with his followers, and returned next day with 'a bow of kye and a bassen'd [brindled] bull.' On returning with his prey, he passed a very large haystack. It occurred to the provident laird that this would be extremely convenient to fodder his new stock of cattle; but as no means of transporting it occurred, he was fain to take leave of it with this apostrophe, now proverbial: 'Had ye but four feet, ye should not stand long there.' In short, nothing came amiss to him that was not *too heavy* or *too hot*. This renowned freebooter was married to Mary Scott, celebrated in song by the title of the Flower of Yarrow. By their marriage-contract, the father-in-law, Philip Scott of Dryhope, was to find Harden in horse-meat and man's-meat at his tower of Dryhope for a year and a day; but five barons pledged themselves that, at the expiry of that period, the son-in-law should remove without attempting to continue in possession by force—a caution strikingly illustrative of the times and of the character of the contracting parties. By the Flower of Yarrow the Laird of Harden had six sons, five of whom survived him. The sixth son was slain at a fray in a hunting-match by the Scotts of Gilmanscleugh. His brothers flew to arms; but the old laird secured them in the dungeon of his tower, hurried to Edinburgh, stated the crime, and obtained from the crown a gift of the lands of the offenders. He returned to Harden with equal speed, released his sons, and shewed them the charter. 'To horse, lads!' cried the savage warrior, 'and let us take possession! The lands of Gilmanscleugh are well worth a dead son.'

The following beautiful passage in Leyden's *Scenes of Infancy* is founded on a tradition respecting an infant captive whom Harden carried off in a predatory excursion, and who is said to have become the author of some of our most beautiful pastoral songs:

'Where Bortha hoarse, that loads the meads with sand,
Rolls her red tide to Teviot's western strand,
Through slaty hills, whose sides are shagged with thorn,
Where springs, in scattered tufts, the dark-green corn,
Towers wood-girt Harden far above the vale,
And clouds of ravens o'er the turrets sail.
A hardy race, who never shrunk from war,
The Scott, to rival realms a mighty bar,
Here fixed his mountain home; a wide domain,
And rich the soil, had purple heath been grain.
But what the niggard ground of wealth denied,
From fields more blessed his fearless arm supplied.

The waning harvest-moon shone cold and bright,
The warder's horn was heard at dead of night,
And as the massy portals wide were flung,
With stamping hoofs the rocky pavement rung.
What fair, half-veiled, leans from her latticed hall,
Where red the wavering gleams of torchlight fall?
'Tis Yarrow's fairest Flower, who through the gloom
Looks wistful for her lover's dancing plume.
Amid the piles of spoil that strewed the ground,
Her ear, all anxious, caught a wailing sound;
With trembling haste the youthful matron flew,
And from the hurried heaps an infant drew.

Scared at the light, his little hands he flung
Around her neck, and to her bosom clung;
While beauteous Mary soothed in accents mild
His fluttering soul, and clasped her foster-child.
Of milder mood the gentle captive grew,
Nor loved the scenes that scared his infant view.
In vales remote from camps and castles far,
He shunned the fearful shuddering joy of war;
Content the loves of simple swains to sing,
Or wake to fame the harp's heroic string.

His are the strains whose wandering echoes thrill
The shepherd, lingering on the twilight hill,
When evening brings the merry folding hours,
And sun-eyed daisies close their winking flowers.
He lived o'er Yarrow's Flower to shed the tear,
To strew the holly leaves o'er Harden's bier.
But none was found above the minstrel's tomb,
Emblem of peace, to bid the daisy bloom;
He, nameless as the race from which he sprung,
Saved other names, and left his own unsung.'

The armorial bearings adopted by many of the Border tribes were remarkably appropriate to their character, and shew how little they were ashamed of their trade of rapine. It was their vocation; and, with Falstaff, they reckoned it no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. Like this same worthy, they were 'Diana's foresters—gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon'—under whose countenance they committed their depredations. Hence the emblematic moons and stars so often charged in the arms of Border families. Their mottoes also bear allusion to their profession: 'Reparabit cornua Phœbe' (We 'll have moonlight again) is that of the family of Harden, now represented by Lord Polwarth. 'Best riding by moonlight' was the ancient motto of the Buccleuch family. The crest of the Cranstouns is a crane holding a stone in his foot, with the emphatic motto, 'Thou shalt want ere I want.'

Various statutes and regulations were made for the purpose of repressing the depredations of these Border freebooters, but they remained for the most part a dead letter. It happened not unfrequently that, when the disorders caused by their marauding incursions reached a certain height, the Scottish kings or governors marched to the Borders, seized and imprisoned the chiefs, and executed without mercy the inferior captains and leaders. The most noted of these expeditions was the famous one undertaken by James V. in the year 1529. Before setting out on his journey, he very sagaciously took the precaution of putting in safe custody the principal Border chieftains—the Earl of Bothwell, Lords Home and Maxwell, and the Lairds of Buccleuch, Ferniehirst, Polwarth, and Johnstone, who were the chief protectors of the marauders. The king having thus secured the principal offenders, placed himself at the head of an army of eight thousand men, and marched rapidly forward through the disturbed districts. After visiting the upper part of Peeblesshire, Ettrick Forest (now Selkirkshire), and Teviotdale, doing justice on various parties as he proceeded, the king arrived in Eskdale, which adjoins the south-western Border. Here his army drew up in front of the tower of Gilnockie, the stronghold of Johnnie Armstrong, one of the most noted freebooters in this part of the country. Johnnie, whose exploits are celebrated in tradition and song, appears to have carried on his depredations upon a singularly magnificent scale. The whole neighbouring district of England, for many miles round, paid him *black-mail;* and the terror of his name is said to have spread almost as far as Newcastle. His tower is still extant in Eskdale, a few miles from Langholm, where its ruins yet serve to adorn a scene of exquisite loveliness (see Illustration). The evil genius of Johnnie Armstrong, or the private advice of some courtiers, or, as others allege, a determination to brave it out before the king, induced him to present himself before James with 'a gallant companie' of thirty-six followers, arrayed in all the pomp of Border chivalry. The spot at which the meeting took place was at Carlinrigg Chapel, ten miles south of Hawick. It turned out that Johnnie had entirely miscalculated the effect likely to be produced by the imposing appearance of his train. The king, incensed to see a freebooter so gallantly equipped, commanded him instantly to be led to execution, saying: 'What wants this knave save a crown to be as magnificent as a king?' But Johnnie Armstrong, says Pitscottie, made great offers to the king for his life; offering to maintain himself, with forty men, ready to serve the king at a moment's notice at his own expense; engaging never to hurt or injure any Scottish subject—as indeed had never been his practice; and undertaking that there was not a man in England, of whatever degree—duke, earl, lord, or baron—but he would engage, within a certain time, to present to the king dead or alive. All was unavailing. James would listen to no offer, however great. At length, seeing no

hope of favour, Johnnie said very proudly: 'It is folly to seek grace at a graceless face; but had I guessed you would have used me thus, I would have kept the Border side in despite of the king of England and you both; for I know King Henry would downweigh my best horse with gold to know that I am condemned to die this day.' Johnnie and all his retinue were immediately hanged upon some growing trees near Carlinrigg Chapel. They were buried in its deserted churchyard, where their graves are yet shewn. The country people, who hold the memory of the unfortunate marauders in very high respect, believe that, to manifest the injustice of their execution, the trees immediately withered away.

'Where rising Teviot joins the Frostylee,
Stands the huge trunk of many a leafless tree;
No verdant woodbine-wreaths their age adorn,
Bare are the boughs, the gnarled roots uptorn.
Here shone no sunbeam, fell no summer dew,
Nor ever grass beneath the branches grew,
Since that bold chief, who Henry's power defied,
True to his country, as a traitor died.'

Scenes of Infancy.

The extent to which James carried his severity was, without doubt, cruel and excessive. But such was the terror which he thus struck into the Border marauders, that for a season he made 'the rush-bush keep the cow;' and, according to an old history, 'thereafter there was great peace and rest a long time, wherethrough the king had great profit; for he had ten thousand sheep going in the Ettrick Forest in keeping by Andrew Bell, who made the king as good count of them as they had gone in the bounds of Fife.'

Various expeditions of a similar kind were undertaken on subsequent occasions, especially by the Regent Murray, who suppressed with a firm hand the outrages of the moss-troopers, whom he caused to be hanged or drowned by dozens. But these examples of sanguinary justice had no permanent effect in tranquillising the Border districts. Hence it was found necessary to intrust the wardens of the marches with the most extensive powers for the maintenance of peace and order. These officers seem to have imitated closely the royal example in the summary execution of those marauders who fell into their hands. The next tree, or the deepest pool of the nearest stream, was indifferently used on such occasions. Great numbers of the moss-troopers are said to have been drowned in a deep eddy of the Jed near Jedburgh. The ordinary proverb of 'Jedburgh justice,' where men were said to be hanged first and tried afterwards, appears to have taken its rise from these summary proceedings.

One of the most important regulations both for preventing and punishing the disorders committed by the lawless banditti on the

Borders, was the holding days of truce by the wardens on either side, in which the offences complained of by the subjects of both kingdoms were, with great solemnity, inquired into and remedied. The wardens on these occasions took the field in great state, attended by the chief men within their districts, all in their best arms, and well mounted. After an assurance had been mutually given for keeping the peace from sunrise till sunset, the two wardens met in great form, embraced each other, and then proceeded to examine the 'bills' or complaints tendered on either side. In doubtful cases, the matter was tried by a jury of twelve, chosen equally from the two nations, or was referred to an umpire mutually chosen, or in some cases to the oath of the party accused.

The wardens were bound to have the offenders against whom complaints were made in custody, in order that they might be in readiness to answer the charges brought against them. But as this would have been often difficult, and sometimes impossible, the warden usually took security from the chief or kinsmen of the accused parties, that they should be forthcoming when called for. If the persons charged were found guilty, they were delivered up to the opposite warden, by whom they were imprisoned until they had paid treble the value of the goods stolen. A kind of account-current was made up of the extent of mutual damage sustained by both kingdoms, and the complaints found proved on each side having been enumerated, the balance was struck against that country whose depredators had committed the greatest number of offences.

While the wardens were engaged in these judicial investigations, their retainers intermixed fearlessly and peaceably with each other in mutual sports and familiar intercourse—'in merchandise and merriment'—

> 'They met and sate them mingled down,
> Without a threat, without a frown,
> As brothers meet in foreign land.
> The hands the spear that lately grasped,
> Still in the mailed gauntlet clasped,
> Were interchanged in greeting dear;
> Visors were raised, and faces shewn,
> And many a friend to friend made known,
> Partook of social cheer.
> Some drove the jolly bowl about;
> With dice and draughts some chased the day;
> And some, with many a merry shout,
> In riot, revelry, and rout,
> Pursued the football play.'
>
> *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Canto v.

These peaceful meetings, however, were often converted into scenes of battle and bloodshed. Among the fiery spirits by whom each warden was respectively attended, there must often have been many

betwixt whom deadly feud existed, and not a few whose interest it was to instigate any quarrel which might interrupt the course of justice, and prevent their depredations from being inquired into. Among such combustible materials, the slightest spark served to kindle a flame. Hence, as the poet remarks:

> 'Twixt truce and war a sudden change
> Was not infrequent, nor held strange,
> In the old Border-day.'

Repeated instances occur of such casual affrays happening, in which the Border chiefs, and sometimes even the wardens themselves, were wounded or slain. One of these skirmishes is vividly portrayed in the old ballad of the *Raid of the Reidswire*. On the 7th of July 1575, Sir John Carmichael, warden of the Scottish middle marches, and Sir John Foster, the English officer on the opposite frontier, held a meeting for the regulation of Border affairs, each being as usual attended by his retinue, and by the armed clans inhabiting his district. According to the old minstrel, the Borderers of Tynedale and Reedsdale, who attended the English warden, all well armed 'with jack, and spear, and bended bows,' were much more numerous than the Scottish clans. The meeting began in mirth and good neighbourhood. The wardens proceeded to the usual business of the day, and their attendants engaged in sports and gaming. The pedlers erected their temporary booths, and displayed their wares; and the whole had the appearance of a peaceful holiday or rural fair.

During this mutual friendly intercourse, a dispute arose respecting one Farnsteen, a notorious English freebooter, against whom a bill at the instance of a Scottish complainer, had been 'foaled;' that is, found a true bill. Foster alleged that he had fled from justice; Carmichael, considering this as a pretext to avoid making compensation for the felony, bade him 'play fair;' to which the haughty English warden retorted, by contemptuously desiring Carmichael to match himself with his equals. The English Borderers, glad of any pretext for a quarrel, immediately raised their war-cry of: 'To it, Tynedale!' and discharged a flight of arrows among the Scots. A warm conflict ensued, in which Carmichael was at first beaten down and taken prisoner, and the Scots, few in number, and surprised, were with difficulty able to keep their ground. But the Tynedale men beginning greedily to rifle the 'merchant packs,' fell into disorder; and a band of the citizens of Jedburgh, armed with firearms, opportunely arriving at that instant, the skirmish terminated in a complete victory on the part of the Scots. Sir John Heron of Chipchase was slain on the spot, to the great regret of both parties; and Sir John Foster, with many other Englishmen of rank, were made prisoners. The Scots lost but one gentleman of name.

This affray was remarkable as being the last skirmish of any

consequence fought on the Borders. The field of battle was called the Reidswire, a spot on the ridge of the Carter Fells, which divide England from Scotland. The prisoners were sent to the Earl of Morton, then regent, who detained them at Dalkeith, and then dismissed them with presents of choice falcons and great expressions of regard. On this a saying arose amongst the Borderers, that for this once the regent had lost by his bargain: he had given live hawks for dead Herons—alluding to the death of Sir John Heron.

A few years later, a singular incident arose out of one of these warden meetings, which had well-nigh occasioned a war between the kingdoms.

In the year 1596 there was a meeting held on the borders of Liddesdale between the deputies of Lord Scrope of Bolton, the English warden of the west marches, and Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch, the Scottish warden. The court was held at a place named the Dayholm of Kershope, where a small burn or rivulet divides the two countries. When the business of the day was over, and the meeting amicably broken up, the English Borderers happened to observe a notorious depredator called William Armstrong—but more commonly known by the name of Kinmont Willie—quietly riding home on the Scottish side of the Liddel, with three or four in company. Willie, who is said to have been a descendant of the famous Johnnie Armstrong, was a man of great personal strength and stature, and one of the most gallant freebooters in Liddesdale. He and his four sons, who were equally distinguished in their vocation, are said to have had more bills filed against them than any twenty men in the district. Although he was on Scottish ground, and protected by the truce, which lasted from the time of holding the court till next morning at sunrise, the temptation to seize an offender so obnoxious was too great to be resisted. A body of two hundred English horsemen crossed the river, chased him for some miles, and took him and carried him in triumph to Carlisle Castle, where he was heavily ironed, and cast into the common prison. Buccleuch, with whom Kinmont Willie was a special favourite, instantly complained of this outrageous violation of Border law, and demanded the release of his retainer. But the English warden refused, or at least evaded, this request. Buccleuch then swore that he would bring Kinmont Willie out of Carlisle Castle, alive or dead, with his own hand. Choosing a dark tempestuous night, he assembled two hundred horse at the Tower of Morton, on the water of Sark, about ten miles from Carlisle. Among those selected for this hazardous enterprise were the Lairds of Harden, Branxholm, Goldielands, and Stow, the son of the Laird of Mangerton, chief of the Armstrongs, and Kinmont's four sons—all noted and daring men. With this company, Buccleuch, favoured by the darkness of the night, passed the river Esk unperceived,

rode rapidly through the 'Debatable Land,' forded the Eden, then swollen over its banks, and halted at a small burn named Caday, close by Carlisle. Here he caused eighty of his men to dismount, and silently led them, carrying with them the scaling-ladders, crow-bars, and other iron tools which they had prepared, to the foot of the castle wall.

The night was dark and rainy, and everything seemed to favour the attempt. But, to their disappointment, the ladders proved too short. In this extremity they undermined a postern gate in the wall, and soon made a breach sufficient to admit a single soldier. Those who entered first disarmed and bound the watch, wrenched open the postern from the inside, and admitted their companions. Buccleuch kept the postern, while a body of his men proceeded to the castle jail and released Kinmont, carrying him off in his irons, and sounding their trumpets as a signal that the enterprise was accomplished.* On passing the window of Lord Scrope, Kinmont shouted a 'good-night' to his lordship, asking him at the same time if he had any news for Scotland. Meantime the alarm-bell of the castle rung, and was answered by those of the cathedral and the Moot Hall; drums beat to arms, and the beacon blazed up on the top of the great tower. But as the real strength of the enemy was unknown, all was terror and confusion both in the castle and town. Buccleuch having accomplished his purpose, rode off, the Borderers having strictly obeyed his orders, in forbearing to injure the garrison or to take any booty. Rejoining his men whom he had left on the Caday, he made an orderly retreat, carrying off his rescued prisoner in the midst of his band, and regained the Scottish Border before sunrise.

This daring exploit, one of the last, and certainly most gallant achievements performed upon the Border, was loudly extolled at the time, and has been minutely recorded in the inimitable ballad of *Kinmont Willie*. 'There had never been a more gallant deed of vassalage done in Scotland,' says an old historian, 'no, not in Wallace's days.'

Queen Elizabeth was dreadfully enraged at this insult, and

* 'Now sound out trumpets!' quo' Buccleuch;
'Let's waken Lord Scroop right merrilie!'
Then loud the warden's trumpet blew—
'O wha daur meddle wi' me?'

When the false alarm of invasion was given in 1803, the Liddesdale yeomanry, the moment the blaze was seen, hastened to the place of rendezvous, and swam the river Liddel to reach it. They were assembled in two hours, though several of their houses were six or seven miles distant, and at break of day marched into the town of Hawick, twenty miles from the place of meeting, playing the spirit-stirring old tune, *Wha daur meddle wi' me?* On this being told to Leyden in India, his countenance became animated as the narrator (Sir John Malcolm) proceeded with the detail, and at its close he sprang from his sick-bed, and with strange melody, and still stranger gesticulations, sang aloud: 'Wha daur meddle wi' me?—wha daur meddle wi' me?' The spectators of this scene supposed that he was raving in the delirium of a fever.

demanded, with the most violent complaints and threats, that Buccleuch should be delivered up to the English. So deadly, indeed, was her resentment, that Buccleuch's life is said to have been aimed at, not, as was alleged, without Elizabeth's privity. James for a time resisted compliance with the demand of the English queen, and was zealously supported by the whole body of the nobles and people, and even by the clergy. The matter was at length arranged by the commissioners of both nations at Berwick, by whom it was agreed that the delinquents should be delivered up on both sides, and that the chiefs themselves should enter into ward in the opposite countries till this condition was complied with, and pledges granted for the future maintenance of the quiet of the Borders. Buccleuch was accordingly sent on parole to England, along with Kerr of Cessford. According to ancient tradition, Queen Elizabeth sent for the intrepid chieftain, and demanded of him how he had dared to storm her castle: to which the 'bauld Buccleuch,' nothing daunted, replied: 'What is there that a man dares not do?' Pleased with the rejoinder, she turned to a lord in waiting, and said: 'With a thousand such men, our brother of Scotland might shake the firmest throne in Europe.'

In the reign of Elizabeth, Sir Robert Carey, warden of the west marches, made an excursion into Liddesdale, with the view of quelling the Scottish freebooters in that district. In this, however, he was far from successful. It is related by tradition, that, while he was besieging the moss-troopers in the Tarras, they contrived, by ways known only to themselves, to send a party into England, who plundered the warden's lands. On their return, they sent Carey one of his own cows, telling him that, fearing he might fall short of provisions during his visit to Scotland, they had taken the precaution of sending him some English beef. This practical joke could scarcely be consolatory to the English warden in his march homeward.

After the accession of James to the crown of England, when the jurisdictions on both sides acted more in unison, the most arbitrary measures were resorted to for the suppression of the Border banditti. Many of them were executed without even the formality of a trial. A band of the most desperate of these freebooters was formed by Buccleuch into a legion for the service of the states of Holland; and the Græmes, a hardy and ferocious race, inhabiting chiefly the 'Debatable Land,' were transported to Ireland, and their return prohibited under pain of death.

But the predatory habits of the Borderers were too deeply rooted to be removed so speedily, and they broke forth again upon the slightest encouragement. During the great Civil War, the moss-troopers, taking advantage of the unsettled state of the country, resumed their old profession; and frequent reference is made to their exploits in the diaries and military reports of the time. The labours

of Richard Cameron and other Presbyterian ministers are said to have been very successful in reclaiming them from their licentious habits, though incidents not unfrequently occurred which shewed that the old spirit was not altogether extinguished.

Like the Arabs of the desert, the Border marauders, with all their freebooting propensities, were faithful to their word. Having once pledged their faith, even to an enemy, they were very strict in observing it, and looked upon its violation as a most heinous crime. When an instance of this occurred, the injured person, at the first Border meeting, rode through the field displaying a glove (the pledge of faith) upon the point of his lance, and proclaiming the perfidy of the person who had broken his word. So great was the indignation of the assembly against the perjured criminal, that he was often slain by his own clan, to wipe out the disgrace he had brought on them. In the same spirit of confidence, it was not unusual to behold the victors, after an engagement, dismiss their prisoners upon parole; who never failed either to transmit the stipulated ransom, or to surrender themselves to captivity if unable to do so. Thus, even among the rudest class of men, there often exist good points of character.

BORDER BALLADS.

The history of the Borders—their wars, feuds, and the daring exploits of which they were the fertile scene—has been embalmed in a variety of ballads of great antiquity, the wreck of the legendary lore once common throughout the district. According to all accounts, the old Borderers spent much of their leisure time in listening to the traditionary stories, the songs, and the inspiring strains of minstrels who visited their secluded mountain-homes. Of the mass of ballads and lays which used thus to cheer the Border hearth, and have come down to the present generation, comparatively few, it is observed, belong to the English side of the boundary. Nearly all are Scotch; whether from the greater prevalence of this species of poetry among our Scottish ancestors, or from the greater industry exercised by Scotsmen in gathering together the fragments of ballads, it would be difficult to say.

Unfortunately, many of the ballads once current on the Borders are now lost, and many of them have come down to us in an imperfect and mutilated state. It could scarcely have been otherwise, since they have been almost entirely preserved by oral tradition. Till a very late period, the pipers, of whom there was one attached to each Border town of note, were the great depositaries of these poetical traditions. These minstrels were in the habit of itinerating through a particular district of the country, about spring-time and after harvest, and, in return for the music and the tale, were usually rewarded with their lodging and a

donation of seed-corn. The ancient Scottish gaberlunzie, too, was often repaid by his night's quarters for his contributions in legendary lore. By means of these professed ballad-reciters, much traditional poetry was preserved which must otherwise have perished. Many interesting ballads and tales have also been recovered from the recitations of shepherds and aged persons residing in the recesses of the Border mountains. From these various sources, nearly two hundred different ballads have been collected, several of which are believed to be compositions of the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries; as there is every reason to suppose that these ballads were, in almost every case, composed immediately after the occurrence of the incidents which they commemorate.

The great modern collector of these fine old rhymes, as must be generally known, was Sir Walter Scott, who on divers occasions rode over the more interesting Border tracts, alighting at the cottages of the peasantry, and there and elsewhere noting down all that could be collected of these precious relics. The labours of Sir Walter in this respect were finally laid before the public in his celebrated *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, a work in three volumes, issued in the year 1803, and therefore one of his earliest productions. In this popular collection, enlivened with many traditionary anecdotes, the ancient ballads are divided into two classes—historical and romantic. The first class, again, has been subdivided into two series—those which refer to public historical events, and those which commemorate real circumstances in private life. To the former of these belong the metrical narratives of the *Battle of Otterburn*, *Johnnie Armstrong*, the *Raid of the Reidswire*, and *Kinmont Willie*, &c.: to the latter, the *Douglas Tragedy*, and the *Dowie Dens of Yarrow*. It would be unreasonable to expect that compositions originating in such a state of society as we have described should exhibit either refined sentiment or elegant expression. But they abound in natural pathos and rude energy, and present a picture of the manners and feelings of the times which renders them highly valuable. The romantic ballads are different in almost every respect from the first two classes, and may be regarded as an embodiment of the popular superstitions of the time—a record of the fancied exploits of fairies, ghaists, brownies, and bogles—

> 'Of airy elves by moonlight shadows seen,
> The silver token and the circled green.'

Their stories are in general only such simple and familiar incidents as take place in a rude state of society; and, what is more, they are almost all common to every nation in the world.

Along with the ancient ballads in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, Sir Walter has presented some modern ones, the composition generally of living authors at the time, written in imitation

of those handed down by tradition. Among these we might instance the *Mermaid*, by Leyden, and the *Murder of Caerlaveroc*, by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe.

PRESENT STATE OF THE BORDERS.

The union of the crowns of England and Scotland in 1606, as has been stated, greatly changed the character of the Borders; and the union of the kingdoms in 1707, with the establishment of the modern sheriffdoms, reduced the entire district to law and order. Latterly, with the progress of improvement, barren wastes, once the resort of freebooters, have become fruitful fields: towns and hamlets, mansions, farm-steadings, and cottages, now enliven those scenes which for ages had been marked by works of hostility; and in those defiles where the rude reivers found a refuge, rich and almost countless flocks have long wandered in perfect security; while the ruined towers of the Border chiefs, scattered throughout the district, present a striking memorial of times and manners that have long gone by.

The eastern marches, where the Douglases and the Homes once ruled and fought, are now universally allowed to form the most fertile and best cultivated part of Scotland—the place where nature has been kindest, and the husbandman most inclined to cultivate her good graces. To the eye of a traveller, it seems rather a portion of rich and lovely England, than of this 'land of mountain and of flood.' It is tinged, as it were, with the geniality of the country to which it adjoins. It possesses the glorious hedgerows of England in the fullest perfection, with the lines of trees between, making each field resemble a splendid picture, deeply and doubly framed. Here also are to be seen houses built with less regard to the harsh climate of Scotland than those farther north. The honeysuckle and eglantine luxuriate around slim cottages and villas, whose large bow-windows, presented towards 'the sweet south,' give assurance that there is here a greater sum-total of summer delights than of winter discomfort. This highly favoured district is purely agricultural and pastoral, and is occupied by a population distinguished for their intelligence, industry, and piety. The Tweed, the most lovely of Scottish rivers, with its far-famed tributaries, contributes to its beauty and fertility. On the banks of this classic stream stand the impressive ruins of the abbeys of Melrose, Dryburgh, and Kelso, where the ashes of kings and barons, the flower of Border chivalry, have long mingled with those of their peaceful contemporaries—abbots and monks. The whole region abounds in legends, and superstitions, and spirit-stirring tales, and has been from time immemorial the subject and the birthplace of Scottish song.

The vale of the Teviot, which includes the greater part of the county of Roxburgh—the ancient middle marches of the Border—is scarcely less beautiful and fertile, and has been celebrated by

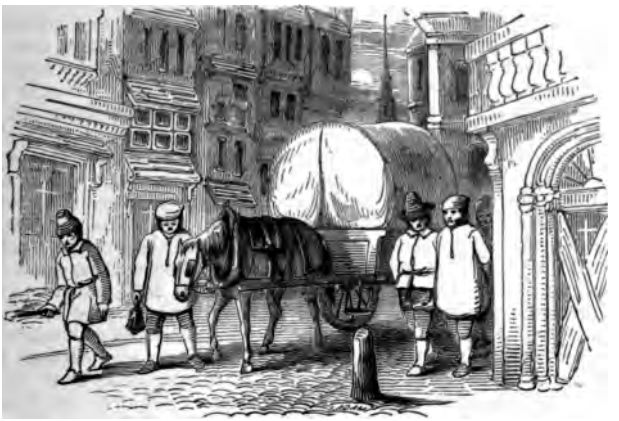
Scottish lyrists in strains no less encomiastic. It is the country of Thomson, Leyden, and Scott; and is the scene of tales, songs, and traditions innumerable. The lower part of the vale is purely agricultural; and as Leyden has justly remarked, in the vicinity of Kelso, where the Teviot joins the Tweed, its scenery rivals the beauty of an Italian landscape. The upper part of the district—

'Where Cheviot's ridges swell to meet the sky'—

partakes more of a pastoral character; but all is green and cheerful to the tops of the highest hills, and though still wild and solitary, is pleasingly rural. The whole of this region, once the centre of Border raids—the land of the Rutherfords, Elliots, Turnbulls, and other turbulent clans—is now a scene of beauty and fertility scarcely equalled in any part of the country.

'Dark and dismantled lies each ancient peel.
* * * *
Their native turbulence resigned, the swains
Feed their gay flocks along these heaths and plains.'

Even in Liddesdale—where, as might have been expected, the primitive manners of the Borders lingered long after they had become extinct in other parts of the country—all has been changed; and in the whole island you do not look upon a greener, softer, more cultivated, or more accessible region.



HISTORY OF THE PLAGUE IN LONDON.

ONE of the most striking facts presented to us by history is the recurrence, at irregular intervals of time, of virulent diseases of an extraordinary character, which, breaking out unexpectedly in particular localities, have spread sometimes over certain defined districts, sometimes over entire countries, sometimes over all the civilised world, and sometimes even, it would appear, over the whole surface of our planet, everywhere defying the power and skill of man, and sweeping off myriads to their graves. To these awful visitations men have given the name, at once vague and appropriate, of the Pestilence or the Plague; reserving the name, however, especially for those cases in which human beings are the victims, and distinguishing similar recorded instances of unusual mortality among the lower animals by the name of the Murrain.

Of a general or universal plague, the best known instance in modern times is the famous pestilence, or 'Black Death,' as it was called, of 1348–9, which, taking its rise in Asia, spread westward into Europe, and raged fearfully for many months. The best account we have of this pestilence is that given by the celebrated Italian writer Boccaccio, in the introduction to his *Decameron*, where there is a vivid description of its ravages in the city of Florence. Of all the other narratives of a pestilence extant, the two most celebrated are that of the plague at Athens, in the year 430 before Christ, by Thucydides, and that of the Great Plague of London, in 1664–5, by Daniel Defoe. No other narrative of the same description can be

compared for truthfulness and accuracy with these two accounts, which, though written at an interval of two thousand years, the one by an ancient Greek, the other by an Englishman of the reign of Queen Anne, yet resemble each other in many points. There is this difference, however, between them, that while Thucydides was an actual eye and ear witness of what he describes, and was himself ill of the plague, Defoe wrote his account upwards of fifty years after the calamity to which it refers, and could have been but a mere infant in the arms when the plague was raging. Still, there is abundant evidence that Defoe took pains to make his account an authentic one, by collecting such anecdotes and minute particulars as could be obtained from acquaintances who had survived the plague, as well as by consulting all the public and parish records and printed pamphlets by medical men and others relative to the plague-year. His account, accordingly, may with perfect confidence be taken as, what it pretends to be, that of an eye-witness, who describes from personal recollection. In the following tract, therefore, we will present our readers with an abridgment of Defoe's *Journal of the Plague-year in London;* retaining the whole substance of that inimitable account, and interweaving, as we proceed, such additional particulars as we can obtain from other sources.

BREAKING OUT OF THE PLAGUE IN LONDON.

During the early part of the seventeenth century, London had been repeatedly, if not almost yearly, visited by the plague: the generally confined thoroughfares, and the absence of any proper sanitary regulations, affording it on all occasions more or less scope. These visitations, common as they were, usually created some degree of alarm; and therefore, when it was announced, in the month of September 1664, that plague had made its appearance in the metropolis, a certain excitement in the public mind was created. Little, however, appears to have been done to avert the contagion, and it may be said to have existed till the ensuing spring without any decided means being taken for its suppression.

At length, in March 1665, things became more alarming; it was ascertained that in St Giles and the neighbouring parishes several persons had died of plague. In May the weather became warm, so as to aggravate the complaint; and 'in June,' proceeds Defoe, 'the infection spread in a dreadful manner. I lived without Aldgate, about midway between Aldgate Church and Whitechapel Bars, on the left-hand or north side of the street; and as the distemper had not reached to that side of the city, our neighbourhood continued very easy. But at the other end of the town their consternation was very great; and the richer sort of people, especially the nobility and gentry, from the west part of the city, thronged out of town, with their families and servants, in an unusual manner; and this was

more particularly seen in Whitechapel; that is to say, the broad street where I lived. Indeed, nothing was to be seen but wagons and carts with goods, women, servants, children, &c.—coaches filled with people of the better sort, and horsemen attending them, and all hurrying away. This hurry continued some weeks; and the more so, because it was rumoured that an order of the government was to be issued out to place turnpikes and barriers on the road, to prevent people's travelling; and that the towns on the road would not suffer people from London to pass, for fear of bringing the infection along with them; though neither of these rumours had any foundation but in the imagination, especially at first.'

These accounts by Defoe of the rapid spread of the plague, and the alarm which it caused, are borne out by other authorities. Thus, on the 13th of May, we find a privy-council held at Whitehall relative to the infection, and a committee of the lords appointed to consider the means of checking its progress. Under the auspices of this committee, the College of Physicians drew up a small pamphlet containing directions for the cure of the plague, as well as for preventing infection. One of the articles of this precious medical code is somewhat amusing. It is as follows: 'Pull off the feathers from the tails of *living* cocks, hens, pigeons, or chickens; and holding their bills, hold them hard to the botch or swelling, and so keep them at that part till they die, and by this means draw out the poison. It is good also to apply a cupping-glass, or embers in a dish, with a handful of sorrel upon the embers.'

An extract from Pepys's *Diary* will help to give an idea of the excitement in London at the time the plague was beginning to rage. 'June 7, the hottest day that ever I felt in my life. This day, much against my will, I did in Drury Lane see two or three houses marked with a red cross upon the doors, and "*Lord, have mercy on us!*" writ there; which was a sad sight to me.' Again, on the 17th of the same month, Pepys writes: 'This afternoon, going with a hackney-coach from the Lord Treasurer's house down Holborn, the coachman I found to drive easily and easily, at last stood still, and came down, hardly able to stand, and told me that he was suddenly struck very sick, and almost blind; he could not see; so I alighted, and went into another coach with a sad heart for the poor man, and for myself also, lest he should have been struck with the plague.'

To resume Defoe's account. 'I now began,' he says, 'to consider seriously with myself concerning my own case, and how I should dispose of myself; that is to say, whether I should resolve to stay in London, or shut up my house and flee, as many of my neighbours did. After much anxious considering, sometimes resolving one way, sometimes another, I came to the conclusion that, upon the whole, it was my duty, and expedient for me in my trade and business, being that of a saddler, and though a single man, with a house

and shop full of goods to take care of, to remain in town, casting myself entirely upon the goodness and protection of the Almighty. I had an elder brother, however, a married man, who with his wife and children went out of town. During the month of July, and while our part of the town seemed to be spared in comparison of the west part, I went ordinarily about the streets as my business required, and generally went once in a day or in two days into the city to my brother's house, which he had given me charge of, and to see it was safe. But the city also began to be visited with the disease; and all this month of July people continued to flee. In August they fled in still greater numbers, so that I began to think there would be really none but magistrates and servants left in the city.

'Business led me out sometimes to the other end of the town, even when the sickness was chiefly there; and as the thing was new to me, as well as to everybody else, it was a most surprising thing to see those streets, which were usually so thronged, now grown desolate. One day being at that part of the town on some special business, curiosity led me to observe things more than usually, and indeed I walked a great way where I had no business; I went up Holborn, and there the street was full of people, but they walked in the middle of the great street, neither on one side nor other, because, as I suppose, they would not mingle with anybody that came out of houses, or meet with smells and scents from houses that might be infected. The inns of court were all shut up, nor were very many of the lawyers in the Temple, or Lincoln's Inn, or Gray's Inn, to be seen there. Whole rows of houses, in some places, were shut close up; the inhabitants all fled, and only a watchman or two left.

'It must not be forgot here that the city and suburbs were prodigiously full of people at the time of this visitation—I mean at the time that it began. The town was computed to have in it above one hundred thousand people more than ever it held before; the joy of the Restoration having alone brought a vast number of families to London.

'The apprehensions of the people were strangely increased by the error of the times, in which, I think, the people, from what principle I cannot imagine, were more addicted to prophecies and astrological conjurations, dreams and old wives' tales, than ever they were before or since. People took to reading Lilly's *Almanac*, and other such exciting works, almost all of which foretold the ruin of the city. Many persons, frantic from these or other causes, ran about the streets predicting all sorts of horrors. The trade of fortune-telling became so open, and so generally practised, that it became common to have signs and inscriptions set up at doors: "Here lives a fortune-teller," "Here lives an astrologer," &c. Certain it is that innumerable attendants crowded about their doors every day; and if but a grave fellow, in a velvet jacket, a band, and

a black cloak, which was the habit those quack-conjurers generally went in, was but seen in the streets, the people would follow him in crowds, and ask him questions as he went along.

'Gay and luxurious as the court then was, it began to put on a face of just concern for the public danger; all the plays and interludes which, after the manner of the French court, had been set up and began to increase among us, were forbid to act; the gaming-tables, public dancing-rooms, and music-houses, which multiplied and began to debauch the manners of the people, were shut up and suppressed; and the jack-puddings, merry-andrews, puppet-shows, rope-dancers, and such like doings, which had bewitched the common people, shut their shops, finding indeed no trade, for the minds of the people were agitated with other things, and a kind of sadness and horror at these things sat upon the countenances even of the common people; death was before their eyes, and everybody began to think of his grave, not of mirth and diversions.

'On the other hand, it was incredible, and scarcely to be imagined, how the posts of houses and corners of streets were plastered over with doctors' bills, and papers of ignorant fellows quacking and tampering in physic, and inviting people to come to them for remedies, which was generally set off with such flourishes as these; namely, "Infallible Preventive Pills against the Plague:" "Never-failing Preservatives against the Infection:" "Sovereign Cordials against the Corruption of Air:" "Exact Regulations for the Conduct of the Body in Case of Infection; Anti-pestilential Pills:" "Incomparable Drink against the Plague, never found out before:" "A Universal Remedy for the Plague:" "The only True Plague-water:" "The Royal Antidote against all kinds of Infection:" and such a number more that I cannot reckon up, and if I could, would fill a book of themselves to set them down.

'Others set up bills to summon people to their lodgings for direction and advice in the case of infection; these had specious titles also, such as these: "An eminent High-Dutch physician, newly come over from Holland, where he resided during all the time of the great plague last year in Amsterdam, and cured multitudes of people that actually had the plague upon them." "An Italian gentlewoman, just arrived from Naples, having a choice secret to prevent infection, which she found out by her great experience, and did wonderful cures with it in the late plague there, wherein there died 20,000 in one day."'

But there was another madness beyond all this. 'This was in wearing charms, philtres, exorcisms, amulets, and I know not what preparations, to fortify the body against the plague, as if the plague was not the hand of God, but a kind of a possession of an evil spirit; and it was to be kept off with crossings, signs of the zodiac, papers tied up with so many knots, and certain words or figures written on them, as particularly that famous word ABRACADABRA,

with the letters arranged in a triangle or pyramid.' In short, all remedies were grasped at that quackery or ignorance could suggest; the plague meanwhile spreading far and wide.

THE PLAGUE INCREASES—PRECAUTIONS TAKEN BY THE MAGISTRATES—HOUSES SHUT UP.

The mortality increased as the summer advanced. Thus, for the week ending the 13th of June 1665, the number of burials, according to the bills of mortality, were 558, and of these 112 were from plague; in the following week, the deaths from plague were reported at 168; in the week ending the 27th of June, they had risen to 267; and in that ending the 4th of July, they were 470; and to all these returns would require to be added the numbers of those who had really died of plague, but whose deaths had been attributed by their friends to other diseases.

It was at the beginning of July that the lord mayor and magistrates of the city of London—whose conduct during the whole period of the plague was as noble and praiseworthy as the conduct of public officers in a great emergency could be—published their orders for the regulation of the city. By these orders were appointed, in every parish, persons with the title of *examiners*, who were to be citizens of good repute, and whose office was to last two months. These examiners were to 'be sworn by the aldermen, to inquire and learn from time to time what houses in every parish be visited, and what persons be sick, and of what diseases, as near as they can inform themselves; and upon doubt in that case, to command restraint of access until it appear what the disease shall prove; and if they find any person sick of the infection, to give orders to the constable that the house be shut up; and if the constable shall be found remiss and negligent, to give notice thereof to the alderman of the ward.'

Besides these examiners, there were to be 'women-searchers in every parish, such as are of honest reputation, and of the best sort as can be got in this kind; and these to be sworn to make due search and true report, to the utmost of their knowledge, whether the persons whose bodies they are appointed to search do die of the infection, or of what other diseases, as near as they can. No searcher, during the time of visitation, to be permitted to use any public work or employment, or keep a shop or stall, or be employed as a laundress, or in any other common employment whatsoever.'

Surgeons were also to be appointed in each parish. 'And forasmuch as the said chirurgeons are to be sequestered from all other cures, and kept only to this disease of the infection, it is ordered that every of the said chirurgeons shall have twelvepence a body searched by them, to be paid out of the goods of the party searched, if he be able, or otherwise by the parish.'

Lastly, there were to be nurses or keepers to attend the sick

persons in their houses, and watchmen to prevent ingress into or egress from the infected houses. The order for the watchmen was as follows: 'That to every infected house there be appointed two watchmen, one for every day, and the other for the night; and that these watchmen have a special care that no person go in or out of such infected houses whereof they have the charge, upon pain of severe punishment. And the said watchmen to do such further offices as the sick house shall need and require; and if the watchman be sent upon any business, to lock up the house, and take the key with him; and the watchman by day to attend until ten o'clock at night, and the watchman by night until six in the morning.'

The general regulations to be observed by householders were as follow: 'Orders concerning Infected Houses and Persons Sick of the Plague.—Notice to be given of the sickness. The master of every house, as soon as any one in his house complaineth either of blotch, or purple, or swelling in any part of his body, or falleth otherwise dangerously sick without apparent cause of some other disease, shall give notice thereof to the examiner of health within two hours after the said sign shall appear.

'Sequestration of the sick.—As soon as any man shall be found by this examiner, chirurgeon, or searcher to be sick of the plague, he shall, the same night, be sequestered in the same house; and in case he be so sequestered, then, though they die not, the house wherein he sickened should be shut up for a month, after the use of the due preservatives taken by the rest.

'Airing the stuff.—For sequestration of the goods and stuff of the infection, their bedding, and apparel, and hangings of chambers must be well aired with fire, and such perfumes as are requisite, within the infected house, before they be taken again to use. This to be done by the appointment of the examiner.

'Shutting up of the house.—If any person shall visit any man known to be infected of the plague, or entereth willingly into any known infected house, being not allowed, the house wherein he inhabiteth shall be shut up for certain days by the examiner's direction.

'None to be removed out of infected houses.—That none be removed out of the house where he falleth sick of the infection into any other house in the city (except it be to the pest-house, or a tent, or into some such house which the owner of the said house holdeth in his own hands, and occupieth by his own servants), and so as security be given to the said parish whither such remove is made, that the attendance and charge about the said visited persons shall be observed and charged in all the particularities before expressed, without any cost of that parish to which any such remove shall happen to be made; and this remove to be done by night: and it shall be lawful to any person that hath two houses, to remove either his sound or his infected people to his spare house at his choice, so

as if he send away first his sound, he do not after send thither the sick, nor again unto the sick the sound; and that the same which he sendeth be for one week at the least shut up, and secluded from company, for fear of some infection at first not appearing.

'Burial of the dead.—That the burial of the dead by this visitation be at most convenient hours, always before sun-rising, or after sun-setting, with the privity of the churchwardens or constable, and not otherwise; and that no neighbours nor friends be suffered to accompany the corpse to church, or to enter the house visited, upon pain of having his house shut up, or be imprisoned. And that no corpse dying of the infection shall be buried, or remain in any church in time of common prayer, sermon, or lecture; and that no children be suffered, at the time of burial of any corpse, in any church, churchyard, or burying-place, to come near the corpse, coffin, or grave; and that all graves shall be at least six feet deep. And further, all public assemblies at other burials are to be forborne during the continuance of this visitation.

'No infected stuff to be uttered.—That no clothes, stuff, bedding, or garments, be suffered to be carried or conveyed out of any infected houses; and that the criers and carriers abroad of bedding or old apparel to be sold or pawned be utterly prohibited and restrained; and no brokers of bedding or old apparel be permitted to make any public show, or hang forth on their stalls, shop-boards, or windows towards any street, lane, common-way, or passage, any old bedding or apparel to be sold, upon pain of imprisonment. And if any broker or other person shall buy any bedding, apparel, or other stuff out of any infected house, within two months after the infection hath been there, his house shall be shut up as infected, and so shall continue shut up twenty days at the least.

'Every visited house to be marked.—That every house visited be marked with a red cross, of a foot long, in the middle of the door, evident to be seen, and with these usual printed words; that is to say: "Lord, have mercy upon us!" to be set close over the same cross, there to continue until lawful opening of the same house.

'Every visited house to be watched.—That the constables see every house shut up, and to be attended with watchmen, which may keep in, and minister necessaries to them at their own charges, if they be able, or at the common charge if they be unable. The shutting up to be for the space of four weeks after all be whole. That precise order be taken that the searchers, chirurgeons, keepers, and buriers are not to pass the streets without holding a red rod or wand of three feet in length in their hands, open and evident to be seen; and are not to go into any other house than into their own, or into that whereunto they are directed or sent for, but to forbear and abstain from company, especially when they have been lately used in any such business or attendance.

'*Inmates.—That* where several inmates are in one and the same

house, and any person in that house happens to be infected, no other person or family of such house shall be suffered to remove him or themselves without a certificate from the examiners of the health of that parish; or in default thereof, the house whither she or they remove shall be shut up, as is in case of visitation.

'Hackney-coaches.—That care be taken of hackney-coachmen, that they may not, as some of them have been observed to do, after carrying of infected persons to the pest-house and other places, be admitted to common use till their coaches be well aired, and have stood unemployed by the space of five or six days after such service.

'For the better execution of these orders, and such other rules and directions as upon further consideration shall be found needful, it was ordered and enjoined that the aldermen, deputies, and common-councilmen should meet together weekly, once, twice, thrice, or oftener, as cause should require, at some one general place accustomed in their respective wards, being clear from infection of the plague, to consult how the said orders may be put in execution.'

These orders extended of course only to that part of London called the City, which was under the jurisdiction of the lord mayor and aldermen; similar precautions, however, were put in force by the authorities in the other parts of the metropolis.

From the date of the publication of these orders, all the houses in which any one was ill of the plague were shut up and watched. How fearful to have walked along the deserted streets, seeing at every few paces a door boarded up, with a huge red cross painted on it, and the awful words, 'Lord, have mercy on us!' written above. But to gain an idea of these horrors, we must return to Defoe. 'The shutting up of houses,' he says, 'was at first counted a very cruel and unchristian method, and the poor people so confined made bitter lamentations; complaints of the severity of it were also daily brought to my lord mayor, of houses causelessly, and some maliciously shut up. I cannot say but, upon inquiry, many that complained so loudly were found in a condition to be continued; and others again, inspection being made upon the sick person, and the sickness not appearing infectious; or if uncertain, yet, on his being content to be carried to the pest-house, was released.'

The precautions adopted to keep the infected in their houses in many cases failed; for they got out by the connivance of neighbours, through gardens or courts in the rear of the dwellings. Many who thus escaped were driven to dreadful exigencies and extremities, and perished in the streets or fields for mere want, or dropped down by the raging violence of the fever upon them. Others wandered into the country, and went forward any way as their desperation guided them, not knowing whither they went or would go, till, faint and tired, and not getting any relief—the houses and villages on the

road refusing to admit them to lodge, whether infected or not—they have perished by the roadside, or gotten into barns and died there, none daring to come to them, or relieve them, though perhaps not infected, for nobody would believe them.

'To come back to the case of families infected and shut up in their houses. The misery of those families is not to be expressed; and it was generally in such houses that we heard the most dismal shrieks and outcries of the poor people, terrified, and even frightened to death, by the sight of the condition of their dearest relations, and by the terror of being imprisoned as they were.

'As for myself, I went all the first part of the time freely about the streets, though not so freely as to run myself into apparent danger, except when they dug the great pit in the churchyard of our parish of Aldgate. A terrible pit it was, and I could not resist my curiosity to go and see it. As near as I may judge, it was about forty feet in length, and about fifteen or sixteen feet broad, and, at the time I first looked at it, about nine feet deep; but it was said they dug it near twenty feet deep afterwards in one part of it, till they could go no deeper for the water, for they had, it seems, dug several large pits before this; for though the plague was long a-coming to our parish, yet, when it did come, there was no parish in or about London where it raged with such violence as in the two parishes of Aldgate and Whitechapel.

'I say they had dug several pits in another ground when the distemper began to spread in our parish, and especially when the dead-carts began to go about, which was not in our parish till the beginning of August. Into these pits they had put perhaps fifty or sixty bodies each; then they made larger holes, wherein they buried all that the cart brought in a week, which, by the middle to the end of August, came to from two hundred to four hundred a week; and they could not well dig them larger, because of the order of the magistrates confining them to leave no bodies within six feet of the surface; and the water coming on at about seventeen or eighteen feet, they could not well, I say, put more in one pit; but now, at the beginning of September—the plague raging in a dreadful manner, and the number of burials in our parish increasing to more than was ever buried in any parish about London of no larger extent—they ordered this dreadful gulf to be dug; for such it was, rather than a pit.

'They had supposed this pit would have supplied them for a month or more when they dug it; and some blamed the churchwardens for suffering such a frightful thing, telling them that they were making preparations to bury the whole parish, and the like. But time made it appear the churchwardens knew the condition of the parish better than they did; for the pit being finished on the 4th of September, I think they began to bury in it on the 6th, and by the 20th, which was just two weeks, they had thrown into it 1114

bodies, when they were obliged to fill it up, the bodies being then come to lie within six feet of the surface. I doubt not but there may be some ancient persons alive in the parish who can justify the fact of this, and are able to shew even in what place of the churchyard the pit lay better than I can. The mark of it also was many years to be seen in the churchyard on the surface, lying in length parallel with the passage which goes by the west wall of the churchyard, out of Houndsditch, and turns east again into Whitechapel, coming out near the *Three Nuns* Inn.

'It was about the 10th of September that my curiosity led, or rather drove me to go and see this pit again, when there had been near 400 people buried in it; and I was not content to see it in the daytime, as I had done before, for then there would have been nothing to have been seen but the loose earth, for all the bodies that were thrown in were immediately covered with earth by those they called the buriers, which at other times were called bearers; but I resolved to go in the night, and see some of them thrown in.

'There was a strict order to prevent people coming to those pits, and that was only to prevent infection; but after some time that order was more necessary, for people that were infected, and near their end, and delirious also, would run to those pits, wrapped in blankets or rugs, and throw themselves in, and, as they said, bury themselves. I cannot say that the officers suffered any willingly to lie there; but I have heard that, in a great pit in Finsbury, in the parish of Cripplegate—it lying open then to the fields, for it was not then walled about—many came and threw themselves in, and expired there, before they threw any earth upon them; and that, when they came to bury others, and found them there, they were quite dead, though not cold.

'This may serve a little to describe the dreadful condition of that day, though it is impossible to say anything that is able to give a true idea of it to those who did not see it, other than this, that it was indeed very dreadful, and such as no tongue can express.

'I got admittance into the churchyard by being acquainted with the sexton who attended, who, though he did not refuse me at all, yet earnestly persuaded me not to go, telling me very seriously—for he was a good religious and sensible man—that it was indeed their business and duty to venture and to run all hazards, and that in it they might hope to be preserved; but that I had no apparent call to it but my own curiosity, which, he said, he believed I would not pretend was sufficient to justify my running that hazard. I told him I had been pressed in my mind to go, and that, perhaps, it might be an instructing sight that might not be without its uses. "Nay," says the good man, "if you will venture upon that score, 'name of God go in; for depend upon it, it will be a sermon to you, it may be the best that ever you heard in your life. It is a speaking sight," says he, "and has a voice with it, and a loud one, to call us all to

repentance;" and with that he opened the door, and said: "Go, if you will."

'His discourse had shocked my resolution a little, and I stood wavering for a good while; but just at that interval I saw two links come over from the end of the Minories, and heard the bellman, and then appeared a dead-cart, as they called it, coming over the streets; so I could no longer resist my desire of seeing it, and went in. There was nobody, as I could perceive, at first in the churchyard, or going into it, but the buriers and the fellow that drove the cart, or rather led the horse and cart; but when they came up to the pit, they saw a man go to and again, muffled up in a brown cloak, and making motions with his hands under his cloak, as if he was in great agony; and the buriers immediately gathered about him, supposing he was one of those poor delirious or desperate creatures that used to pretend, as I have said, to bury themselves. He said nothing as he walked about, but two or three times groaned very deeply and loud, and sighed as if he would break his heart.

'When the buriers came up to him, they soon found he was neither a person infected and desperate, as I have observed above, nor a person distempered in mind, but one oppressed with a dreadful weight of grief indeed, having his wife and several of his children all in the cart that was just come in with him, and he followed in an agony and excess of sorrow. He mourned heartily, as it was easy to see, but with a kind of masculine grief that could not give itself vent by tears; and calmly desiring the buriers to let him alone, said he would only see the bodies thrown in, and go away; so they left importuning him. But no sooner was the cart turned round, and the bodies shot into the pit promiscuously, which was a surprise to him, for he at least expected they would have been decently laid in, though, indeed, he was afterwards convinced that was impracticable; I say no sooner did he see the sight, but he cried out aloud, unable to contain himself. I could not hear what he said, but he went backward two or three steps, and fell down in a swoon. The buriers ran to him and took him up, and in a little while he came to himself, and they led him away to the *Pie Tavern*, over against the end of Houndsditch, where it seems the man was known, and where they took care of him.

'As the plague increased, there was but one shift that some families had, and that not a few, when their houses happened to be infected; and that was this: the families who, in the first breaking out of the distemper, fled away into the country, and had retreats among their friends, generally found some one or other of their neighbours or relations to commit the charge of those houses to, for the safety of the goods, and the like. Some houses were indeed entirely locked up, the doors padlocked, the windows and doors having deal-boards nailed over them, and only the inspection of *them committed to* the ordinary watchmen and parish officers; but

these were but few. It was thought that there were not less than 1000 houses forsaken of the inhabitants in the city and suburbs, including what was in the out-parishes, and in Surrey, or the side of the water they called Southwark. This was besides the numbers of lodgers, and of particular persons who were fled out of their families, so that in all it was computed that about 200,000 people were fled and gone in all.

'For my own part, I had in my family only an ancient woman that managed the house, a maid-servant, two apprentices, and myself; and the plague beginning to increase about us, I had many sad thoughts about what course I should take, and how I should act. The many dismal objects which happened everywhere as I went about the streets, had filled my mind with a great deal of horror, for fear of the distemper itself, which was indeed very horrible in itself, and in some more than others: the swellings, which were generally in the neck or groin, when they grew hard, and would not break, grew so painful, that it was equal to the most exquisite torture; and some, not able to bear the torment, threw themselves out at windows, or shot themselves, or otherwise made themselves away; and I saw several dismal objects of that kind: others, unable to contain themselves, vented their pain by incessant roarings; and such loud and lamentable cries were to be heard, as we walked along the streets, that would pierce the very heart to think of, especially when it was to be considered that the same dreadful scourge might be expected every moment to seize upon ourselves.

'Terrified by those frightful objects, I would retire home sometimes, and resolve to go out no more; and perhaps I would keep these resolutions for three or four days, which time I spent in the most serious thankfulness for my preservation, and the preservation of my family, and the constant confession of my sins, giving myself up to God every day, and applying to him with fasting, and humiliation, and meditation; such intervals as I had, I employed in reading books, and in writing down my memorandums of what occurred to me every day.

'I had a very good friend, a physician, whose name was Heath, whom I frequently visited during this dismal time, and to whose advice I was very much obliged for many things. Dr Heath coming to visit me, and finding that I ventured so often out in the streets, earnestly persuaded me to lock myself up and my family, and not to suffer any of us to go out of doors; to keep all our windows fast, shutters and curtains close, and never to open them; but first to make a very strong smoke in the room, where the window or door was to be opened, with rosin and pitch, brimstone and gunpowder, and the like: and we did this for some time; but as I had not laid in a store of provision for such a retreat, it was impossible that we could keep within doors entirely. However, I attempted, though it was so very late, to do something towards it; and first, as I had

convenience both for brewing and baking, I went and bought two sacks of meal, and for several weeks, having an oven, we baked all our own bread; also I bought malt, and brewed as much beer as all the casks I had would hold, and which seemed enough to serve my house for five or six weeks; also I laid in a quantity of salt butter and Cheshire cheese; but I had no flesh-meat, and the plague raged so violently among the butchers and slaughter-houses on the other side of our street, where they are known to dwell in great numbers, that it was not advisable so much as to go over the street among them.

'It is true people used all possible precaution: when any one bought a joint of meat in the market, they would not take it out of the butcher's hand, but took it off the hooks themselves. On the other hand, the butcher would not touch the money, but have it put into a pot full of vinegar, which he kept for that purpose. The buyer always carried small money, to make up any odd sum, that they might take no change. They carried bottles for scents and perfumes in their hands, and all the means that could be used were employed; but then the poor could not do even these things, and they went at all hazards. Innumerable dismal stories we heard every day on this very account. Sometimes a man or woman dropped down dead in the very markets; for many people that had the plague upon them knew nothing of it till the inward gangrene had affected their vitals, and they died in a few moments; this caused that many died frequently in that manner in the street suddenly, without any warning; others perhaps had time to go to the next bulk or stall, or to any door or porch, and just sit down and die. These objects were so frequent in the streets, that when the plague came to be very raging on one side, there was scarcely any passing by the streets, but that several dead bodies would be lying here and there upon the ground: on the other hand, it is observable that though at first the people would stop as they went along, and call to the neighbours to come out on such an occasion, yet afterwards no notice was taken of them; but that if at any time we found a corpse lying, go across the way, and not come near it; or if in a narrow lane or passage, go back again, and seek some other way to go on the business we were upon; and in these cases the corpse was always left till the officers had notice to come and take it away, or till night, when the bearers attending the dead-cart would take it up and carry it away.'

THE PLAGUE AT ITS HEIGHT—AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER 1665.

During the month of July the plague had been fearfully increasing. The deaths by plague for the week ending the 4th of July had been, *as we have mentioned*, 470; the deaths, however, for the week ending

the 1st of August were reported at 2010; and this, as usual, was far below the real number.

'I had,' continues Defoe, 'taken my friend the physician's advice, and locked myself and my family up, and resolved to suffer the hardship of living a few months without flesh-meat, rather than to purchase it at the hazard of our lives.

'But though I confined my family, I could not prevail upon my unsatisfied curiosity to stay within entirely myself; and though I generally came frightened and terrified home, yet I could not restrain; only that, indeed, I did not do it so frequently as at first.

'In these walks I had many dismal scenes before my eyes, as, particularly, of persons falling dead in the streets, terrible shrieks and screechings of women, who, in their agonies, would throw open their chamber windows, and cry out in a dismal surprising manner. It is impossible to describe the variety of postures in which the passions of the poor people would express themselves.

'Passing through Token-House Yard, in Lothbury, of a sudden a casement violently opened just over my head, and a woman gave three frightful screeches, and then cried: "O death, death, death!" in a most inimitable tone, and which struck me with horror, and a chilliness in my very blood. There was nobody to be seen in the whole street, neither did any other window open, for people had no curiosity now in any case, nor could anybody help one another; so I went on to pass into Bell-alley.

'Just in Bell-alley, on the right hand of the passage, there was a more terrible cry than that, though it was not so directed out at the window; but the whole family were in a terrible fright, and I could hear women and children run screaming about the rooms like distracted, when a garret window opened, and somebody from a window on the other side the alley called and asked: "What is the matter?" Upon which, from the first window, it was answered: "My old master has hanged himself!"

'It is scarcely credible what dreadful cases happened in particular families every day. People, in the rage of the distemper, or in the torment of their swellings, which was indeed intolerable, running out of their own government, raving and distracted, and oftentimes laying violent hands upon themselves, throwing themselves out at their windows, shooting themselves, &c. Mothers murdering their own children in their lunacy; some dying of mere grief, as a passion; some of mere fright and surprise, without any infection at all; others frightened into idiotism and foolish distractions; some into despair and lunacy; others into melancholy madness.

'The pain of the swelling was in particular very violent, and to some intolerable; the physicians and surgeons may be said to have tortured many poor creatures even to death. The swellings in some grew hard, and they applied violent drawing-plasters or poultices to break them; and if these did not do, they cut and scarified them in

a terrible manner. In some, those swellings were made hard, partly by the force of the distemper, and partly by their being too violently drawn; and were so hard, that no instrument could cut them; and then they burned them with caustics, so that many died raving mad with the torment, and some in the very operation. In these distresses, some, for want of help to hold them down in their beds, or to look to them, laid hands upon themselves, as already stated; some broke out into the streets, perhaps naked, and would run directly down to the river, if they were not stopped by the watchmen or other officers, and plunge themselves into the water wherever they found it.

'We had at this time a great many frightful stories told us of nurses and watchmen who looked after the dying people; that is to say, hired nurses, who attended infected people, using them barbarously, starving them, smothering them, or by other wicked means hastening their end; that is to say, murdering of them. And watchmen being set to guard houses that were shut up, when there has been but one person left, and perhaps that one lying sick, that they have broken in and murdered that body, and immediately throwing it out into the dead-cart; and so it has gone scarcely cold to the grave.

'I cannot say but that some such murders were committed, and I think two were sent to prison for it, but died before they could be tried; and I have heard that three others, at several times, were executed for murders of that kind. But I must say I believe nothing of its being so common a crime as some have since been pleased to say.

'The robberies extended chiefly to wearing-clothes, linen, and what rings or money they could come at, when the person died who was under their care, but not to a general plunder of the houses; and I could give you an account of one of these nurses, who, several years after, being on her death-bed, confessed, with the utmost horror, the robberies she had committed at the time of her being a nurse, and by which she had enriched herself to a great degree; but as for murders, I do not find that there was ever any proof of the facts, in the manner as it has been reported, except as above.

'A neighbour and acquaintance of mine having some money owing to him from a shopkeeper in Whitecross Street, or thereabouts, sent his apprentice, a youth about eighteen years of age, to endeavour to get the money. He came to the door, and finding it shut, knocked pretty hard, and, as he thought, heard somebody answer within, but was not sure, so he waited; and after some stay knocked again; and then a third time, when he heard somebody coming down stairs. At length the man of the house came to the door; he had on his breeches or drawers, and a yellow flannel waistcoat, no stockings, a pair of slipt shoes, a white cap on his head, and, as the young man said, death in his face. When he

opened the door, says he: "What do you disturb me thus for?" The boy, though a little surprised, replied: "I come from such-a-one, and my master sent me for the money, which he says you know of." "Very well, child," returns the living ghost; "call as you go by at Cripplegate church, and bid them ring the bell;" and with these words shut the door again, and went up and died the same day, nay, perhaps the same hour.

'This puts me in mind of John Hayward, who was at that time under-sexton of the parish of St Stephen, Coleman Street: by under-sexton was understood at that time gravedigger and bearer of the dead. This man carried, or assisted to carry, all the dead to their graves which were buried in that large parish, and who were carried in form; and after that form of burying was stopped, went with the dead-cart and the bell to fetch the dead bodies from the houses where they lay, and fetched many of them out of the chambers and houses; for the parish was, and is still remarkable, particularly above all the parishes in London, for a great number of alleys and thoroughfares, very long, into which no carts could come, and where they were obliged to go and fetch the bodies a very long way, which alleys now remain to witness it; such as White's Alley, Cross-key Court, Swan-alley, Bell-alley, White Horse Alley, and many more. Here they went with a kind of handbarrow, and laid the dead bodies on, and carried them out to the carts; which work he performed, and never had the distemper at all, but lived about twenty years after it, and was sexton of the parish to the time of his death. His wife, at the same time, was a nurse to infected people, and tended many that died in the parish, being for her honesty recommended by the parish officers; yet she was never infected. He never used any preservative against the infection other than holding garlic and rue in his mouth, and smoking tobacco; this I also had from his own mouth; and his wife's remedy was washing her head in vinegar, and sprinkling her head-clothes so with vinegar as to keep them always moist; and if the smell of any of those she waited on was more than ordinary offensive, she snuffed vinegar up her nose, and sprinkled vinegar upon her head-clothes, and held a handkerchief, wetted with vinegar, to her mouth.

'It was under this John Hayward's care, and within his bounds, that the story of the piper, with which people have made themselves so merry, happened, and he assured me that it was true. It is said that it was a blind piper; but, as John told me, the fellow was not blind, but an ignorant weak poor man, and usually went his rounds about ten o'clock at night, and went piping along from door to door; and the people usually took him in at public-houses where they knew him, and would give him drink and victuals, and sometimes farthings; and he in return would pipe and sing, and talk simply, which diverted the people; and thus he lived. It was but a very bad time for this diversion while things were as I have told; yet the poor fellow

went about as usual, but was almost starved; and when anybody asked him how he did, he would answer: "The dead-cart had not taken him yet, but that they had promised to call for him next week."

'It happened one night that this poor fellow, whether somebody had given him too much drink or not, John Hayward said he had not drink in his house, but that they had given him a little more victuals than ordinary at a public-house in Coleman Street; and the poor fellow having not usually had a bellyful, or perhaps not a good while, was laid all along upon the top of a bulk or stall, and fast asleep, at a door in the street near London Wall, towards Cripplegate, and that upon the same bulk or stall, the people of some house, in the alley of which the house was a corner, hearing a bell, which they always rung before the cart came, had laid a body really dead of the plague just by him, thinking too that this poor fellow had been a dead body as the other was, and laid there by some of the neighbours.

'Accordingly, when John Hayward with his bell and the cart came along, finding two dead bodies lie upon the stall, they took them up with the instrument they used, and threw them into the cart; and all this while the piper slept soundly. From hence they passed along, and took in other dead bodies, till, as honest John Hayward told me, they almost buried him alive in the cart; yet all this while he slept soundly. At length the cart came to the place where the bodies were to be thrown into the ground, which, as I do remember, was at Mount-mill; and as the cart usually stopped some time before they were ready to shoot out the melancholy load they had in it, as soon as the cart stopped, the fellow awaked, and struggled a little to get his head out from among the dead bodies, when, raising himself up in the cart, he called out: "Hey, where am I?" This frightened the fellow that attended about the work; but, after some pause, John Hayward, recovering himself, said: "Lord bless us, there's somebody in the cart not quite dead!" So another called to him, and said: "Who are you?" The fellow answered: "I am the poor piper: where am I?" "Where are you?" says Hayward. "Why, you are in the dead-cart, and we are going to bury you." "But I ain't dead, though, am I?" says the piper; which made them laugh a little, though, as John said, they were heartily frightened at first: so they helped the poor fellow down, and he went about his business.'

The number of weekly deaths had fearfully increased during the month of August. In the week ending the 1st of August, as we have already mentioned, the deaths from plague were 2010; the following week they had risen to 2817; the week after they were 3880; the week ending the 22d of August they were 4237; and the last week of August they were no less than 6102; and all these numbers were *known to be under* the reality. The state of the town at the end of

August cannot be described: the doors and windows of houses boarded up, some because the owners had left town, others because the plague was within—the latter all having the conspicuous mark of the red cross upon them; the grass growing in the once crowded streets; no bustle of buying and selling as formerly; the country-people afraid to venture into town, and selling their produce at its outskirts to persons appointed by the magistrates to receive it. All silent, dismal, and death-like. One item in the universal misery to which we have not yet alluded, was the distress caused by the cessation of industry. Defoe thus specifies the classes who suffered most in this respect: '*1st*, All master workmen in manufactures, especially such as belonged to ornament and the less necessary parts of the people's dress, clothes, and furniture for houses; such as ribbon-weavers and other weavers, gold and silver lace-makers, and gold and silver wire-drawers, seamstresses, milliners, shoemakers, hat-makers, and glove-makers; *2d*, All the extraordinary officers of the customs, likewise the watermen, carmen, porters, and all the poor whose labour depended upon the merchants; *3d*, All the tradesmen usually employed in building or repairing of houses, such as brick-layers, masons, carpenters, joiners, plasterers, painters, glaziers, smiths, plumbers, and all the labourers depending on such; *4th*, As navigation was at a stop, our ships neither coming in nor going out as before, so the seamen were all out of employment, and many of them in the last and lowest degree of distress; and with the seamen were all the several tradesmen and workmen belonging to, and depending upon, the building and fitting-out of ships, such as ship-carpenters, calkers, ropemakers, dry coopers, sail-makers, anchor-smiths and other smiths, block-makers, carvers, gunsmiths, ship-chandlers, ship-carvers, and the like; *5th*, All families retrenched their living as much as possible, as well those that fled as those that stayed; so that an innumerable multitude of footmen, serving-men, shopkeepers, journeymen, merchants' book-keepers, and such sort of people, and especially poor maid-servants, were turned off, and left friendless and helpless without employment, and without habitation; and this was really a dismal article. The women and servants,' he adds, 'who were turned off from their places, were employed as nurses to attend the sick in all places; and this took off a very great number of them.'

The mortality reached its height in the month of September. In the beginning of that month the citizens were in a frenzy: they thought God had resolved to make an end of the city. Whole families, and indeed whole streets of families, were swept away together; insomuch that it was frequent for neighbours to call to the bellman to go to such and such houses and carry out the people, for that they were all dead.

'As the desolation was greater during those terrible times, so the amazement of the people increased, and a thousand unaccountable

things they would do in the violence of their fright, as others did the same in the agonies of their distemper; and this part was very affecting. Some went roaring, and crying, and wringing their hands along the streets; some would go praying and lifting up their hands to heaven, calling upon God for mercy. I cannot say, indeed, whether this was not in their distraction; but be it so, it was still an indication of a more serious mind, when they had the use of their senses, and was much better, even as it was, than the frightful yellings and cryings that every day, and especially in the evenings, were heard in some streets. I suppose the world has heard of the famous Solomon Eagle, an enthusiast; he, though not infected at all, but in his head, went about denouncing of judgment upon the city in a frightful manner, sometimes quite naked, and with a pan of burning charcoal on his head. What he said or pretended, indeed, I could not learn.

'There were some people, however, who, notwithstanding the danger, did not omit publicly to attend the worship of God, even in the most dangerous times. And though it is true that a great many of the clergy did shut up their churches and fled, as other people did, for the safety of their lives, yet all did not do so; some ventured to officiate, and to keep up the assemblies of the people by constant prayers, and sometimes sermons or brief exhortations to repentance and reformation; and this as long as they would hear them. And dissenters did the like also, and even in the very churches where the parish ministers were either dead or fled; nor was there any room for making any difference at such a time as this was.

'It pleased God that I was still spared, and very hearty and sound in health, but very impatient of being pent up within doors without air, as I had been for fourteen days or thereabouts; and I could not restrain myself, but I would go and carry a letter for my brother to the post-house; then it was, indeed, that I observed a profound silence in the streets. When I came to the post-house, as I went to put in my letter, I saw a man stand in one corner of the yard, and talking to another at a window, and a third had opened a door belonging to the office. In the middle of the yard lay a small leathern purse, with two keys hanging at it, with money in it, but nobody would meddle with it. I asked how long it had lain there; the man at the window said it had lain almost an hour, but they had not meddled with it, because they did not know but the person who dropped it might come back to look for it. I had no such need of money, nor was the sum so big that I had any inclination to meddle with it, or to get the money at the hazard it might be attended with; so I seemed to go away, when the man who had opened the door said he would take it up, but so, that if the right owner came for it, he should be sure to have it. So he went in, and fetched a pail of water, and set it down hard by the purse, then went again and fetched some gunpowder, and cast a good deal of powder upon the

purse, and then made a train from that which he had thrown loose upon the purse—the train reached about two yards—after this he goes in a third time, and fetches out a pair of tongs, red-hot, and which he had prepared, I suppose, on purpose, and first setting fire to the train of powder, which singed the purse, and also smoked the air sufficiently. But he was not content with that; but he then takes up the purse with the tongs, holding it so long till the tongs burned through the purse, and then he shook the money out into the pail of water; so he carried it in. The money, as I remember, was about thirteen shillings, and some smooth groats and brass farthings.

'Much about the same time I walked out into the fields towards Bow, for I had a great mind to see how things were managed in the river and among the ships; and as I had some concern in shipping, I had a notion that it had been one of the best ways of securing one's self from the infection to have retired into a ship; and musing how to satisfy my curiosity in that point, I turned away over the fields from Bow to Bromley, and down to Blackwall, to the stairs that are there for landing or taking water. Here I saw a poor man walking on the bank, or sea-wall, as they call it, by himself. I walked a while also about, seeing the houses all shut up. At last I fell into some talk, at a distance, with this poor man. First I asked him how people did thereabouts. "Alas! sir," says he, "almost desolate—all dead or sick. Here are very few families in this part, or in that village," pointing at Poplar, "where half of them are not dead already, and the rest sick." Then he, pointing to one house: "There they are all dead," said he, "and the house stands open; nobody dares go into it. A poor thief," says he, "ventured in to steal something, but he paid dear for his theft, for he was carried to the churchyard too last night." Then he pointed to several other houses. "There," says he, "they are all dead, the man and his wife, and five children. There they are shut up; you see a watchman at the door;" and so of other houses. "Why," says I, "what do you here all alone?" "Why," says he, "I am a poor desolate man; it hath pleased God I am not yet visited, though my family is, and one of my children dead." "How do you mean, then," said I, "that you are not visited?" "Why," says he, "that is my house," pointing to a very little low boarded house, "and there my poor wife and two children live, if they may be said to live; for my wife and one of the children are visited, but I do not come at them." And with that word I saw the tears run very plentifully down his face; and so they did down mine too, I am sure.

"But," said I, "why do you not come at them? How can you abandon your own flesh and blood?" "O sir," says he, "the Lord forbid; I do not abandon them; I work for them as much as I am able; and, blessed be the Lord, I keep them from want." And with that I observed he lifted up his eyes to heaven, with a countenance that presently told me I had met with a man that was no hypocrite,

but a serious, religious, good man; and his ejaculation was an expression of thankfulness that, in such a condition as he was in, he should be able to say his family did not want. "Well," says I, "honest man, that is a great mercy, as things go now with the poor. But how do you live, then, and how are you kept from the dreadful calamity that is now upon us all?" "Why, sir," says he, "I am a waterman, and there is my boat, and the boat serves me for a house. I work in it during the day, and I sleep in it at night; and what I get I lay it down upon that stone," shewing me a broad stone on the other side of the street, a good way from his house; "and then," says he, "I halloo and call to them till I make them hear, and they come and fetch it."

"Well, friend," says I, "but how can you get money as a waterman? Does anybody go by water these times?" "Yes, sir," says he, "in the way I am employed there does. Do you see there five ships lie at anchor?" pointing down the river a good way below the town; "and do you see," says he, "eight or ten ships lie at the chain there, and at anchor yonder?" pointing above the town. "All those ships have families on board, of their merchants and owners, and such like, who have locked themselves up, and live on board, close shut in, for fear of the infection; and I tend on them, to fetch things for them, carry letters, and do what is absolutely necessary, that they may not be obliged to come on shore; and every night I fasten my boat on board one of the ships' boats, and there I sleep by myself; and, blessed be God, I am preserved hitherto."

"Well, friend," said I, "but will they let you come on board after you have been on shore here, when this has been such a terrible place, and so infected as it is?"

"Why, as to that," said he, "I very seldom go up the ship-side, but deliver what I bring to their boat, or lie by the side, and they hoist it on board; if I did, I think they are in no danger from me, for I never go into any house on shore, or touch anybody, no, not of my own family; but I fetch provisions for them."

"Nay," says I, "but that may be worse, for you must have those provisions of somebody or other; and since all this part of the town is so infected, it is dangerous so much as to speak with anybody, for the village is, as it were, the beginning of London, though it be at some distance from it."

"That is true," added he; "but you do not understand me right. I do not buy provisions for them here; I row up to Greenwich, and buy fresh meat there, and sometimes I row down the river to Woolwich, and buy there; then I go to single farm-houses on the Kentish side, where I am known, and buy fowls, and eggs, and butter, and bring to the ships, as they direct me, sometimes one, sometimes the other. I seldom come on shore here; and I came only now to call my wife, and hear how my little family do, and give them a little money which I received last night."

"Poor man!" said I, "and how much hast thou got for them?"

"I have got four shillings," said he, "which is a great sum as things go now with poor men: but they have given me a bag of bread too, and a salt fish, and some flesh; so all helps out."

"Well," said I, "and have you given it to them yet?"

"No," said he; "but I have called, and my wife has answered that she cannot come out yet, but in half an hour she hopes to come, and I am waiting for her. Poor woman!" says he, "she is brought sadly down; she has had a swelling, and it is broke, and I hope she will recover, but I fear the child will die; but it is the Lord!" Here he stopped, and wept very much.

"Well, honest friend," said I, "thou hast a sure comforter, if thou hast brought thyself to be resigned to the will of God; He is dealing with us all in judgment."

"O sir," says he, "it is infinite mercy if any of us are spared; and who am I to repine?"

"Sayest thou so," said I; "and how much less is my faith than thine!" And here my heart smote me, suggesting how much better this poor man's foundation was on which he stayed in the danger than mine; that he had nowhere to fly; that he had a family to bind him to attendance, which I had not; and mine was mere presumption, his a true dependence and a courage resting on God; and yet, that he used all possible caution for his safety.

'I turned a little way from the man while these thoughts engaged me; for indeed I could no more refrain from tears than he.

'At length, after some further talk, the poor woman opened the door, and called "Robert, Robert;" he answered, and bade her stay a few moments, and he would come; so he ran down the common stairs to his boat and fetched up a sack, in which were the provisions he had brought from the ships, and when he returned, he hallooed again, then he went to the great stone which he shewed me, and emptied the sack, and laid all out, everything by themselves, and then retired; and his wife came with a little boy to fetch them away, and he called, and said such a captain had sent such a thing, and such a captain such a thing; and at the end added: "God has sent all, give thanks to Him." When the poor woman had taken up all, she was so weak she could not carry it at once in, though the weight was not much either; so she left the biscuit, which was in a small bag, and left a little boy to watch it till she came again.

"Well, but," said I to him, "did you leave her the four shillings too, which you said was your week's pay?"

"Yes, yes," says he; "you shall hear her own it." So he calls again: "Rachel, Rachel," which it seems was her name, "did you take up the money?" "Yes," said she. "How much was it?" said he. "Four shillings and a groat," said she. "Well, well," says he, "the Lord keep you all;" and so he turned to go away.

'As I could not refrain contributing tears to this man's story, so

neither could I refrain my charity for his assistance; so I called him: "Hark thee, friend," said I; "come hither, for I believe thou art in health, that I may venture thee;" so I pulled out my hand, which was in my pocket before. "Here," says I, "go and call thy Rachel once more, and give her a little more comfort from me. God will never forsake a family that trust in Him as thou dost;" so I gave him four other shillings, and bade him go lay them on the stone, and call his wife.

'I have not words to express the poor man's thankfulness; neither could he express it himself but by tears running down his face. He called his wife, and told her God had moved the heart of a stranger, upon hearing their condition, to give them all that money; and a great deal more such as that he said to her. The woman, too, made signs of the like thankfulness, as well to Heaven as to me, and joyfully picked it up; and I parted with no money all that year that I thought better bestowed.

'I then asked the poor man if the distemper had not reached to Greenwich. He said it had not till about a fortnight before, but that then he feared it had; but that it was only at that end of the town which lay south towards Deptford Bridge; that he went only to a butcher's shop and a grocer's, where he generally bought such things as they sent him for, but was very careful. I asked him then how it came to pass that those people who had so shut themselves up in the ships had not laid in sufficient stores of all things necessary? He said some of them had, but, on the other hand, some did not come on board till they were frightened into it, and till it was too dangerous for them to go to the proper people to lay in quantities of things; and that he waited on two ships, which he shewed me, that had laid in little or nothing but biscuit, bread, and ship beer, and that he had bought everything else almost for them. I asked him if there were any more ships that had separated themselves as those had done? He told me yes; all the way up from the point, right against Greenwich, to within the shore of Limehouse and Redriff, all the ships that could have room to ride two and two in the middle of the stream; and that some of them had several families on board. I asked him if the distemper had not reached them? He said he believed it had not, except two or three ships, whose people had not been so watchful to keep the seamen from going on shore as others had been; and he said it was a very fine sight to see how the ships lay up the Pool.

'When he said he was going over to Greenwich as soon as the tide began to come in, I asked if he would let me go with him, and bring me back; for that I had a great mind to see how the ships were ranged, as he had told me. He told me if I would assure him, on the word of a Christian and of an honest man, that I had not the distemper, he would. I assured him that I had not; that it had pleased God to preserve me; that I lived in Whitechapel, but was

too impatient of being so long within doors, and that I had ventured out so far for the refreshment of a little air, but that none in my house had so much as been touched with it.

"Well, sir," says he, "as your charity has been moved to pity me and my poor family, sure you cannot have so little pity left as to put yourself into my boat if you were not sound in health, which would be nothing less than killing me and ruining my whole family." The poor man troubled me so much when he spoke of his family with such a sensible concern, and in such an affectionate manner, that I could not satisfy myself at first to go at all. I told him I would lay aside my curiosity rather than make him uneasy, though I was sure, and very thankful for it, that I had no more distemper upon me than the freshest man in the world. Well, he would not have me put it off neither, but, to let me see how confident he was that I was just to him, now importuned me to go; so, when the tide came up to his boat, I went in, and he carried me to Greenwich. While he bought the things which he had in charge to buy, I walked up to the top of the hill under which the town stands, and on the east side of the town, to get a prospect of the river; but it was a surprising sight to see the number of ships which lay in rows, two and two, and in some places two or three such lines in the breadth of the river, and this not only up quite to the town, between the houses which we call Ratcliff and Redriff, which they name the Pool, but even down the whole river, as far as the head of Long Reach, which is as far as the hills give us leave to see it.

'I cannot guess at the number of ships, but I think there must have been several hundred sail, and I could not but applaud the contrivance; for ten thousand people and more, who attended ship affairs, were certainly sheltered here from the violence of the contagion, and lived very safe and very easy.

'I returned to my own dwelling, very well satisfied with my day's journey, and particularly with the poor man; also I rejoiced to see that such little sanctuaries were provided for so many families in a time of such desolation.'

The conduct of the magistrates during this awful season cannot be too much praised. In the first place, the lord mayor, Sir John Lawrence, and the sheriffs, the court of aldermen, and a certain number of the common-councilmen, or their deputies, came to a resolution, and published it, namely, 'that they would not quit the city themselves, but that they would be always at hand for the preserving of good order in every place, and for doing justice on all occasions; as also for the distributing the public charity to the poor; and, in a word, for the doing the duty and discharging the trust reposed in them by the citizens to the utmost of their power.'

In pursuance of these orders, the lord mayor, sheriffs, &c. held councils every day, more or less, for making such dispositions as they found needful for preserving the civil peace. Consulting with

each other, and with some physicians, it appeared to the magistrates that the kindling of large fires in the streets might have some effect in purifying the air and abating the plague. Accordingly, on the 2d of September, a proclamation was issued by the lord mayor to this effect: 'Every six houses on each side of the way, which will be twelve houses, are to join together to provide firing for three whole nights and three whole days, to be made in one great fire before the door of the middlemost inhabitant; and one or more persons to be appointed to keep the fire constantly burning, without suffering the same to be extinguished or go out all the time aforesaid; and this to be observed in all streets, courts, lanes, and alleys; and great care to be taken where the streets, courts, lanes, and alleys are narrow, that the fires may be made of a proportionable bigness, that so no damage may ensue to the houses.'

The effects of these fires do not appear to have been very beneficial, if we may judge from the continued increase of the number of deaths. 'We, the physicians,' says Dr Hodges in his *Loimologia, or Account of the Plague*, 'opposed the kindling of the fires with all our authority. But the magistrates, over-anxious for the health of the city, and preferring the authority and example of our great Hippocrates, notwithstanding our expostulations, caused fires everywhere to be lighted. Alas! the three days had scarcely elapsed, when the mourning heavens, as if weeping for the innumerable funerals, extinguished the flames with profuse showers. Whether through the suffocating effluvia of the coals, or of the dampness of the rainy atmosphere immediately following, that very night brought unheard-of destruction, for truly more than 4000 perished before the morning.' The night of this dreadful mortality appears to have been that of the 3d or 4th of September; and the weekly return of deaths on the 5th of the month was 8252, of which 6988 were by the plague. According to Defoe, however, at least 10,000 died that week of the plague; and as many in each of the two following weeks. 'The plague,' he says, 'now raged beyond all that I have expressed, and came even to such a height, that, in the extremity, they began to break into that excellent order of which I have spoken so much in behalf of the magistrates; namely, that no dead bodies were seen in the streets, or burials in the daytime; for there was a necessity, in this extremity, to bear with its being otherwise for a little while. And it is here to be observed that, after the funerals became so many, people could not toll the bell, mourn, or weep, or wear black for one another as they did before; no, nor so much as make coffins for those that died.

'In our parish of Aldgate, the dead-carts were several times, as I have heard, found standing at the churchyard gate full of dead bodies, but neither bellman nor driver nor any one else with them. Neither in these nor many other cases did they know what bodies *they had in their cart*; for sometimes they were let down with ropes

out of balconies and out of windows, and sometimes the bearers brought them to the cart, sometimes other people; nor, as the men themselves said, did they trouble themselves to keep any account of the numbers.

'Here, also, I ought to leave a further remark, for the use of posterity, concerning the manner of people's infecting one another; namely, that it was not the sick people only from whom the plague was immediately received, but from those who, though infected, were apparently well. When people began to be convinced that the infection was received in this surprising manner, they began to be exceedingly shy and jealous of every one that came near them. Once, in a public day, whether a Sabbath-day or not I do not remember, in Aldgate church, in a pew full of people, on a sudden one fancied she smelt an ill smell; immediately she fancies the plague was in the pew, whispers her notion or suspicion to the next, then rises and goes out of the pew; it immediately took with the next, and so with them all, and every one of them and of the two adjoining pews got up and went out of the church, nobody knowing what it was offended them, or from whom.

'This immediately filled everybody's mouth with one preparation or other, such as the old women directed, and some perhaps as physicians directed, in order to prevent infection by the breath of others; insomuch that if we came to go into a church, when it was anything full of people, there would be such a mixture of smells at the entrance, that it was much more strong, though perhaps not so wholesome, than if you were going into an apothecary's or druggist's shop; in a word, the whole church was like a smelling-bottle. In one corner it was all perfumes, in another aromatics, balsamics, and a variety of drugs and herbs; in another salts and spirits, as every one was furnished for their own preservation; yet I observed that after people were possessed with the belief, or rather assurance, of the infection being thus carried on by persons apparently in health, the churches and meeting-houses were much thinner of people than at other times before that they used to be; for this is to be said of the people of London, that, during the whole time of the pestilence, the churches or meetings were never wholly shut up, nor did the people decline coming out to the public worship of God, except only in some parishes, when the violence of the distemper was more particularly in that parish at that time, and even then no longer than it continued to be so.'

OCTOBER 1665—THE PLAGUE ABATES, AND GRADUALLY DISAPPEARS.

The plague, as we have already stated, was at its height during the five weeks which elapsed between the 22d of August and the 26th of

September. The following are the entries in the bills of mortality for this period:

	Burials.	Deaths by Plague.
August 22 to August 29	7496	6102
August 29 to September 5	8252	6988
September 5 to September 12	7690	6544
September 12 to September 19	8297	7165
September 19 to September 26	6460	5533
	38,195	32,332

It will be observed from this table that there was a considerable decrease in the number of deaths for the week ending 26th September as compared with the four weeks preceding; and although the number was still enormously great, this symptom was eagerly grasped at by the citizens as perhaps indicating the abatement of the plague, and the next week's returns were looked for with extraordinary anxiety. What delight, what hope spread through the city when it was known that the return stood as follows:

	Burials.	Deaths by Plague.
September 26 to October 3	5720	4929

But we must leave Defoe to describe the gradual abatement, of which these diminished returns were the proof. 'The last week in September,' he says, 'the plague being come to a crisis, its fury began to assuage. I remember my friend Dr Heath, coming to see me the week before, told me he was sure that the violence of it would assuage in a few days; but when I saw the weekly bill of that week, which was the highest of the whole year, being 8297 of all diseases, I upbraided him with it, and asked him what he had made his judgment from? His answer, however, was not so much to seek as I thought it would have been. "Look you," says he, "by the number which are at this time sick and infected, there should have been 20,000 dead the last week instead of 8000, if the inveterate mortal contagion had been as it was two weeks ago; for then it ordinarily killed in two or three days, now not under eight or ten; and then not above one in five recovered, whereas I have observed that now not above two in five miscarry; and, observe it from me, the next bill will decrease, and you will see many more people recover than used to do; for though a vast multitude are now everywhere infected, and as many every day fall sick, yet there will not so many die as there did, for the malignity of the distemper is abated;" adding that he began now to hope, nay, more than hope, that the infection had passed its crisis, and was going off: and accordingly so it was; for the next week being, as I said, the last in September, the bill decreased almost 2000.

'It is true the plague was still at a frightful height, and the next bill was no less than 6460, and the next to that 5720; but still my

friend's observation was just, and it did appear the people did recover faster, and more in number, than they used to do. And, indeed, if it had not been so, what had been the condition of the city of London? for, according to my friend, there were not fewer than 60,000 people at that time infected, whereof, as above, 20,477 died, and near 40,000 recovered; whereas, had it been as it was before, 50,000 of that number would very probably have died, if not more, and 50,000 more would have sickened; for, in a word, the whole mass of people began to sicken, and it looked as if none would escape.

'But this remark of my friend appeared more evident in a few weeks more; for the decrease went on, and another week in October it decreased 1843, so that the number dead of the plague was but 2665; and the next week it decreased 1413 more, and yet it was seen plainly that there was abundance of people sick; nay, more than ordinary, and many fell sick every day, but, as above, the malignity of the disease abated.'

The best idea of the rapidity of the progress of the city towards health will be obtained from the bills of mortality, which, continued from the last entry quoted, were as follows:

	Burials.	Deaths by Plague.
October 3 to October 10	5068	4327
October 10 to October 17	3219	2665
October 17 to October 24	1806	1421
October 24 to October 31	1388	1031
October 31 to November 7	1787	1414
November 7 to November 14	1359	1050
November 14 to November 21	905	652

from which period the numbers decreased regularly; till, on the week ending the 5th of December they stood thus—burials, 428; deaths from plague, 210.'

Those who had left town now began to flock in again; the shops began to be opened, and the bustle of trade recommenced. 'It is impossible,' says Defoe, 'to express the change that appeared in the very countenances of the people that Thursday morning when the weekly bill came out. It might have been perceived in their countenances that a secret surprise and smile of joy sat on everybody's face; they who would hardly go on the same side of the way with one another before, now shook each other by the hands in the streets. Where the streets were not too broad, they would open their windows and call from one house to another, and ask how they did, and if they had heard the good news that the plague was abated; some would return, when they said good news, and ask: "What good news?" And when they answered that the plague was abated, and the bills decreased almost 2000, they would cry out: "God be praised!" and would weep aloud for joy, telling them they had heard nothing of it; and such was the joy of the people, that it was, as it were, life

to them from the grave. I could almost set down as many extravagant things done in the excess of their joy as of their grief, but that would be to lessen the value of it.'

Counting from the 20th of December 1664, when it was first rumoured that the plague had broken out in Drury Lane, to the 19th of December 1665, when the plague had so far abated that the weekly deaths were about 250, the entire number of victims swept off by the pestilence in the city of London in these twelve months was, according to the official returns, 68,596; but according to the computation of Defoe and others, at least 100,000. 'In order to give as accurate a notion as possible of the symptoms, and its mode of attacking people,' we may add, in conclusion, one or two particulars of an interesting kind, from a manuscript account of the plague preserved in the British Museum, and written by Mr William Boghurst, a medical practitioner in London during the fatal period.

'In the summer before the plague,' he says, 'there was such a multitude of flies, that they lined the insides of the houses; and if any threads or strings did hang down in any place, they were presently thick-set with flies, like ropes of onions; and swarms of ants covered the highways, that you might have taken up a handful at a time, both winged and creeping ants; and such a multitude of croaking frogs in ditches, that you might have heard them before you saw them. The plague was ushered in with seven months of dry weather and westerly winds. It fell first upon the highest grounds, as St Giles's and St Martin's, Westminster; but afterwards it gradually insinuated and crept down Holborn and the Strand, and then into the city; and at last to the east end of the suburbs; so that it was half a year at the west end before the east end and Stepney were affected. The disease spread not altogether by contagion at first, nor began only at one place, and spread farther and farther, as an eating and spreading sore doth all over the body; but fell upon several places of the city and suburbs like rain, even at the first. Almost all that caught the disease with fear died with tokens (spots on the body) in two or three days. About the beginning, most men got the disease with drinking, surfeiting, overheating themselves, and by disorderly living. Some died eight, ten, twelve, or twenty days after they had been sick; yet the greatest part died before five or six days. In the summer, about half of those who were taken sick died; but towards winter, three parts in four lived. None died suddenly, as though struck with lightning or apoplexy. I saw none die under twenty or twenty-four hours.* Spots appeared not much till the middle of June, and carbuncles not till the latter end of July, and seized mostly on old people, choleric and melancholy people, and generally on dry and lean bodies. Children had

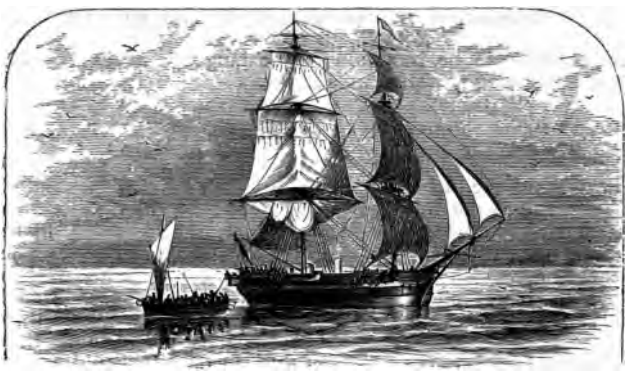
* There is an apparent contradiction on this point between Boghurst and Defoe; probably, however, Defoe's cases of sudden deaths were cases of persons who had been ill for some time without being fully aware of it.

none. If very hot weather followed a shower of rain, the disease increased. Many people, after a violent sweat, or taking a strong cordial, presently had the tokens come out, so that every nurse would say: "Cochineal was a fine thing to bring out the tokens." Authors speak of several kinds of plagues—some which took only children, others maids, others young people under thirty; but this of ours took all sorts. Yet it fell not very thick upon old people till about the middle or slack of the disease. Old people that had the disease, many of them were not sick at all; but they that were sick, almost all died. I had one patient fourscore and six years old. Though all sorts of people died very thick, both young and old, rich and poor, healthy and unhealthy, strong and weak, men and women, of all constitutions, of all tempers and complexions, of all professions and places, of all religions, of all conditions, good or bad—yet, as far as I could discern, more of the good people died than of the bad, more men than women, and more of dull complexions than of fair. Black men of thin and lean constitutions were heavy-laden with this disease, and died, all that I saw, in two or three days; and most of them thick with black tokens. People of the best complexions and merry dispositions had least of the disease; and, if they had it, fared best under it. This year in which the plague hath raged so much, no alteration nor change appeared in any element, vegetable or animal, besides the body of man. All other things kept their common integrity, and all sorts of fruit, all roots, flowers, and medicinal simples were as plentiful, large, fair, and wholesome, and all grain as plentiful and good as ever. All kine, cattle, horses, sheep, swine, dogs, wild beasts and tame were as healthful, strong to labour, and wholesome to eat as ever they were in any year. Hens, geese, pigeons, turkeys, and all wild-fowl were free from infection.* The summer following the plague, very few flies, frogs, and such like appeared. Great doubting and disputing there is whether the plague be infectious or not; because some think if it were infectious, it would infect all, as the fire heats all it comes near; but the plague leaves as many as it takes. Generally, every one is apt to judge by his own experience; and if any one may draw his conclusion from this, I have as much reason

* There would seem to be a difference in this respect between the plague of London and the plague of 1348 at Florence, regarding which Boccaccio tells us that 'such was the quality of the pestilential matter, as to pass not only from man to man, but, what is more strange, and has been often known, that anything belonging to the infected, if touched by any other creature, would certainly infect, and even kill that creature in a short space of time: and one instance of this kind I took particular notice of: namely, that the rags of a poor man just dead, being thrown into the street, and two hogs coming by at the same time, and rooting amongst them, and shaking them about in their mouths, in less than an hour turned round and died on the spot.' Of the plague at Athens also, Thucydides tells us that 'the birds and beasts which usually prey on human flesh either never approached the dead bodies, of which many lay about uninterred, or if they tasted, died.' Possibly, however, Mr Boghurst did not mean to deny that, under certain circumstances, the infection might be communicated from a sick patient to any brute with whom he might come in contact, but only that the contagion did not spread among the lower animals.

as any to think it not infectious, having passed through a multitude of continual dangers, being employed every day till ten o'clock at night, out of one house into another, dressing sores, and being always in the breath of patients, without catching the disease of any, through God's protection; and so did many nurses that were in like danger. Yet I count it to be the most subtle infectious disease of any.'

Strange as it may appear, the doubts which were entertained in 1665 respecting the contagious nature of the plague remain till the present day unsettled; some inquirers arguing that the disease is communicated by touch, or infection from proximity with the diseased, while others consider it extends its influence by other means. The subject of this controversy is of little practical consequence. It is sufficient to know that plague, like its modern prototype cholera, is aggravated by insalubrious conditions of the atmosphere, and is intimately connected with neglect of cleanliness. In old London, as till the present day in eastern cities, it found scope for its ravages in confined alleys and courts, or wherever there was any lack of ventilation, sewerage, or a plenteous supply of water. The great fire which half destroyed London in 1666, twelve months after the disappearance of the pestilence, may be said to have banished plague from the metropolis; for the city was rebuilt on a more open scale, with some degree of reference to the health of the inhabitants. Of recent years, much has been effected in the way of still farther improvement. Many thoroughfares have been opened up in densely crowded neighbourhoods, streets and lanes have been widened, and slaughter-houses removed; besides not a little as respects improved dwellings for the humbler classes of society. Although much still remains to be done, a conviction of the importance of sanitary regulations is daily deepening and spreading, and will not much longer tolerate many things that continue to disgrace our civilisation.



NARRATIVE

OF THE

MUTINY OF THE BOUNTY.

ABOUT the year 1786, the merchants and planters interested in the West India Islands became anxious to introduce an exceedingly valuable plant, the bread-fruit-tree, into these possessions, and as this could best be done by a government expedition, a request was preferred to the crown accordingly. The ministry at the time being favourable to the proposed undertaking, a vessel, named the *Bounty*, was selected to execute the desired object. To the command of this ship, Captain W. Bligh was appointed, August 16, 1787. The burden of the *Bounty* was nearly two hundred and fifteen tons. The establishment of men and officers for the ship was as follows: 1 lieutenant to command, 1 master, 1 boatswain, 1 gunner, 1 carpenter, 1 surgeon, 2 master's mates, 2 midshipmen, 2 quarter-masters, 1 quarter-master's mate, 1 boatswain's mate, 1 gunner's mate, 1 carpenter's mate, 1 carpenter's crew, 1 sailmaker, 1 armourer, 1 corporal, 1 clerk and steward, 23 able seamen—total, 44. The addition of two men appointed to take care of the plants, made the whole ship's crew amount to forty-six. The ship was stored and victualled for eighteen months.

Thus prepared, the *Bounty* set sail on the 23d of December; and

what ensued will be best told in the language of Captain Bligh, whose interesting narrative we abridge.

THE VOYAGE—OTAHEITE.

My instructions relative to the voyage, furnished me by the Commissioners of the Admiralty, were as follow: I was to proceed, as expeditiously as possible, round Cape Horn to the Society Islands. Having arrived at the above-mentioned islands, and taken on board as many trees and plants as might be thought necessary (the better to enable me to do which, I had already been furnished with such articles of merchandise and trinkets as it was supposed would be wanted to satisfy the natives), I was to proceed from thence through Endeavour Straits, which separate New Holland from New Guinea, to Prince's Island, in the Straits of Sunda; or, if it should happen to be more convenient, to pass on the eastern side of Java to some port on the north side of that island, where any bread-fruit-trees which might have been injured, or have died, were to be replaced by such plants growing there as might appear most valuable. From Prince's Island, or the island of Java, I was to proceed round the Cape of Good Hope to the West Indies, and deposit one-half of such of the above-mentioned trees and plants as might be then alive at his majesty's botanical garden at St Vincent, for the benefit of the Windward Islands, and then go on to Jamaica; and having delivered the remainder to Mr East, or such person or persons as might be authorised by the governor and council of that island to receive them, make the best of my way back to England.

Setting sail from Spithead, as I have mentioned, on the 23d of December 1787, we arrived early in April 1788, without any special incident having occurred, in the neighbourhood of Cape Horn, round which, according to my instructions, I was to direct my voyage. By no possible exertions, however, could we make way in that route, owing to unfavourable winds. On the morning of the 9th April, we had advanced the farthest in our power to the westward, being then 3 degrees to the west of Cape Deseada, the west part of the Straits of Magellan; but next evening we found ourselves 3 degrees 52 minutes east of that position, and were still hourly losing ground. It was with much concern I saw how hopeless, and even unjustifiable it was, to persist any longer in attempting a passage this way to the Society Islands. The season was now too far advanced for us to expect more favourable winds or weather, and we had sufficiently experienced the impossibility of beating round against the wind, or of advancing at all without the help of a fair wind, for which there was little reason to hope. On the other hand, the prevalence of the westerly winds in high southern latitudes left me no reason to doubt of making a quick passage to the Cape of Good Hope, and thence to the eastward round New Holland. Having maturely considered all

circumstances, I determined to deviate from my instructions, and to bear away for the Cape of Good Hope; and at five o'clock on the evening of the 22d, the wind then blowing strong at west, I ordered the helm to be put a-weather, to the great joy of every person on board. With the wind now in our favour, we reached the Cape of Good Hope on the 24th of May, where we remained thirty-eight days, taking in various kinds of stores and refreshments. Setting sail from the Cape, we made straight for Van Diemen's Land, which we reached on the 20th of August 1788. We remained here a good many days, employed in planting some of the fruit-trees which we had brought with us from the Cape of Good Hope, in case they might thrive and be of use to the future inhabitants of the island, whoever these might be; we also tried, but without effect, to have some intercourse with the natives, who had already once or twice received visits from European voyagers. Although they came down one day in crowds to the beach, cackling like geese, and we made signs to them, and also gave them presents, we could not bring them to familiarity. The colour of these natives of Van Diemen's Land, as Captain Cook remarks, is a dull black; their skin is scarified about their shoulders and breast. They were of a middle stature, or rather below it. One of them was distinguished by his body being coloured with red ochre; but all the others were painted black, with a kind of soot, which was laid on so thick over their faces and shoulders, that it is difficult to say what they were like. They ran very nimbly over the rocks, had a very quick sight, and caught the small beads and nails which I threw to them with great dexterity. They talked to us sitting on their heels, with their knees close into their armpits, and were perfectly naked.

Leaving Van Diemen's Land, we steered east-south-east, passing to the southward of New Zealand, and making for the principal object of our destination, Otaheite, which we saw on the 25th of October, having, during our passage of fifty-two days from Van Diemen's Land, met with nothing deserving particular notice. One of our seamen had died on the 9th of an asthmatic complaint; the rest were well. On the 26th of October, at four o'clock in the morning, we brought to till daylight, when we saw Point Venus bearing south-west-by-west, distant about four leagues. As we drew near, a great number of canoes came off to us.

The ship being anchored, Sunday the 26th, our number of visitors continued to increase; but as yet we saw no person that we could recollect to have been of much consequence. Some inferior chiefs made me presents of a few hogs, and I made them presents in return. We were supplied with cocoa-nuts in great abundance, but bread-fruit was scarce. Many inquiries were made after Captain Cook, Sir Joseph Banks, and many of their former friends. They said a ship had been here, from which they had learned that Captain Cook was dead; but the circumstances of his death they did not appear to

be acquainted with, and I had given particular directions to my officers and ship's company that they should not be mentioned. Otoo, who was the chief of Matavai when Captain Cook was here the last time, was absent at another part of the island; they told me messengers were sent to inform him of our arrival, and that he was expected to return soon. There appeared among the natives in general great good-will towards us, and they seemed to be much rejoiced at our arrival.

Early in the morning of Monday, before the natives began to flock off to us, we weighed anchor, to work further into the bay, and moored at the distance of about a quarter of a mile from the shore; the ship lying in seven fathoms' water. Several chiefs now came on board, and expressed great pleasure at seeing me. I accompanied one of them on shore, where I was received with much attention and kindness by the people gathered about, as well as by the chief's wife and sister, who came to me with a mat, and a piece of their finest cloth, which they put on me after the Otaheite fashion. When I was thus dressed, each of them took one of my hands, and accompanied me to the water-side, and at parting, promised that they would soon return my visit. Meanwhile, the natives had been visiting the ship, and had brought us plentiful supplies of provisions.

The next morning early I received a message from Otoo, who was waiting on the beach, wishing to come on board. I sent a boat for him, and he came, attended by his wife, and testifying the utmost pleasure at our meeting. I was surprised to find that, instead of Otoo, the name by which he formerly went, he was now called Tinah. The name of Otoo, with the title of *Earee Rahie*, I was informed, had devolved to his eldest son, who was yet a minor, as is the custom of the country. The name of Tinah's wife was Iddeah: with her was a woman dressed with a large quantity of cloth, in the form of a hoop, which was taken off and presented to me, with a large hog and some bread-fruit. I then took my visitors into the cabin, and after a short time produced my presents in return. The present I made to Tinah (by which name I shall hereafter call him) consisted of hatchets, small adzes, files, gimlets, saws, looking-glasses, red feathers, and two shirts. To Iddeah I gave ear-rings, necklaces, and beads; but she expressed a desire also for iron, and therefore I made the same assortment for her as I had for her husband. Much conversation took place among them on the value of the different articles, and they appeared extremely satisfied; so that they determined to spend the day with me, and requested I would shew them all over the ship, and particularly the cabin where I slept. This, though I was not fond of doing, I indulged them in; and the consequence was, as I had apprehended, that they took a fancy to so many things, that they got from me nearly as much more as I had before given them. Afterwards, Tinah desired me to fire some of the great guns; this I likewise complied with, and as the shot fell

into the sea at a great distance, all the natives expressed their surprise by loud shouts and acclamations.

I had a large company at dinner, consisting of Tinah and the other chiefs. Tinah was fed by one of his attendants, who sat by him for that purpose, this being a particular custom among some of the superior chiefs; and I must do him the justice to say, he kept his attendant constantly employed: there was indeed little reason to complain of want of appetite in any of my guests. As the women are not allowed to eat in the presence of the men, Iddeah dined with some of her companions about an hour afterwards, in private, except that her husband, Tinah, favoured them with his company, and seemed to have entirely forgotten that he had already dined. Tinah continued with me the whole afternoon, in the course of which he ate four times of roast pork, besides his dinner. When he left the ship, he requested I would keep for him all the presents I had given to him, as he had not at Matavai a place sufficiently safe to secure them from being stolen; I therefore shewed him a locker in my cabin for his use, and gave him a key to it.

Meanwhile our people were trafficking with the natives, and making their acquaintance. Some of the hogs they brought us weighed two hundred pounds, and we purchased several for salting. Goats were likewise brought us for sale; and I purchased a she-goat and kid for less than would have purchased a small hog. Nelson and his assistant, too, our gardeners, were busy all the while looking out for plants; and it was no small pleasure to me to find, by their report, that, according to appearances, the object of my mission would probably be accomplished with ease. I had given directions to every one on board not to make known to the islanders the purpose of our coming, lest it might enhance the value of the bread-fruit plants, or occasion other difficulties. Perhaps so much caution was not necessary; but, at all events, I wished to reserve to myself the time and manner of communication.

Next morning, Wednesday the 29th, I returned Tinah's visit, for I found he expected it. He was in a small shed about a quarter of a mile to the eastward of Matavai Point, with his wife and three children, not their own, but who, they said, were relations. In my walk, I had picked up a numerous attendance, for every one I met, followed me; so that I had collected such a crowd that the heat was scarce bearable, all endeavouring to get a look to satisfy their curiosity; they, however, carefully avoided pressing against me, and weclomed me with cheerful countenances and great good-nature. I made Tinah understand that my visit was particularly to him, and gave him a second present, equal to the first, which he received with great pleasure; and to the people of consequence that were about him I also presented some article or other. There were great numbers of children; and as I took notice of the little ones that were in arms, and gave them beads, both small and great, but with

much drollery and good-humour, endeavoured to benefit by the occasion. Boys of ten and twelve years old were caught up in arms and brought to me, which created much laughter; so that in a short time I got rid of all I had brought on shore.

The few days which succeeded were agreeably passed by us in amusements and visits to different places. We became quite intimate with the natives, and they with us. I had usually a number of them at dinner on board the ship, and nothing could exceed their mirth and jollity. Some of my visitors had observed that we always drank his majesty's health as soon as the cloth was removed, but they were by this time become so fond of wine, that they would frequently remind me of the health in the middle of dinner by calling out, 'King George Earee no Brittannee,' and would banter me if the glass was not filled to the brim. Thus passed on time, day after day; but though apparently indulging in recreations, we were at the same time fulfilling the object of our voyage, Nelson and his assistant being all the while busy in collecting the choicest bread-fruit plants, to be carried away with us. In my conversation with Tinah and the other chiefs, I likewise obtained much information about the state of Otaheite and the neighbouring islands, and of what had occurred since the visit of Captain Cook, of whom they cherished a very fond recollection, preserving with the greatest care his picture which he had left with them. I was sorry, however, to find that the animals and plants which Cook had left on the island had been taken little care of. Tinah frequently spoke to me of making an excursion to some of the islands near Otaheite. One island especially he mentioned to me, called Roo-opow, the situation of which he described to be to the eastward of Otaheite, four or five days' sail, and that there were large animals upon it with eight legs. The truth of this account he very strenuously insisted upon, and wished me to go thither with him. I was at a loss to know whether or not Tinah himself gave credit to this whimsical and fabulous account; for though they have credulity sufficient to believe anything, however improbable, they are at the same time so much addicted to that species of wit which we call humbug, that it is frequently difficult to discover whether they are in jest or earnest. Their ideas of geography are very simple; they believe the world to be a fixed plane of great extent, and that the sun, moon, and stars are all in motion round it. I have been frequently asked by them if I have not been as far as the sun and moon; for they think we are such great travellers, that scarce any undertaking is beyond our ability.

We had now been about six weeks at Otaheite, our ship lying in the harbour of Matavai, and our collection of bread-fruit plants carefully kept in pots on the shore, under Nelson's management. The weather till now had been good, and the sea calm; but on Friday the 5th of December, the wind blew fresh from the north-west, which occasioned the sea to break very high across the

Dolphin bank; and in the night we had such a storm, that I became convinced it would not be safe to continue in Matavai Bay much longer, and I determined to get everything ready for sailing as speedily as I could.

Our surgeon, who had been a long time ill from the effect of intemperance and indolence, died on the evening of the 9th of December. As I wished to bury him on shore, I mentioned it to Tinah, who said there would be no objection, but that it would be necessary to ask his father's consent first; which he undertook to do, and immediately left me for that purpose. When I went ashore, I found that the natives had already dug the grave. At four in the afternoon, the body was interred: the chiefs and many of the natives came to see the ceremony, and shewed great attention during the service. Some of the chiefs were very inquisitive about what was to be done with the surgeon's cabin, on account of apparitions. They said, when a man died in Otaheite, and was carried to the Tupapow, that as soon as night came he was surrounded by spirits, and if any person went there by himself, they would devour him; therefore, they said, that not less than two people together should go into the surgeon's cabin for some time. I did not endeavour to dissuade them from this belief, otherwise than by laughing, and letting them know that we had no such apprehensions. In the afternoon, the effects of the deceased were disposed of, and I appointed Mr Thomas Denham Ledward, the surgeon's mate, to do duty as surgeon.

Anxious to quit the harbour of Matavai, where our recent experience of the weather had proved that we were not safe, I sent the master in the launch to re-examine the depth of water between this bay and Toahroah Harbour. He returned in the evening, and acquainted me that he found a good bottom, with not less than sixteen fathoms' depth all the way. The harbour of Toahroah appearing every way safe, I determined to get the ship there as speedily as possible, and I immediately made my intention public, which occasioned great rejoicing. Accordingly, on Wednesday the 24th of December, we took the plants on board, being seven hundred and seventy-four pots, all in a healthy state; for whenever any plant had an unfavourable appearance, it was replaced by another.

The natives reckon eight kinds of the bread-fruit-tree, each of which they distinguish by a different name. 1. Patteah; 2. Eroroo; 3. Awanna; 4. Mi-re; 5. Oree; 6. Powerro; 7. Appeere; 8. Rowdeeah. In the first, fourth, and eighth class, the leaf differs from the rest; the fourth is more sinuated; the eighth has a large broad leaf, not at all sinuated. The difference of the fruit is principally in the first and eighth class. In the first, the fruit is rather larger, and more of an oblong form; in the eighth, it is round, and not above half the size of the others. I inquired if plants could be produced from the seed, and was told they could not, but that they must be taken from the root. The plants are best collected after wet weather,

at which time the earth balls round the roots, and they are not liable to suffer by being moved. The most common method of dividing time at Otaheite is by moons; but they likewise make a division of the year into six parts, each of which is distinguished by the name of the kind of bread-fruit then in season. In this division they keep a small interval called *Tawa*, in which they do not use the bread-fruit. This is about the end of February, when the fruit is not in perfection; but there is no part of the year in which the trees are entirely bare.

The day after taking the plants on board, we removed to the harbour of Toahroah. I found it a delightful situation, and in every respect convenient. The ship was perfectly sheltered by the reefs in smooth water, and close to a fine beach without the least surf. A small river, with very good water, runs into the sea about the middle of the harbour. I gave directions for the plants to be landed, and the same party to be with them as at Matavai. Tinah fixed his dwelling close to our station. The ship continued to be supplied by the natives as usual. Cocoa-nuts were in such plenty, that I believe not a pint of water was drunk on board the ship in the twenty-four hours. Bread-fruit began to be scarce, though we purchased, without difficulty, a sufficient quantity for our consumption: there was, however, another harvest approaching, which they expected would be fit for use in five or six weeks. We received almost every day presents of fish, chiefly dolphin and albacore, and a few small rock-fish. Their fishing is mostly in the night, when they make strong lights on the reefs, which attract the fish to them. Sometimes, in fine weather, the canoes are out in such numbers, that the whole sea appears illuminated.

We had not been long in Toahroah Harbour when an event happened of some consequence. On Monday the 5th of January 1789, at the relief of the watch at four o'clock this morning, the small cutter was missing. I was immediately informed of it, and mustered the ship's company, when it appeared that three men were absent, Charles Churchill, the ship's corporal, and two of the seamen, William Musprat and John Millward—the latter of whom had been sentinel from twelve to two in the morning. They had taken with them eight stand of arms and ammunition; but what their plan was, or which way they had gone, no one on board seemed to have the least knowledge. I went on shore to the chiefs, and soon received information that the cutter was at Matavai, and that the deserters had departed in a sailing canoe for the island of Tethuroa. I told Tinah and the other chiefs that I expected they would get the deserters brought back, for that I was determined not to leave Otaheite without them. They assured me that they would do every-thing in their power to have them taken; and it was agreed that the chiefs Oreepyah and Moannah should depart the next morning for Tethuroa in search of them.

Seventeen days passed, during which I received only the vaguest intelligence of the success of the search instituted after the deserters, and during these days our intercourse with the natives went on as formerly. One day, in walking with Tinah near a Tupapow, I was surprised by a sudden outcry of grief. As I expressed a desire to see the distressed person, Tinah took me to the place, where we found a number of women, one of whom was the mother of a young female child that lay dead. On seeing us, their mourning not only immediately ceased, but, to my astonishment, they all burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, and, while we remained, appeared much diverted with our visit. I told Tinah the woman had no sorrow for her child, otherwise her grief would not have so easily subsided; on which he jocosely told her to cry again. They did not, however, resume their mourning in our presence. This strange behaviour would incline us to think them hard-hearted and unfeeling, did we not know that they are fond parents, and, in general, very affectionate: it is therefore to be ascribed to their extreme levity of disposition; and it is probable that death does not appear to them with so many terrors as it does to people of a more serious cast.

On the afternoon of Thursday the 22d I received a message from Teppahoo, to inform me that our deserters had passed this harbour, and were at Tettaha, about five miles distant. I ordered the cutter to be got ready, and a little before sunset left the ship, and landed at some distance from the place where the deserters were. They had heard of my arrival; and when I was near the house, they came out without their arms, and delivered themselves up.

This desertion of three of my ship's company did not strike me so much at the time as it did afterwards; nor did an occurrence which happened not long after attract that degree of attention from me which it merited. This was the cutting of our ship's cable one night near the water's edge, in such a manner that only one strand remained whole. I naturally attributed this malicious act to some of the natives, although the uniform friendliness of the Otaheitans led me to suppose that the culprits must have belonged to some of the other islands, the inhabitants of which were continually coming and going. The consequence was a coolness of some days between me and the chiefs, as I wished to stimulate them to the discovery of the guilty parties. All their exertions, however, to gratify me in this respect were unavailing; and it has since occurred to me that this attempt to cut the ship adrift was most probably the act of some of our own people, whose purpose of remaining at Otaheite might have been effectually answered, without danger, if the ship had been driven on shore. At the time, I entertained not the least thought of this kind, nor did the possibility of it enter into my ideas, having no suspicion that so general an inclination, or so strong an attachment to these islands, could prevail among my people as to induce them to abandon every prospect of returning to their native country.

The month of February had passed—our people becoming always fonder of the Otaheitans, and the Otaheitans of them—and we had already advanced far into the month of March. It was known that the time of our departure from the island was approaching, and much sorrow was manifested on that account. One day after dinner, I was not a little surprised to hear Tinah seriously propose that he and his wife should go with me to England. To quiet his importunity, I was obliged to promise that I would ask the king's permission to carry them to England if I came again; that then I should be in a larger ship, and could have accommodations properly fitted up.

In the latter part of March, we were busy with our preparations for departure. On the 27th of the month, we began to remove the plants to the ship. They were in excellent order: the roots had appeared through the bottom of the pots, and would have shot into the ground, if care had not been taken to prevent it. By the 31st, all the plants were on board, being in seven hundred and seventy-four pots, thirty-nine tubs, and twenty-four boxes. The number of bread-fruit plants were 1015, besides which we had collected a number of other plants. The avee, which is one of the finest flavoured fruits in the world; the ayyah, which is a fruit not so rich, but of a fine flavour, and very refreshing; the rattah, not much unlike a chestnut, which grows on a large tree in great quantities—they are singly in large pods, from one to two inches broad, and may be eaten raw, or boiled in the same manner as Windsor beans, and so dressed, are equally good; and the orai-ah, which is a very superior kind of plantain. All these I was particularly recommended to collect by my worthy friend Sir Joseph Banks. I had also taken on board some plants of the ettow and matte, with which the natives here make a beautiful red colour; and a root called peeah, of which they make an excellent pudding.

At length all was ready for our departure, and on Saturday the 4th of April 1789, we unmoored at daylight. At half-past six, there being no wind, we weighed, and with our boats and two sweeps, towed the ship out of the harbour. Soon after, the sea-breeze came, and we stood off towards the sea. Many of the natives attended us in canoes. Tinah and his wife were on board. After dinner, I ordered the presents which I had reserved for Tinah and his wife to be put in one of the ship's boats, and as I had promised him firearms, I gave him two muskets, a pair of pistols, and a good stock of ammunition. I then represented to them the necessity of their going away, that the boat might return to the ship before it was dark; on which they took a most affectionate leave of me, and went into the boat. One of their expressions at parting was: '*Yourah no t' Eatua tee eveerah!*' —'May the Eatua protect you for ever and ever!'

Thus, after a stay of five months and a half at Otaheite, we took our leave of it. That we were not insensible to the kindness which we experienced there, the events which followed more than sufficiently prove; for to the friendly and endearing behaviour of these people

may be ascribed the motives for that event which effected the ruin of an expedition which there was every reason to hope would have been completed in the most fortunate manner.

MUTINY IN THE SHIP.

About three weeks were spent among the small islands which lie scattered round Otaheite, at some of which we touched. According to my instructions, my course was now through Endeavour Straits to Prince's Island, in the Straits of Sunda. On the 27th of April, at noon, we were between the islands of Tofoa and Kotoo. Latitude observed, 19 degrees 18 minutes south.

Thus far the voyage had advanced in a course of uninterrupted prosperity, and had been attended with many circumstances equally pleasing and satisfactory. A very different scene was now to be experienced.

Monday, 27th April 1789.—The wind being northerly in the evening, we steered to the westward, to pass to the south of Tofoa. I gave directions for this course to be continued during the night. The master had the first watch, the gunner the middle watch, and Mr Christian the morning watch.

Tuesday, 28th.—Just before sun-rising, while I was yet asleep, Mr Christian, with the master-at-arms, gunner's mate, and Thomas Burkitt, seaman, came into my cabin, and seizing me, tied my hands with a cord behind my back, threatening me with instant death if I spoke or made the least noise. I, however, called as loud as I could, in hopes of assistance; but they had already secured the officers who were not of their party, by placing sentinels at their doors. There were three men at my cabin door, besides the four within; Christian had only a cutlass in his hand, the others had muskets and bayonets. I was pulled out of bed, and forced on deck in my shirt, suffering great pain from the tightness with which they had tied my hands. I demanded the reason of such violence, but received no other answer than abuse for not holding my tongue. The master, the gunner, the surgeon, Mr Elphinstone, master's mate, and Nelson, were kept confined below, and the fore-hatchway was guarded by sentinels. The boatswain and carpenter, and also the clerk, Mr Samuel, were allowed to come upon deck. The boatswain was ordered to hoist the launch out, with a threat if he did not do it instantly, to take care of himself.

When the boat was out, Mr Hayward and Mr Hallet, two of the midshipmen, and Mr Samuel, were ordered into it. I demanded what their intention was in giving this order, and endeavoured to persuade the people near me not to persist in such acts of violence; but it was to no effect. Christian changed the cutlass which he had in his hand for a bayonet that was brought to him, and holding me with a strong gripe by the cord that tied my hands, he with many

oaths threatened to kill me immediately if I would not be quiet; the villains round me had their pieces cocked and bayonets fixed. Particular people were called on to go into the boat, and were hurried over the side, whence I concluded that with these people I was to be set adrift. I therefore made another effort to bring about a change, but with no other effect than to be threatened with having my brains blown out.

The boatswain and seamen who were to go in the boat were allowed to collect twine, canvas, lines, sails, cordage, an eight-and-twenty gallon cask of water, and Mr Samuel got a hundred and fifty pounds of bread, with a small quantity of rum and wine, also a quadrant and compass; but he was forbidden on pain of death, to touch either map, ephemeris, book of astronomical observations, sextant, time-keeper, or any of my surveys or drawings.

The officers were next called upon deck, and forced over the side into the boat, while I was kept apart from every one abaft the mizzen-mast.

Isaac Martin, one of the guard over me, I saw had an inclination to assist me, and, as he fed me with shaddock (my lips being quite parched), we explained our wishes to each other by our looks; but this being observed, Martin was removed from me. He then attempted to leave the ship, for which purpose he got into the boat; but with many threats they obliged him to return. The armourer, Joseph Coleman, and two of the carpenters, M'Intosh and Norman, were also kept contrary to their inclination; and they begged of me, after I was astern in the boat, to remember that they declared they had no hand in the transaction. Michael Byrne, I am told, likewise wanted to leave the ship.

It appeared to me that Christian was some time in doubt whether he should keep the carpenter or his mates; at length he determined on the latter, and the carpenter was ordered into the boat. He was permitted, but not without some opposition, to take his tool-chest. The officers and men being in the boat, they only waited for me, of which the master-at-arms informed Christian; who then said: 'Come, Captain Bligh, your officers and men are now in the boat, and you must go with them; if you attempt to make the least resistance, you will instantly be put to death;' and without further ceremony, with a tribe of armed ruffians about me, I was forced over the side, where they untied my hands. Being in the boat, we were veered astern by a rope. A few pieces of pork were thrown to us, and some clothes, also four cutlasses; and it was then that the armourer and carpenters called out to me to remember that they had no hand in the transaction. After having undergone a great deal of ridicule, and been kept some time to make sport for these unfeeling wretches, we were at length cast adrift in the open ocean.

I had eighteen persons with me in the boat. There remained on board the *Bounty* twenty-five hands, the most able men of the ship's

company. Having little or no wind, we rowed pretty fast towards Tofoa, which bore north-east about ten leagues from us. While the ship was in sight, she steered to the west-north-west; but I considered this only as a feint; for when we were sent away, 'Huzza for Otaheite!' was frequently heard among the mutineers.

It will very naturally be asked: What could be the reason for such a revolt? In answer to which I can only conjecture that the mutineers had flattered themselves with the hopes of a more happy life among the Otaheitans than they could possibly enjoy in England; and this, joined to some female connections, most probably occasioned the whole transaction. The women at Otaheite are handsome, mild, and cheerful in their manners and conversation, possessed of great sensibility, and have sufficient delicacy to make them admired and beloved. The chiefs were so much attached to our people that they rather encouraged their stay among them than otherwise, and even made them promises of large possessions. Under these, and many other attendant circumstances equally desirable, it is now perhaps not so much to be wondered at, though scarcely possible to have been foreseen, that a set of sailors, most of them void of connections, should be led away: especially when, in addition to such powerful inducements, they imagined it in their power to fix themselves in the midst of plenty, on one of the finest islands in the world, where they need not labour, and where the allurements of dissipation are beyond anything that can be conceived.

FATE OF THE CASTAWAYS.

My first determination was to seek a supply of bread-fruit and water at Tofoa, and afterwards to sail for Tongataboo, and there risk a solicitation to Poulaho, the king, to equip our boat, and grant us a supply of water and provisions, so as to enable us to reach the East Indies. The quantity of provisions I found in the boat was a hundred and fifty pounds of bread, sixteen pieces of pork, each piece weighing two pounds, six quarts of rum, six bottles of wine, with twenty-eight gallons of water, and four empty barrecoes.

We got to Tofoa when it was dark, but found the shore so steep and rocky that we could not land. We were obliged, therefore, to remain all night in the boat, keeping it on the lee-side of the island with two oars. Next day (Wednesday, April 29) we found a cove, where we landed. I observed the latitude of this cove to be 19 degrees 41 minutes south. This is the north-west part of Tofoa, the north-westernmost of the Friendly Islands. As I was resolved to spare the small stock of provisions we had in the boat, we endeavoured to procure something towards our support on the island itself. For two days we ranged through the island in parties, seeking for water, and anything in the shape of provisions, subsisting, meanwhile, on morsels of what we had brought with us. The

island at first seemed uninhabited, but on Friday, May 1, one of our exploring-parties met with two men, a woman, and a child: the men came with them to the cove, and brought two cocoa-nut shells of water. I endeavoured to make friends of these people, and sent them away for bread-fruit, plantains, and water. Soon after, other natives came to us; and by noon there were thirty about us, from whom we obtained a small supply. I was much puzzled in what manner to account to the natives for the loss of my ship: I knew they had too much sense to be amused with a story that the ship was to join me, when she was not in sight from the hills. I was at first doubtful whether I should tell the real fact, or say that the ship had overset and sunk, and that we only were saved: the latter appeared to be the most proper and advantageous for us, and I accordingly instructed my people, that we might all agree in one story. As I expected, inquiries were made about the ship, and they seemed readily satisfied with our account; but there did not appear the least symptom of joy or sorrow in their faces, although I fancied I discovered some marks of surprise. Some of the natives were coming and going the whole afternoon.

Towards evening, I had the satisfaction to find our stock of provisions somewhat increased; but the natives did not appear to have much to spare. What they brought was in such small quantities, that I had no reason to hope we should be able to procure from them sufficient to stock us for our voyage. At night, I served a quarter of a bread-fruit and a cocoa-nut to each person for supper; and a good fire being made, all but the watch went to sleep.

Saturday, 2*d*.—As there was no certainty of our being supplied with water by the natives, I sent a party among the gullies in the mountains, with empty shells, to see what could be found. In their absence the natives came about us as I expected, and in greater numbers; two canoes also came in from round the north side of the island. In one of them was an elderly chief, called Macca-ackavow. Soon after, some of our foraging-party returned, and with them came a good-looking chief called Egijeefow, or Eefow.

Their affability was of short duration, for the natives began to increase in number, and I observed some symptoms of a design against us. Soon after they attempted to haul the boat on shore, on which I brandished my cutlass in a threatening manner, and spoke to Eefow to desire them to desist; which they did, and everything became quiet again. My people, who had been in the mountains, now returned with about three gallons of water. I kept buying up the little bread-fruit that was brought to us, and likewise some spears, to arm my men with, having only four cutlasses, two of which were in the boat. As we had no means of improving our situation, I told our people I would wait till sunset, by which time, perhaps, something might happen in our favour; for if we attempted to go at present, we must fight our way through, which we could do more

advantageously at night; and that, in the meantime, we would endeavour to get off to the boat what we had bought. The beach was lined with the natives, and we heard nothing but the knocking of stones together, which they had in each hand. I knew very well this was the sign of an attack. At noon I served a cocoa-nut and a bread-fruit to each person for dinner, and gave some to the chiefs, with whom I continued to appear intimate and friendly. They frequently importuned me to sit down, but I as constantly refused; for it occurred both to Nelson and myself that they intended to seize hold of me, if I gave them such an opportunity. Keeping, therefore, constantly on our guard, we were suffered to eat our uncomfortable meal in some quietness.

After dinner, we began by little and little to get our things into the boat, which was a troublesome business, on account of the surf. I carefully watched the motions of the natives, who continued to increase in number; and found that, instead of their intention being to leave us, fires were made, and places fixed on for their stay during the night. Consultations were also held among them, and everything assured me we should be attacked. I sent orders to the master that, when he saw us coming down, he should keep the boat close to the shore, that we might the more readily embark.

The sun was near setting when I gave the word, on which every person who was on shore with me boldly took up his proportion of things, and carried them to the boat. The chiefs asked me if I would not stay with them all night. I said: 'No; I never sleep out of my boat; but in the morning we will again trade with you, and I shall remain till the weather is moderate, that we may go, as we have agreed, to see Poulaho, at Tongataboo.' Macca-ackavow then got up and said: 'You will not sleep on shore, then, Mattie?' (which directly signifies, we will kill you); and he left me. The onset was now preparing; every one, as I have described before, kept knocking stones together; and Eefow quitted me. All but two or three things were in the boat, when we walked down the beach, every one in a silent kind of horror. We all got into the boat except one man, who, while I was getting on board, quitted it, and ran up the beach to cast the sternfast off, notwithstanding the master and others called to him to return, while they were hauling me out of the water.

I was no sooner in the boat than the attack began by about two hundred men; the unfortunate poor man who had run up the beach was knocked down, and the stones flew like a shower of shot. Many Indians got hold of the stern-rope, and were near hauling the boat on shore; which they would certainly have effected, if I had not had a knife in my pocket, with which I cut the rope. We then hauled off to the grapnel, every one being more or less hurt. At this time, I saw five of the natives about the poor man they had killed, and two of them were beating him about the head with stones in their hands.

We had no time to reflect, for, to my surprise, they filled their

canoes with stones, and twelve men came off after us to renew the attack, which they did so effectually as nearly to disable us all. We were obliged to sustain the attack without being able to return it, except with such stones as lodged in the boat. I adopted the expedient of throwing overboard some clothes, which, as I expected, they stopped to pick up; and as it was by this time almost dark, they gave over the attack, and returned towards the shore, leaving us to reflect on our unhappy situation.

The poor man killed by the natives was John Norton: this was his second voyage with me as a quarter-master, and his worthy character made me lament his loss very much. He has left an aged parent, I am told, whom he supported.

We set our sails, and steered along-shore by the west side of the island of Tofoa, the wind blowing fresh from the eastward. My mind was employed in considering what was best to be done, when I was solicited by all hands to take them towards home; and when I told them that no hopes of relief for us remained, except what might be found at New Holland, till I came to Timor, a distance of full twelve hundred leagues, where there was a Dutch settlement, but in what part of the island I knew not, they all agreed to live on one ounce of bread and a quarter of a pint of water per day. Therefore, after examining our stock of provisions, and recommending to them, in the most solemn manner, not to depart from their promise, we bore away across a sea where the navigation is but little known, in a small boat, twenty-three feet long from stem to stern, deep laden with eighteen men. I was happy, however, to see that every one seemed better satisfied with our situation than myself.

Our stock of provisions consisted of about one hundred and fifty pounds of bread, twenty-eight gallons of water, twenty pounds of pork, three bottles of wine, and five quarts of rum. The difference between this and the quantity we had on leaving the ship was principally owing to our loss in the bustle and confusion of the attack. A few cocoa-nuts were in the boat, and some bread-fruit, but the latter was trampled to pieces.

Sunday, 3*d*.—At daybreak the gale increased; the sun rose very fiery and red—a sure indication of a severe gale of wind. At eight it blew a violent storm, and the sea ran very high, so that between the seas the sail was becalmed, and when on the top of the sea, it was too much to have set; but we could not venture to take in the sail, for we were in very imminent danger and distress, the sea curling over the stern of the boat, which obliged us to bale with all our might. A situation more distressing has perhaps seldom been experienced.

Our bread was in bags, and in danger of being spoiled by the wet; to be starved to death was inevitable, if this could not be prevented. I therefore began to examine what clothes there were in the boat, and what other things could be spared; and having determined that only two suits should be kept for each person, the rest was thrown

overboard, with some rope and spare sails, which lightened the boat considerably, and we had more room to bale the water out. Fortunately the carpenter had a good chest in the boat, in which we secured the bread the first favourable moment. His tool-chest also was cleared, and the tools stowed in the bottom of the boat, so that this became a second convenience.

I served a tea-spoonful of rum to each person (for we were very wet and cold), with a quarter of a bread-fruit, which was scarce eatable, for dinner. Our engagement was now strictly to be carried into execution, and I was fully determined to make our provisions last eight weeks, let the daily proportion be ever so small.

Monday, 4th.—At daylight our limbs were so benumbed, that we could scarcely find the use of them. At this time I served a tea-spoonful of rum to each person, from which we all found great benefit. Just before noon, we discovered a small flat island of a moderate height, bearing west-south-west four or five leagues. I observed our latitude to be 18 degrees 58 minutes south; our longitude was, by account, 3 degrees 4 minutes west from the island of Tofoa, having made a north 72 degrees west course, distance ninety-five miles, since yesterday noon. I divided five small cocoa-nuts for our dinner, and every one was satisfied. During the rest of that day, we discovered ten or twelve other islands, none of which we approached. At night I served a few broken pieces of bread-fruit for supper, and performed prayers.

Tuesday, 5th.—The night having been fair, we awoke after a tolerable rest, and contentedly breakfasted on a few pieces of yams that were found in the boat. After breakfast we examined our bread, a great deal of which was damaged and rotten; this, nevertheless, we were glad to keep for use. We passed two islands in the course of the day. For dinner I served some of the damaged bread, and a quarter of a pint of water.

Wednesday, 6th.—We still kept our course in the direction of the north of New Holland, passing numerous islands of various sizes, at none of which I ventured to land. Our allowance for the day was a quarter of a pint of cocoa-nut milk, and the meat, which did not exceed two ounces to each person. It was received very contentedly, but we suffered great drought. To our great joy, we hooked a fish, but we were miserably disappointed by its being lost in trying to get it into the boat.

As our lodgings were very miserable, and confined for want of room, I endeavoured to remedy the latter defect by putting ourselves at watch and watch; so that one-half always sat up while the other lay down on the boat's bottom, or upon a chest, with nothing to cover us but the heavens. Our limbs were dreadfully cramped, for we could not stretch them out; and the nights were so cold, and we so constantly wet, that, after a few hours' sleep, we could scarcely move.

Thursday, 7th.—Being very wet and cold, I served a spoonful of

rum and a morsel of bread for breakfast. We still kept sailing among islands, from one of which two large canoes put out in chase of us; but we left them behind. Whether these canoes had any hostile intention against us must remain a doubt; perhaps we might have benefited by an intercourse with them; but, in our defenceless situation, to have made the experiment would have been risking too much.

I imagine these to be the islands called Feejee, as their extent, direction, and distance from the Friendly Islands answer to the description given of them by those islanders. Heavy rain came on at four o'clock, when every person did his utmost to catch some water, and we increased our stock to thirty-four gallons, besides quenching our thirst for the first time since we had been at sea; but an attendant consequence made us pass the night very miserably, for, being extremely wet, and having no dry things to shift or cover us, we experienced cold shiverings scarcely to be conceived. Most fortunately for us, the forenoon, Friday 8th, turned out fair, and we stripped and dried our clothes. The allowance I issued to-day was an ounce and a half of pork, a tea-spoonful of rum, half a pint of cocoa-nut milk, and an ounce of bread. The rum, though so small in quantity, was of the greatest service. A fishing-line was generally towing from the stern of the boat, but though we saw great numbers of fish, we could never catch one.

In the afternoon we cleaned out the boat, and it employed us till sunset to get everything dry and in order. Hitherto I had issued the allowance by guess, but I now made a pair of scales with two cocoa-nut shells, and having accidentally some pistol balls in the boat, twenty-five of which weighed one pound, or sixteen ounces, I adopted one (it weighed 272 grains) as the proportion of weight that each person should receive of bread at the times I served it. I also amused all hands with describing the situation of New Guinea and New Holland, and gave them every information in my power, that, in case any accident happened to me, those who survived might have some idea of what they were about, and be able to find their way to Timor, which at present they knew nothing of more than the name, and some not even that. At night I served a quarter of a pint of water and half an ounce of bread for supper.

Saturday, 9th.—About nine in the evening, the clouds began to gather, and we had a prodigious fall of rain with severe thunder and lightning. By midnight we caught about twenty gallons of water. Being miserably wet and cold, I served to the people a tea-spoonful of rum each, to enable them to bear with their distressed situation. The weather continued extremely bad, and the wind increased: we spent a very miserable night, without sleep, except such as could be got in the midst of rain. The day brought no relief but its light. The sea broke over us so much, that two men were constantly

baling; and we had no choice how to steer, being obliged to keep before the waves for fear of the boat filling.

The allowance now regularly served to each person was 1-25th of a pound of bread, and a quarter of a pint of water, at eight in the morning, at noon, and at sunset. To-day I gave about half an ounce of pork for dinner, which, though any moderate person would have considered only as a mouthful, was divided into three or four.

All Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday the wet weather continued, with heavy seas and squalls. As there was no prospect of getting our clothes dried, my plan was to make every one strip, and wring them through the salt water, by which means they received a warmth that, while wet with rain, they could not have. We were constantly shipping seas and baling, and were very wet and cold during the night. The sight of the islands which we were always passing served only to increase the misery of our situation. We were very little better than starving, with plenty in view; yet to attempt procuring any relief was attended with so much danger, that prolonging of life, even in the midst of misery, was thought preferable, while there remained hopes of being able to surmount our hardships. For my own part, I consider the general run of cloudy and wet weather to be a blessing of Providence. Hot weather would have caused us to have died with thirst, and probably, being so constantly covered with rain or sea, protected us from that dreadful calamity.

Saturday, 16*th*.—The sun breaking out through the clouds gave us hopes of drying our wet clothes; but the sunshine was of short duration. We had strong breezes at south-east-by-south, and dark gloomy weather, with storms of thunder, lightning, and rain. The night was truly horrible, and not a star to be seen, so that our steerage was uncertain.

Sunday, 17*th*.—At dawn of day I found every person complaining, and some of them solicited extra allowance, which I positively refused. Our situation was miserable; always wet, and suffering extreme cold during the night, without the least shelter from the weather. Being constantly obliged to bale, to keep the boat from filling, was perhaps not to be reckoned an evil, as it gave us exercise.

The little rum we had was of great service. When our nights were particularly distressing, I generally served a tea-spoonful or two to each person; and it was always joyful tidings when they heard of my intentions.

The night was dark and dismal, the sea constantly breaking over us, and nothing but the wind and waves to direct our steerage. It was my intention, if possible, to make to New Holland, to the southward of Endeavour Straits, being sensible that it was necessary to preserve such a situation as would make a southerly wind a fair one; that we might range along the reefs till an opening should be found

into smooth water, and we the sooner be able to pick up some refreshments.

Monday and Tuesday were terrible days, heavy rain with lightning. We were always baling. On Wednesday the 20th, at dawn of day, some of my people seemed half dead. Our appearance was horrible, and I could look no way but I caught the eye of some one in distress. Extreme hunger was now too evident; but no one suffered from thirst, nor had we much inclination to drink—that desire, perhaps, being satisfied through the skin. The little sleep we got was in the midst of water, and we constantly awoke with severe cramps and pains in our bones.

Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, we were in the same distressed condition, and I began to fear that such another night or two would put an end to us. On Saturday, however, the wind moderated in the evening, and the weather looked much better, which rejoiced all hands, so that they ate their scanty allowance with more satisfaction than for some time past. The night also was fair; but being always wet with the sea, we suffered much from the cold.

Sunday, 24th.—A fine morning, I had the pleasure to see produce some cheerful countenances; and the first time, for fifteen days past, we experienced comfort from the warmth of the sun. We stripped, and hung our clothes up to dry, which were by this time become so threadbare, that they would not keep out either wet or cold.

This afternoon we had many birds about us, which are never seen far from land, such as boobies and noddies. As the sea began to run fair, and we shipped but little water, I took the opportunity to examine into the state of our bread, and found that, according to the present mode of issuing, there was a sufficient quantity remaining for twenty-nine days' allowance, by which time I hoped we should be able to reach Timor; but as this was very uncertain, and it was possible that, after all, we might be obliged to go to Java, I determined to proportion the allowance so as to make our stock hold out six weeks. I was apprehensive that this would be ill received, and that it would require my utmost resolution to enforce it; for small as the quantity was which I intended to take away for our future good, yet it might appear to my people like robbing them of life; and some, who were less patient than their companions, I expected would very ill brook it. However, on my representing the necessity of guarding against delays that might be occasioned in our voyage by contrary winds or other causes, and promising to enlarge upon the allowance as we got on, they cheerfully agreed to my proposal. It was accordingly settled that every person should receive 1-25th of a pound of bread for breakfast, and the same quantity for dinner; so that, by omitting the proportion for supper, we had forty-three days' allowance.

Monday, 25th.—At noon some noddies came so near to us, that one of them was caught by hand. This bird was about the size of a small pigeon. I divided it, with its entrails, into eighteen portions,

and by a well-known method at sea, of 'Who shall have this?'* it was distributed, with the allowance of bread and water for dinner, and eaten up, bones and all, with salt water for sauce. I observed the latitude 13 degrees 32 minutes south; longitude made 35 degrees 19 minutes west; course north 89 degrees west, distance one hundred and eight miles.

In the evening, several boobies flying very near to us, we had the good-fortune to catch one of them. This bird is as large as a duck. I directed the bird to be killed for supper, and the blood to be given to three of the people who were most distressed for want of food. The body, with the entrails, beak, and feet, I divided into eighteen shares, and, with an allowance of bread, which I made a merit of granting, we made a good supper, compared with our usual fare.

Sailing on, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, I at length became satisfied that we were approaching New Holland. This was actually the case; and after passing the reefs which bound that part of the coast, we found ourselves in smooth water. Two islands lay about four miles to the west-by-north, and appeared eligible for a resting-place, if for nothing more; but on our approach to the nearest island, it proved to be only a heap of stones, and its size too inconsiderable to shelter the boat. We therefore proceeded to the next, which was close to it, and towards the main. We landed to examine if there were any signs of the natives being near us: we saw some old fireplaces, but nothing to make me apprehend that this would be an unsafe situation for the night. Every one was anxious to find something to eat, and it was soon discovered that there were oysters on these rocks, for the tide was out; but it was nearly dark, and only a few could be gathered. I determined, therefore, to wait till the morning, when I should know better how to proceed.

Friday, 29th.—As there were no appearances to make me imagine that any of the natives were near us, I sent out parties in search of supplies, while others of the people were putting the boat in order. The parties returned, highly rejoiced at having found plenty of oysters and fresh water. I had also made a fire by the help of a small magnifying-glass; and, what was still more fortunate, we found among the few things which had been thrown into the boat, and saved, a piece of brimstone and a tinder-box, so that I secured fire for the future.

One of the people had been so provident as to bring away with him from the ship a copper pot: by being in possession of this article, we were enabled to make a proper use of the supply we now obtained; for, with a mixture of bread, and a little pork, we made a

* One person turns his back on the object that is to be divided; another then points separately to the portions, at each of them asking aloud: 'Who shall have this?' to which the first answers by naming somebody. This impartial method of division gives every man an equal chance of the best share.

stew that might have been relished by people of far more delicate appetites, and of which each person received a full pint. The general complaints of disease among us were a dizziness in the head, great weakness of the joints, and violent tenesmus.

The oysters which we found grew so fast to the rocks, that it was with difficulty they could be broken off, and at length we discovered it to be the most expeditious way to open them where they were fixed. They were of a good size, and well tasted. To add to this happy circumstance, in the hollow of the land there grew some wire-grass, which indicated a moist situation. On forcing a stick about three feet long into the ground, we found water, and with little trouble dug a well, which produced as much as our necessities required.

As the day was the anniversary of the restoration of King Charles II., I named the island Restoration Island. Our short stay there, with the supplies which it afforded us, made a visible alteration for the better in our appearance. Next day, Saturday the 30th, at four o'clock, we were preparing to embark, when about twenty of the natives appeared, running and hallooing to us, on the opposite shore. They were each armed with a spear or lance, and a short weapon which they carried in their left hand. They made signs for us to come to them, but I thought it prudent to make the best of our way. They were naked, and apparently black, and their hair or wool bushy and short.

Sunday, 31*st*.—Many small islands were in sight to the north-east. We landed at one of a good height, bearing north one-half west. The shore was rocky, but the water was smooth, and we landed without difficulty. I sent two parties out, one to the northward, and the other to the southward, to seek for supplies, and others I ordered to stay by the boat. On this occasion, fatigue and weakness so far got the better of their sense of duty, that some of the people expressed their discontent at having worked harder than their companions, and declared that they would rather be without their dinner than go in search of it. One person, in particular, went so far as to tell me, with a mutinous look, that he was as good a man as myself. It was not possible for me to judge where this might have an end, if not stopped in time; therefore, to prevent such disputes in future, I determined either to preserve my command, or die in the attempt; and seizing a cutlass, I ordered him to take hold of another and defend himself, on which he called out that I was going to kill him, and immediately made concessions. I did not allow this to interfere further with the harmony of the boat's crew, and everything soon became quiet. We here procured some oysters and clams, also some dogfish caught in the holes of the rocks, and a supply of water.

Leaving this island, which I named Sunday Island, we continued our course towards Endeavour Straits. During our voyage, Nelson became very ill, but gradually recovered. Next day we landed at another island, to see what we could get. There were proofs that

the island was occasionally visited by natives from New Holland. Encamping on the shore, I sent out one party to watch for turtle, and another to try to catch birds. About midnight the bird-party returned with only twelve noddies, birds which I have already described to be about the size of pigeons; but if it had not been for the folly and obstinacy of one of the party, who separated from the other two, and disturbed the birds, they might have caught a great number. I was so much provoked at my plans being thus defeated, that I gave this offender a good beating. This man afterwards confessed that, wandering away from his companions, he had eaten nine birds raw. Our turtling party had no success.

Tuesday and Wednesday we still kept our course north-west, touching at an island or two for oysters and clams. We had now been six days on the coast of New Holland, and but for the refreshment which our visits to its shores afforded us, it is all but certain that we must have perished. Now, however, it became clear that we were leaving it behind, and were commencing our adventurous voyage through the open sea to Timor.

On Wednesday, June 3d, at eight o'clock in the evening, we once more launched into the open ocean. Miserable as our situation was in every respect, I was secretly surprised to see that it did not appear to affect any one so strongly as myself. I encouraged every one with hopes that eight or ten days would bring us to a land of safety; and after praying to God for a continuance of his most gracious protection, I served an allowance of water for supper, and directed our course to the west-south-west, to counteract the southerly winds in case they should blow strong. For six days our voyage continued; a dreary repetition of those sufferings which we had experienced before reaching New Holland. In the course of the night we were constantly wet with the sea, and exposed to cold and shiverings; and in the daytime we had no addition to our scanty allowance, save a booby and a small dolphin that we caught, the former on Friday the 5th, and the latter on Monday the 8th. Many of us were ill, and the men complained heavily. On Wednesday the 10th, after a very comfortless night, there was a visible alteration for the worse in many of the people, which gave me great apprehensions. An extreme weakness, swelled legs, hollow and ghastly countenances, a more than common inclination to sleep, with an apparent debility of understanding, seemed to me the melancholy presages of an approaching dissolution.

Thursday, 11th.—Every one received the customary allowance of bread and water, and an extra allowance of water was given to those who were most in need. At noon I observed in latitude 9 degrees 41 minutes south; course south 77 degrees west, distance 109 miles; longitude made 13 degrees 49 minutes west. I had little doubt of having now passed the meridian of the eastern part of Timor, which

is laid down in 128 degrees east. This diffused universal joy and satisfaction.

Friday, 12*th*.—At three in the morning, with an excess of joy, we discovered Timor bearing from west-south-west to west-north-west, and I hauled on a wind to the north-north-east till daylight, when the land bore from south-west-by-south to north-east-by-north; our distance from the shore two leagues. It is not possible for me to describe the pleasure which the blessing of the sight of this land diffused among us. It appeared scarcely credible to ourselves that, in an open boat, and so poorly provided, we should have been able to reach the coast of Timor in forty-one days after leaving Tofoa, having in that time run, by our log, a distance of 3618 miles, and that, notwithstanding our extreme distress, no one should have perished in the voyage.

I have already mentioned that I knew not where the Dutch settlement was situated, but I had a faint idea that it was at the south-west part of the island. I therefore, after daylight, bore away along-shore to the south-south-west, which I was the more readily induced to do, as the wind would not suffer us to go towards the north-east without great loss of time.

We coasted along the island in the direction in which I conceived the Dutch settlement to lie, and next day, about two o'clock, I came to a grapnel in a small sandy bay, where we saw a hut, a dog, and some cattle. Here I learned that the Dutch governor resided at a place called Coupang, which was some distance to the north-east. I made signs for one of the Indians who came to the beach, to go in the boat and shew us the way to Coupang, intimating that I would pay him for his trouble; the man readily complied, and came into the boat. The Indians, who were of a dark tawny colour, brought us a few pieces of dried turtle and some ears of Indian corn. This last was the most welcome, for the turtle was so hard, that it could not be eaten without being first soaked in hot water. They offered to bring us some other refreshments, if I would wait; but, as the pilot was willing, I determined to push on. It was about half-past four when we sailed.

Sunday, 14*th*.—At one o'clock in the morning, after the most happy and sweet sleep that ever men enjoyed, we weighed, and continued to keep the east shore on board, in very smooth water. The report of two cannon that were fired gave new life to every one; and soon after, we discovered two square-rigged vessels and a cutter at anchor to the eastward. After hard rowing, we came to a grapnel near daylight, off a small fort and town, which the pilot told me was Coupang.

On landing, I was surrounded by many people, Indians and Dutch, with an English sailor among them. A Dutch captain, named Spikerman, shewed me great kindness, and waited on the governor, who was ill, to know at what time I could see him.

Eleven o'clock having been appointed for the interview, I desired my people to come on shore, which was as much as some of them could do, being scarce able to walk; they, however, were helped to Captain Spikerman's house, and found tea, with bread and butter, provided for their breakfast.

The abilities of a painter, perhaps, could seldom have been displayed to more advantage than in the delineation of the two groups of figures which at this time presented themselves to each other. An indifferent spectator would have been at a loss which most to admire—the eyes of famine sparkling at immediate relief, or the horror of their preservers at the sight of so many spectres, whose ghastly countenances, if the cause had been unknown, would rather have excited terror than pity. Our bodies were nothing but skin and bone, our limbs were full of sores, and we were clothed in rags: in this condition, with tears of joy and gratitude flowing down our cheeks, the people of Timor beheld us with a mixture of horror, surprise, and pity.

The governor, Mr William Adrian Van Este, notwithstanding extreme ill health, became so anxious about us, that I saw him before the appointed time. He received me with great affection, and gave me the fullest proofs that he was possessed of every feeling of a humane and good man. Though his infirmity was so great that he could not do the office of a friend himself, he said he would give such orders as I might be certain would procure us every supply we wanted. A house should be immediately prepared for me; and with respect to my people, he said that I might have room for them either at the hospital or on board of Captain Spikerman's ship, which lay in the road.

On returning to Captain Spikerman's house, I found that every kind relief had been given to my people. The surgeon had dressed their sores, and the cleaning of their persons had not been less attended to, several friendly gifts of apparel having been presented to them.

I desired to be shewn to the house that was intended for me, which I found ready, with servants to attend. It consisted of a hall, with a room at each end, and a loft overhead, and was surrounded by a piazza, with an outer apartment in one corner, and a communication from the back part of the house to the street. I therefore determined, instead of separating from my people, to lodge them all with me; and I divided the house as follows: One room I took to myself; the other I allotted to the master, surgeon, Mr Nelson, and the gunner; the loft to the other officers; and the outer apartment to the men. The hall was common to the officers, and the men had the back piazza. Of this disposition I informed the governor, and he sent down chairs, tables, and benches, with bedding and other necessaries for the use of every one. At noon a dinner was brought to the house, sufficiently good to make persons more accustomed to

plenty eat too much; yet I believe few in such a situation would have observed more moderation than my people did. Having seen every one enjoy this meal of plenty, I dined myself with Mr Wanjon, the governor's son-in-law; but I felt no extraordinary inclination to eat or drink. Rest and quiet I considered as more necessary to the re-establishment of my health, and therefore retired soon to my room, which I found furnished with every convenience. But instead of rest, my mind was disposed to reflect on our late sufferings, and on the failure of the expedition; but, above all, on the thanks due to Almighty God, who had given us power to support and bear such heavy calamities, and had enabled me at last to be the means of saving eighteen lives.

In our late situation, it was not the least of my distresses to be constantly assailed with the melancholy demands of my people for an increase of allowance, which it grieved me to refuse. The necessity of observing the most rigid economy in the distribution of our provisions was so evident, that I resisted their solicitations, and never deviated from the agreement we made at setting out. The consequence of this care was, that at our arrival we had still remaining sufficient for eleven days, at our scanty allowance; and if we had been so unfortunate as to have missed the Dutch settlement at Timor, we could have proceeded to Java, where I was certain that every supply we wanted could be procured.

We remained at Coupang about two months, during which time we experienced every possible kindness. On the 20th of July, David Nelson, who had been ill during our voyage, died of an inflammatory fever, and was buried in the European cemetery of the place. Having purchased a small schooner, and fitted her out under the name of his majesty's schooner *Resource*, I and my crew set out for Batavia on the 20th of August. We reached that settlement on the 1st of October, where I sold the schooner, and endeavoured to procure our passage to England. We were obliged, however, to separate, and go home in different ships. On Friday the 16th October, before sunrise, I embarked on board the *Vlydte* packet, commanded by Captain Peter Couvret, bound for Middleburgh. With me likewise embarked Mr John Samuel, clerk, and John Smith, seaman. Those of our company who stayed behind, the governor promised me should follow in the first ships, and be as little divided as possible. On the 13th of March 1790, we saw the Bill of Portland; and on the evening of the next day, Sunday, March 14th, I left the packet, and was landed at Portsmouth by an Isle of Wight boat.

Those of my officers and people whom I left at Batavia were provided with passages in the earliest ships, and, at the time we parted, were apparently in good health. Nevertheless, they did not all live to quit Batavia. Thomas Hall, a seaman, had died while I was there. Mr Elphinstone, master's mate, and Peter Linkletter,

seaman, died within a fortnight after my departure; the hardships they had experienced having rendered them unequal to cope with so unhealthy a climate as that of Batavia. The remainder embarked on board the Dutch fleet for Europe, and arrived safe in this country, except Robert Lamb, who died on the passage, and Mr Ledward, the surgeon, who has not yet been heard of. Thus, of nineteen who were forced by the mutineers into the launch, it has pleased God that twelve should surmount the difficulties and dangers of the voyage, and live to revisit their native country.

FATE OF THE MUTINEERS—COLONY OF PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.

The intelligence of the mutiny, and the sufferings of Bligh and his companions, naturally excited a great sensation in England. Bligh was immediately promoted to the rank of commander, and Captain Edwards was despatched to Otaheite, in the *Pandora* frigate, with instructions to search for the *Bounty* and her mutinous crew, and bring them to England. The *Pandora* reached Matavai Bay on the 23d of March 1791: and even before she had come to anchor, Joseph Coleman, formerly armourer of the *Bounty*, pushed off from shore in a canoe, and came on board. In the course of two days afterwards, the whole of the remainder of the *Bounty's* crew (in number sixteen) then on the island surrendered themselves, with the exception of two, who fled to the mountains, where, as it afterwards appeared, they were murdered by the natives.

From his prisoners, and the journals kept by one or two of them, Captain Edwards learned the proceedings of Christian and his associates after turning Bligh and his companions adrift in the boat. It appears that they steered, in the first instance, to the island of Toobouai, where they intended to form a settlement; but the opposition of the natives, and the want of many necessary materials, determined them to return in the meantime to Otaheite, where they arrived on the 25th of May 1789. In answer to the inquiries of Tinah, the king, about Bligh and the rest of the crew, the mutineers stated that they had fallen in with Captain Cook, who was forming a settlement in a neighbouring island, and had retained Bligh and the others to assist him, while they themselves had been despatched to Otaheite for an additional supply of hogs, goats, fowls, bread-fruit, and various other articles. Overjoyed at hearing their old friend Cook was alive, and about to settle so near them, the humane and unsuspicious islanders set about so actively to procure the supplies wanted, that in a few days the *Bounty* received on board three hundred and twelve hogs, thirty-eight goats, eight dozen of fowls, a bull and a cow, and a large quantity of bread-fruit, plantains, bananas, and other fruits. The mutineers also took with them eight men, nine women, and seven boys, with all of whom they arrived a second time at Toobouai, on the 26th of June, where they

warped the ship up the harbour, landed the live-stock, and set about building a fort of fifty yards square. Quarrels and disagreements, however, soon broke out amongst them. The poor natives were treated like slaves, and upon attempting to retaliate, were mercilessly put to death. Christian, finding his authority almost entirely disregarded, called a consultation as to what steps were next to be taken, when it was agreed that Toobouai should be abandoned; that the ship should once more be taken to Otaheite, where those who might choose it would be put ashore, while the rest, who preferred remaining in the vessel, might proceed wherever they had a mind. This was accordingly done. Sixteen of the crew went ashore at Matavai (fourteen of whom, as already stated, were received on board the *Pandora*, and two were murdered), while Christian with his eight comrades, and taking with them seven Otaheitan men and twelve women, finally sailed from Matavai on the 21st of September 1789, from which time they had never been more heard of.

Captain Edwards instituted a strict search after the fugitives amongst the various groups of islands in the Pacific, but finding no trace of them, he set sail, after three months' investigation, for the east coast of New Holland. Here, by some mismanagement, the *Pandora* struck upon the singular coral-reef that runs along that coast, called the 'Barrier Reef,' and filled so fast, that scarcely were the boats got out when she foundered and went down, thirty-four of the crew and four of the prisoners perishing in her. The concurring testimony of the unfortunate prisoners exhibits the conduct of Captain Edwards towards them, both before and after the wreck, as having been cruel in the extreme. After reaching a low, sandy, desert island, or rather *key*, as such are nautically termed, Captain Edwards caused his men to form tents out of the sails they had saved, under which he and his men reposed in comparative comfort; but he refused the same indulgence to his miserable captives, whose only refuge, therefore, from the scorching rays of the sun was by burying themselves up to the neck amongst the burning sand, so that their bodies were blistered as if they had been scalded with boiling water. The *Pandora's* survivors reached Batavia in their boats, whence they obtained passages to England in Dutch vessels. A court-martial was soon afterwards held (September 1792), when six of the ten mutineers were found guilty, and condemned to death —the other four were acquitted. Only three of the six, however, were executed.

Nearly twenty years elapsed after the period of the above occurrences, and all recollection of the *Bounty* and her wretched crew had passed away, when an accidental discovery, as interesting as unexpected, once more recalled public attention to that event. The captain of an American schooner having, in 1808, accidentally touched at an island up to that time supposed to be uninhabited, called Pitcairn's Island, found a community speaking English, who

represented themselves as the descendants of the mutineers of the *Bounty*, of whom there was still one man, of the name of Alexander Smith, alive amongst them. Intelligence of this singular circumstance was sent by the American captain (Folger) to Sir Sidney Smith at Valparaiso, and by him transmitted to the Lords of the Admiralty. But the government was at that time perhaps too much engaged in the events of the continental war to attend to the information, nor was anything further heard of this interesting little society until 1814. In that year two British men-of-war, cruising in the Pacific, made Pitcairn's Island, and on nearing the shore, saw plantations regularly and orderly laid out. Soon afterwards, they observed a few natives coming down a steep descent, with their canoes on their shoulders, and in a few minutes perceived one of these little vessels darting through a heavy surf, and paddling off towards the ships. But their astonishment may be imagined when, on coming alongside, they were hailed in good English with: 'Won't you heave us a rope now?' This being done, a young man sprang up the side with extraordinary activity, and stood on the deck before them. In answer to the question 'Who are you?' he replied that his name was Thursday October Christian, son of the late Fletcher Christian, by an Otaheitan mother; that he was the first born on the island, and was so named because he was born on a Thursday in October. All this sounded singular and incredible in the ears of the British captains, Sir Thomas Staines and Mr Pipon; but they were soon satisfied of its truth. Young Christian was at this time about twenty-four years old, a tall handsome youth, fully six feet high, with black hair, and an open, interesting English countenance. As he wore no clothes, except a piece of cloth round his loins, and a straw-hat ornamented with black-cock's feathers, his fine figure and well-shaped muscular limbs were displayed to great advantage, and attracted general admiration. His body was much tanned by exposure to the weather; but although his complexion was somewhat brown, it wanted that tinge of red peculiar to the natives of the Pacific. He spoke English correctly both in grammar and pronunciation; and his frank and ingenuous deportment excited in every one the liveliest feelings of compassion and interest. His companion was a fine handsome youth, of seventeen or eighteen years of age, named George Young, son of one of the *Bounty's* midshipmen.

The youths expressed great surprise at everything they saw, especially a cow, which they supposed to be either a huge goat or a horned sow, having never seen any other quadrupeds. When questioned concerning the *Bounty*, they referred the captains to an old man on shore, the only surviving Englishman, whose name, they said, was John Adams, but who proved to be the identical Alexander Smith before mentioned, having changed his name from some caprice or other. The officers went ashore with the youths, and

were received by old Adams (as we shall now call him), who conducted them to his house, and treated them to an elegant repast of eggs, fowl, yams, plantains, bread-fruit, &c. They now learned from him an account of the fate of his companions, who with himself preferred accompanying Christian in the *Bounty* to remaining at Otaheite—which account agreed with that he afterwards gave at greater length to Captain Beechey in 1828. Our limits will not permit us to detail all the interesting particulars at length, as we could have wished, but they are in substance as follow:

It was Christian's object, in order to avoid the vengeance of the British law, to proceed to some unknown and uninhabited island, and the Marquesas Islands were first fixed upon. But Christian, on reading Captain Cartaret's account of Pitcairn's Island, thought it better adapted for the purpose, and shaped his course thither. Having landed and traversed it, they found it every way suitable to their wishes, possessing water, wood, a good soil, and some fruits. Having ascertained all this, they returned on board, and having landed their hogs, goats, and poultry, and gutted the ship of everything that could be useful to them, they set fire to her, and destroyed every vestige that might lead to the discovery of their retreat. This was on the 23d of January 1790. The island was then divided into nine equal portions amongst them, a suitable spot of neutral ground being reserved for a village. The poor Otaheitans now found themselves reduced to the condition of mere slaves; but they patiently submitted, and everything went on peaceably for two years. About that time, Williams, one of the seamen, having the misfortune to lose his wife, forcibly took the wife of one of the Otaheitans, which, together with their continued ill-usage, so exasperated the latter, that they formed a plan for murdering the whole of their oppressors. The plot, however, was discovered, and revealed by the Englishmen's wives, and two of the Otaheitans were put to death. But the surviving natives soon afterwards matured a more successful conspiracy, and in one day murdered five of the Englishmen, including Christian. Adams and Young were spared at the intercession of their wives, and the remaining two, M'Koy and Quintal (two desperate ruffians), escaped to the mountains, whence, however, they soon rejoined their companions. But the further career of these two villains was short. M'Koy, having been bred up in a Scottish distillery, succeeded in extracting a bottle of ardent spirits from the *tee root;* from which time he and Quintal were never sober, until the former became delirious, and committed suicide by jumping over a cliff. Quintal being likewise almost insane with drinking, made repeated attempts to murder Adams and Young, until they were absolutely compelled, for their own safety, to put him to death, which they did by felling him with a hatchet.

Adams and Young were at length the only surviving males who had landed on the island, and being both of a serious turn of mind,

and having time for reflection and repentance, they became extremely devout. Having saved a Bible and Prayer-book from the *Bounty*, they now performed family worship morning and evening, and addressed themselves to training up their own children and those of their unfortunate companions in piety and virtue. Young, however, was soon carried off by an asthmatic complaint, and Adams was thus left to continue his pious labours alone. At the time Captains Staines and Pipon visited the island, this interesting little colony consisted of about forty-six persons, mostly grown-up young people, all living in harmony and happiness together; and not only professing, but fully understanding and practising the precepts and principles of the Christian religion. Adams had instituted the ceremony of marriage, and he assured his visitors that not one instance of debauchery and immoral conduct had occurred amongst them.

The visitors having supplied these interesting people with some tools, kettles, and other articles, took their leave. The account which they transmitted home of this newly-discovered colony, was, strange to say, as little attended to by government as that of Captain Folger; and nothing more was heard of Adams and his family for nearly twelve years, when, in 1825, Captain Beechey, in the *Blossom*, bound on a voyage of discovery to Behring Strait, touched at Pitcairn's Island. On the approach of the *Blossom*, a boat came off under all sail towards the ship, containing old Adams and ten of the young men of the island. After requesting and obtaining leave to come on board, the young men sprung up the side, and shook every officer cordially by the hand. Adams, who was grown very corpulent, followed more leisurely. He was dressed in a sailor's shirt and trousers, with a low-crowned hat, which he held in his hand in sailor-fashion, while he smoothed down his bald forehead when addressed by the officers of the *Blossom*. The little colony had now increased to about sixty-six, including an English sailor, of the name of John Buffet, who, at his own earnest desire, had been left by a whaler. In this man the society luckily found an able and willing schoolmaster. He instructed the children in reading, writing, and arithmetic, and devoutly co-operated with old Adams in affording religious instruction to the community. The officers of the *Blossom* went ashore, and were entertained with a sumptuous repast at young Christian's, the table being spread with plates, knives, and forks. Buffet said grace in an emphatic manner; and so strict were they in this respect, that it was not deemed proper to touch a morsel of bread without saying grace both before and after it. The officers slept in the house all night, their bedclothing and sheets consisting of the native cloth made of the native mulberry-tree. The only interruption to their repose was the melody of the evening-hymn, which was chanted together by the whole family after the lights were put out; and they were awakened at early dawn by the same

devotional ceremony. On Sabbath the utmost decorum was attended to, and the day was passed in regular religious observances.

In consequence of a representation made by Captain Beechey, the British government sent out Captain Waldegrave in 1830, in the *Seringapatam*, with a supply of sailors' blue jackets and trousers, flannels, stockings and shoes, women's dresses, spades, mattocks, shovels, pickaxes, trowels, rakes, &c. He found their community increased to about seventy-nine, all exhibiting the same unsophisticated and amiable characteristics as we have before described. Other two Englishmen had settled amongst them; one of them, Nobbs, a missionary. The patriarch Adams, it was found, had died in March 1829, aged sixty-five. While on his death-bed, he had called the heads of families together, and urged upon them to elect a chief, which, however, they had not yet done; but the greatest harmony still prevailed amongst them. Captain Waldegrave thought that the island, which is about four miles square, might be able to support a thousand persons, upon reaching which number they would naturally emigrate to other islands.

In 1856, the British government thought it advisable to deport the whole of the inhabitants, to the number of 194, to Norfolk Island, about 900 miles east-north-east of Sydney. This island had long been used as a convict prison, but the establishment had that year been broken up. The colonists were provided in their new quarters with houses, domestic animals, implements, seeds, boats, &c. In the end of the following year, they were visited by the Governor of New South Wales, who organised a magistracy among them, and established a code of laws. They had increased to 212. He found it necessary to introduce a few skilled workmen from England to teach them certain indispensable trades, and also a schoolmaster. On his second visit in 1859, the Governor found that two families, numbering 16 persons, had returned to Pitcairn's Island, and that others were thinking of following the example. This tendency he succeeded in checking. In 1862, the community had increased to 280 persons, and European usages were slowly spreading. Subsequent reports represent a steady advance in numbers and prosperity.

SELECT POETICAL PIECES OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE following pieces have been selected, with some degree of care, from the various poetical works of Sir Walter Scott, with the view of placing in the hands of the less opulent classes a pleasing specimen of productions once so deservedly popular, and still highly esteemed for their beauty of language and sentiment. The works principally selected from are the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, *Marmion*, and the *Lady of the Lake*, which were originally published between the years 1805 and 1810. The leading quality of these productions, as may be observed from our extracts, is fidelity in describing objects and appearances in nature and rural imagery, along with a charming softness of versification. Some of the lyrical pieces are also much admired.

SCOTLAND—MY NATIVE LAND.

BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
  This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
  From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no Minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth, as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung!

O Caledonia, stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,

Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand!
Still, as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now, and what hath been,
Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left;
And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.
By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,
Though none should guide my feeble way;
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
Although it chill my withered cheek;
Still lay my head by Teviot stone,
Though there, forgotten and alone,
The Bard may draw his parting groan.

HYMN OF THE HEBREW MAID.

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her father's God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.
By day, along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answered keen;
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
With priest's and warrior's voice between.
No portents now our foes amaze—
Forsaken Israel wanders lone;
Our fathers would not know Thy ways,
And Thou hast left them to their own.

But, present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray.
And oh, when stoops on Judah's path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light!

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
  The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn;
No censer round our altar beams,
  And mute are timbrel, trump, and horn.
But Thou hast said: 'The blood of goat,
  The flesh of rams, I will not prize;
A contrite heart, a humble thought,
  Are mine accepted sacrifice.'

MELROSE ABBEY.

If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruined central tower;
When buttress and buttress, alternately
Seem framed of ebon and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave;
Then go—but go alone the while—
Then view St David's ruined pile;
And, home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair!

TIME.

[From *The Antiquary*.]

Why sitt'st thou by that ruined hall,
  Thou aged carle so stern and gray?
Dost thou its former pride recall,
  Or ponder how it passed away?

'Knowest thou not me?' the Deep Voice cried,
  'So long enjoyed, so oft misused—
Alternate, in thy fickle pride,
  Desired, neglected, and accused?

Before my breath, like blazing flax,
  Man and his marvels pass away;
And changing empires wane and wax,
  Are founded, flourish, and decay.

Redeem mine hours—the space is brief—
While in my glass the sand-grains shiver,
And measureless thy joy or grief,
When Time and thou shall part for ever!'

THE RESOLVE.

IN IMITATION OF AN OLD ENGLISH POEM.

My wayward fate I needs must 'plain,
Though bootless be the theme;
I loved, and was beloved again,
Yet all was but a dream:
For, as her love was quickly got,
So it was quickly gone;
No more I'll bask at flame so hot,
But coldly dwell alone.

Not maid more bright than maid was e'er
My fancy shall beguile
By flattering word or feignèd tear,
By gesture, look, or smile;
No more I'll call the shaft fair shot,
Till it has fairly flown,
Nor scorch me at a flame so hot—
I'll rather freeze alone.

Each ambushed Cupid I'll defy,
In cheek, or chin, or brow,
And deem the glance of woman's eye
As weak as woman's vow;
I'll lightly hold the lady's heart
That is but lightly won;
I'll steel my breast to beauty's dart,
And learn to live alone.

The flaunting torch soon blazes out;
The diamond's ray abides;
The flame its glory hurls about;
The gem its lustre hides.
Such gem I fondly deemed was mine,
And glowed a diamond stone;
But, since each eye may see it shine,
I'll darkling dwell alone.

Nor waking dream shall tinge my thought
With eyes so bright and vain;
No silken net, so slightly wrought,
Shall 'tangle me again;

No more I 'll pay so dear for wit;
I'll live upon mine own;
Nor shall wild passion trouble it—
I'll rather dwell alone.

And thus I'll hush my heart to rest—
Thy loving labour's lost;
Thou shalt no more be wildly blest,
To be so strangely crost.
The widowed turtles mateless die,
The phœnix is but one;
They seek no loves—no more will I—
I'll rather dwell alone.

LOVE.

AND said I that my limbs were old;
And said I that my blood was cold,
And that my kindly fire was fled,
And my poor withered heart was dead,
And that I might not sing of love?—
How could I to the dearest theme
That ever warmed a minstrel's dream,
So foul, so false a recreant prove!
How could I name love's very name,
Nor wake my harp to notes of flame!

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed;
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;
In halls, in gay attire is seen;
In hamlets, dances on the green.
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

DEATH OF A POET.

CALL it not vain—they do not err
Who say that, when the poet dies,
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
And celebrates his obsequies;
Who say tall cliff, and cavern lone,
For the departed bard make moan;
That mountains weep in crystal rill;
That flowers in tears of balm distil;
Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,
And oaks, in deeper groan, reply;

And rivers teach their rushing wave
To murmur dirges round his grave.

Not that, in sooth, o'er mortal urn
Those things inanimate can mourn;
But that the stream, the wood, the gale,
Is vocal with the plaintive wail
Of those who, else forgotten long,
Lived in the poet's faithful song,
And, with the poet's parting breath,
Whose memory feels a second death.
The maid's pale shade, who wails her lot,
That love, true love, should be forgot,
From rose and hawthorn shakes the tear
Upon the gentle minstrel's bier;
The phantom knight, his glory fled,
Mourns o'er the field he heaped with dead,
Mounts the wild blast that sweeps amain,
And shrieks along the battle-plain;
The chief, whose antique crownlet long
Still sparkled in the feudal song,
Now, from the mountain's misty throne,
Sees, in the thanedom once his own,
His ashes undistinguished lie,
His place, his power, his memory die;
His groans the lonely caverns fill,
His tears of rage impel the rill;
All mourn the minstrel's harp unstrung,
Their name unknown, their praise unsung.

SONG OF ALBERT GRÆME.

It was an English ladye bright,
The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,
And she would marry a Scottish knight,
For Love will still be lord of all!

Blithely they saw the rising sun,
When he shone fair on Carlisle wall,
But they were sad ere day was done,
Though Love was still the lord of all!

Her sire gave brooch and jewel fine,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall;
Her brother gave but a flask of wine,
For ire that Love was lord of all!

For she had lands, both meadow and lea,
  Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,
And he swore her death, ere he would see
  A Scottish knight the lord of all!

That wine she had not tasted well,
  The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,
When dead, in her true love's arms, she fell,
  For Love was still the lord of all!

He pierced her brother to the heart,
  Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall!
So perish all would true love part,
  That Love may still be lord of all!

And then he took the cross divine,
  Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,
And died for her sake in Palestine;
  So Love was still the lord of all!

Now all ye lovers, that faithful prove,
  The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,
Pray for their souls who died for love,
  For Love shall still be lord of all!

BALLAD OF ROSABELLE.

Oh listen, listen, ladies gay!
  No haughty feat of arms I tell;
Soft is the note, and sad the lay,
  That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

'Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew!
  And, gentle ladye, deign to stay!
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
  Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

The blackening wave is edged with white;
  To inch* and rock the sea-mews fly;
The fishers have heard the Water Sprite,
  Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.

Last night the gifted seer did view
  A wet shroud swathed round ladye gay;
Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch:
  Why cross the gloomy firth to-day?'

* Isle.

'Tis not because Lord Lindesay's heir
To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
But that my Ladye-mother there
Sits lonely in her castle hall.

'Tis not because the ring they ride,
And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
But that my sire the wine will chide,
If 'tis not filled by Rosabelle.'

O'er Roslin all that dreary night
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam;
'Twas broader than the watch-fire light,
And redder than the bright moonbeam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
It ruddied all the copsewood glen;
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And seen from caverned Hawthornden.

Seemed all on fire that chapel proud,
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffined lie;
Each baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seemed all on fire within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar's pale;
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
And glimmered all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high St Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
Lie buried within that proud chapelle;
Each one the holy vault doth hold—
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle!

And each St Clair was buried there,
With candle, with book, and with knell;
But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung,
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

NOVEMBER—ETTRICK FOREST.

NOVEMBER'S sky is chill and drear,
November's leaf is red and sear:
Late, gazing down the steepy linn,
That hems our little garden in,

Low in its dark and narrow glen,
You scarce the rivulet might ken,
So thick the tangled greenwood grew,
So feeble trilled the streamlet through:
Now, murmuring hoarse, and frequent seen
Through bush and brier, no longer green,
An angry brook, it sweeps the glade,
Brawls over rock and wild cascade,
And, foaming brown with doubled speed,
Hurries its waters to the Tweed.

No longer autumn's glowing red
Upon our forest hills is shed;
No more, beneath the evening beam,
Fair Tweed reflects their purple gleam;
Away hath passed the heather-bell,
That bloomed so rich on Neidpath-fell;
Sallow his brow, and russet bare
Are now the sister-heights of Yare.
The sheep, before the pinching heaven,
To sheltered dale and down are driven,
Where yet some faded herbage pines,
And yet a watery sunbeam shines:
In meek despondency they eye
The withered sward and wintry sky,
And far beneath their summer hill,
Stray sadly by Glenkinnon's rill;
The shepherd shifts his mantle's fold,
And wraps him closer from the cold;
His dogs no merry circles wheel,
But, shivering, follow at his heel;
A cowering glance they often cast,
As deeper moans the gathering blast.

My imps, though hardy, bold, and wild,
As best befits the mountain child,
Feel the sad influence of the hour,
And wail the daisy's vanished flower;
Their summer gambols tell, and mourn,
And anxious ask: 'Will spring return,
And birds and lambs again be gay,
And blossoms clothe the hawthorn spray?'

Yes, prattlers, yes. The daisy's flower
Again shall paint your summer bower;
Again the hawthorn shall supply
The garlands you delight to tie;

The lambs upon the lea shall bound,
The wild birds carol to the round,
And while you frolic light as they,
Too short shall seem the summer day.

ST MARY'S LAKE.

WHEN, musing on companions gone,
We doubly feel ourselves alone,
Something, my friend, we yet may gain;
There is a pleasure in this pain:
It soothes the love of lonely rest,
Deep in its gentler heart impressed.
'Tis silent amid worldly toils,
And stifled soon by mental broils;
But, in a bosom thus prepared,
Its still small voice is often heard,
Whispering a mingled sentiment,
'Twixt resignation and content.
Oft in my mind such thoughts awake
By lone St Mary's silent lake;
Thou know'st it well—nor fen, nor sedge,
Pollute the pure lake's crystal edge;
Abrupt and sheer, the mountains sink,
At once upon the level brink;
And just a trace of silver sand
Marks where the water meets the land.
Far in the mirror, bright and blue,
Each hill's huge outline you may view;
Shaggy with heath, but lonely bare,
Nor tree, nor bush, nor brake is there,
Save where, of land, yon slender line
Bears thwart the lake the scattered pine.
Yet even this nakedness has power,
And aids the feeling of the hour:
Nor thicket, dell, nor copse you spy,
Where living thing concealed might lie;
Nor point, retiring, hides a dell,
Where swain, or woodman lone, might dwell;
There 's nothing left to fancy's guess,
You see that all is loneliness:
And silence aids—though these steep hills
Send to the lake a thousand rills;
In summer tide, so soft they weep,
The sound but lulls the ear asleep;
Your horse's hoof-tread sounds too rude,
So stilly is the solitude.

JOCK OF HAZELDEAN.

'WHY weep ye by the tide, ladye,
Why weep ye by the tide?
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
And ye shall be his bride:
And ye shall be his bride, ladye,
Sae comely to be seen.'
But aye she loot the tears down fa',
For Jock of Hazeldean.

'Now let this wilful grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale;
Young Frank is chief of Errington,
And lord of Langley-dale;
His step is first in peaceful ha',
His sword in battle keen.'
But aye she loot the tears down fa',
For Jock of Hazeldean.

'A chain o' gold ye shall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair;
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair;
And you, the foremost o' them a',
Shall ride our forest queen.'
But aye she loot the tears down fa',
For Jock of Hazeldean.

The kirk was decked at morning-tide,
The tapers glimmered fair;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there;
They sought her both by bower and ha',
The ladye was not seen!
She's o'er the Border, and awa'
Wi' Jock of Hazeldean.

THE SCOTTISH SHEPHERD IN WINTER.

WHEN red hath set the beamless sun,
Through heavy vapours dank and dun;
When the tired ploughman, dry and warm,
Hears, half asleep, the rising storm
Hurling the hail and sleeted rain
Against the casement's tinkling pane;

The sounds that drive wild deer and fox
To shelter in the brake and rocks,
Are warnings which the shepherd ask
To dismal, and to dangerous task.
Oft he looks forth, and hopes in vain
The blast may sink in mellowing rain;
Till, dark above, and white below,
Decided drives the flaky snow,
And forth the hardy swain must go.
Long, with dejected look and whine,
To leave the hearth his dogs repine;
Whistling, and cheering them to aid,
Around his back he wreathes the plaid:
His flock he gathers, and he guides
To open downs and mountain sides,
Where, fiercest though the tempest blow,
Least deeply lies the drift below.
The blast that whistles o'er the fells,
Stiffens his locks to icicles;
Oft he looks back, while, streaming far,
His cottage window seems a star,
Loses its feeble gleam, and then
Turns patient to the blast again,
And, facing to the tempest's sweep,
Drives through the gloom his lagging sheep.
If fails his heart, if his limbs fail,
Benumbing death is in the gale;
His paths, his landmarks, all unknown,
Close to the hut, no more his own,
Close to the aid he sought in vain,
The morn may find the stiffened swain:
His widow sees, at dawning pale,
His orphans raise their feeble wail;
And, close beside him, in the snow,
Poor Yarrow, partner of their woe,
Couches upon his master's breast,
And licks his cheek, to break his rest.

Who envies now the shepherd's lot,
His healthy fare, his rural cot,
His summer couch by greenwood tree,
His rustic kirn's loud revelry,
His native hill-notes, tuned on high,
To Marion of the blithesome eye;
His crook, his scrip, his oaten reed,
And all Arcadia's golden creed?

VIEW OF EDINBURGH FROM BRAID HILL.

STILL on the spot Lord Marmion stayed,
For fairer scene he ne'er surveyed,
When sated with the martial show
That peopled all the plain below,
The wandering eye could o'er it go,
And mark the distant city glow
With gloomy splendour red;
For on the smoke-wreaths, huge and slow,
That round her sable turrets flow,
The morning beams were shed,
And tinged them with a lustre proud,
Like that which streaks a thunder-cloud.
Such dusky grandeur clothed the height,
Where the huge castle holds its state,
And all the steep slope down,
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,
Piled deep and massy, close and high,
Mine own romantic town!
But northward far, with purer blaze,
On Ochil mountains fell the rays,
And as each heathy top they kissed,
It gleamed a purple amethyst.
Yonder the shores of Fife you saw;
Here Preston-Bay and Berwick-Law;
And, broad between them rolled
The gallant Firth the eye might note,
Whose islands on its bosom float,
Like emeralds chased in gold.

LOCHINVAR.

OH young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And save his good broadsword, he weapons had none;
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Esk river where ford there was none;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented—the gallant came late:

For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word):
'Oh come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?'

'I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar.'

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up;
He quaffed off the wine, and threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar:
'Now tread we a measure!' said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whispered: 'Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar.'

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
'She is won! we are gone over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow,' quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran:
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

CHRISTMAS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

HEAP on more wood!—the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.

Each age has deemed the new-born year
The fittest time for festal cheer:
Even heathen yet, the savage Dane
At Iol more deep the mead did drain;
High on the beach his galleys drew,
And feasted all his pirate crew;
Then in his low and pine-built hall,
Where shields and axes decked the wall,
They gorged upon the half-dressed steer;
Caroused in seas of sable beer;
While round, in brutal jest, were thrown
The half-gnawed rib, and marrow-bone;
Or listened all, in grim delight,
While scalds yelled out the joys of fight.
Then forth, in frenzy, would they hie,
While wildly loose their red locks fly,
And dancing round the blazing pile,
They make such barbarous mirth the while,
As best might to the mind recall
The boisterous joys of Odin's hall.

And well our Christian sires of old
Loved when the year its course had rolled,
And brought blithe Christmas back again,
With all his hospitable train.
Domestic and religious rite
Gave honour to the holy night:
On Christmas eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas eve the mass was sung;
That only night, in all the year,
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
The damsel donned her kirtle sheen;
The hall was dressed with holly green;
Forth to the wood did merry-men go,
To gather in the mistletoe.
Then opened wide the baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all;
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And Ceremony doffed his pride.
The heir, with roses in his shoes,
That night might village partner choose;
The lord, underogating, share
The vulgar game of 'post and pair.'
All hailed, with uncontrolled delight
And general voice, the happy night,
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.

The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,
Went roaring up the chimney wide;
The huge hall-table's oaken face,
Scrubbed till it shone, the day to grace,
Bore then upon its massive board
No mark to part the squire and lord.
Then was brought in the lusty brawn
By old blue-coated serving-man;
Then the grim boar's-head frowned on high,
Crested with bays and rosemary.
Well can the green-garbed ranger tell,
How, when, and where the monster fell;
What dogs before his death he tore,
And all the baiting of the boar.
The wassail round in good brown bowls,
Garnished with ribbons, blithely trowls.
There the huge sirloin reeked; hard by
Plum-porridge stood, and Christmas pie;
Nor failed old Scotland to produce,
At such high-tide, her savoury goose.
Then came the merry masquers in,
And carols roared with blithesome din;
If unmelodious was the song,
It was a hearty note, and strong.
Who lists, may in their mumming see
Traces of ancient mystery;
White shirts supplied the masquerade,
And smutted cheeks the visors made;
But oh, what masquers richly dight
Can boast of bosoms half so light!
England was merry England, when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.

DEATH OF MARMION.

CLARE drew her from the sight away,
Till pain rung forth a lowly moan,
And half he murmured: 'Is there none,
Of all my halls have nurst,
Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring
Of blessed water from the spring,
To slake my dying thirst!'

O woman ! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made ;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou !—
Scarce were the piteous accents said,
When, with the baron's casque, the maid
To the nigh streamlet ran :
Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears ;
The plaintive voice alone she hears,
Sees but the dying man.
She stooped her by the runnel's side,
But in abhorrence backward drew ;
For, oozing from the mountain wide,
Where raged the war, a dark red tide
Was curdling in the streamlet blue.
Where shall she turn ?—behold her mark
A little fountain-cell,
Where water, clear as diamond spark,
In a stone basin fell.
Above, some half-worn letters say :
'Drink . weary . pilgrim . drink . and pray .
For . the . kind . soul . of . Sybil . Grey .
Who . built . this . cross . and well.'
She filled the helm, and back she hied,
And with surprise and joy espied
A Monk supporting Marmion's head;
A pious man, whom duty brought
To dubious verge of battle fought,
To shrieve the dying, bless the dead.

With fruitless labour, Clara bound,
And strove to stanch, the gushing wound :
The Monk, with unavailing cares,
Exhausted all the Church's prayers ;
Ever, he said, that, close and near,
A lady's voice was in his ear,
And that the priest he could not hear ;
For that she ever sung,
'*In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,*
Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the dying!'
So the notes rung ;
'Avoid thee, Fiend !—with cruel hand,
Shake not the dying sinner's sand !—
Oh look, my son, upon yon sign
Of the Redeemer's grace divine ;

Oh think on faith and bliss!—
By many a death-bed I have been,
And many a sinner's parting seen,
But never aught like this.'
The war, that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering, swelled the gale,
And 'STANLEY!' was the cry:
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
And fired his glazing eye:
With dying hand, above his head
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted: 'Victory!—
Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!' . . . .
Were the last words of Marmion.

THE TROSACHS.

THE western waves of ebbing day
Rolled o'er the glen their level way;
Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
Was bathed in floods of living fire.
But not a setting beam could glow
Within the dark ravines below,
Where twined the path, in shadow hid,
Round many a rocky pyramid,
Shooting abruptly from the dell
Its thunder-splintered pinnacle;
Round many an insulated mass,
The native bulwarks of the pass,
Huge as the tower which builders vain
Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain.
Their rocky summits, split and rent,
Formed turret, dome, or battlement,
Or seemed fantastically set
With cupola or minaret,
Wild crests as pagod ever decked,
Or mosque of Eastern architect.
Nor were these earth-born castles bare,
Nor lacked they many a banner fair;
For, from their shivered brows displayed,
Far o'er the unfathomable glade,
All twinkling with the dew-drop sheen,
The brier-rose fell in streamers green,
And creeping shrubs of thousand dyes
Waved in the west wind's summer sighs.

Boon nature scattered, free and wild,
Each plant or flower, the mountain's child;

Here eglantine embalmed the air,
Hawthorn and hazel mingled there;
The primrose pale, and violet flower
Found in each clift a narrow bower;
Foxglove and nightshade, side by side,
Emblems of punishment and pride,
Grouped their dark hues with every stain
The weather-beaten crags retain;
With boughs that quaked at every breath,
Gray birch and aspen wept beneath;
Aloft, the ash and warrior oak
Cast anchor in the rifted rock;
And higher yet, the pine-tree hung
His shattered trunk, and frequent flung,
Where seemed the cliffs to meet on high,
His boughs athwart the narrowed sky.
Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,
Where glistening streamers waved and danced,
The wanderer's eye could barely view
The summer heaven's delicious blue;
So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream.

Onward, amid the copse 'gan peep
A narrow inlet still and deep,
Affording scarce such breadth of brim
As served the wild-duck's brood to swim;
Lost for a space, through thickets veering,
But broader when again appearing,
Tall rocks and tufted knolls their face
Could on the dark-blue mirror trace;
And farther as the hunter strayed,
Still broader sweep its channels made.
The shaggy mounds no longer stood,
Emerging from entangled wood,
But, wave encircled, seemed to float,
Like castle girdled with its moat;
Yet broader floods extending still,
Divide them from their parent hill,
Till each, retiring, claims to be
An islet in an inland sea.

And now, to issue from the glen,
No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,
Unless he climb, with footing nice,
A far-projecting precipice.
The broom's tough roots his ladder made,
The hazel saplings lent their aid;

And thus an airy point he won,
Where, gleaming with the setting sun,
One burnished sheet of living gold,
Loch Katrine lay beneath him rolled;
In all her length far winding lay,
With promontory, creek, and bay,
And islands that, empurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light;
And mountains, that like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land.
High on the south, huge Ben-venue
Down to the lake in masses threw
Crags, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurled,
The fragments of an earlier world;
A wildering forest feathered o'er
His ruined sides and summit hoar;
While on the north, through middle air,
Ben-an heaved high his forehead bare.

ELLEN.

AND ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
Of finer form, or lovelier face!
What though the sun, with ardent frown,
Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown—
The sportive toil, which, short and light,
Had dyed her glowing hue so bright,
Served, too, in hastier swell to shew
Short glimpses of a breast of snow;
What though no rule of courtly grace
To measured mood had trained her pace—
A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew;
E'en the slight harebell raised its head,
Elastic from her airy tread:
What though upon her speech there hung
The accents of the mountain tongue—
Those silver sounds, so soft, so dear,
The listener held his breath to hear.

A chieftain's daughter seemed the maid;
Her satin snood, her silken plaid,
Her golden brooch, such birth betrayed.
And seldom was a snood amid
Such wild luxuriant ringlets hid,

Whose glossy black to shame might bring
The plumage of the raven's wing;
And seldom o'er a breast so fair
Mantled a plaid with modest care;
And never brooch the folds combined
Above a heart more good and kind.
Her kindness and her worth to spy,
You need but gaze on Ellen's eye;
Not Katrine, in her mirror blue,
Gives back the shaggy banks more true,
Than every free-born glance confessed
The guileless movements of her breast;
Whether joy danced in her dark eye,
Or woe or pity claimed a sigh,
Or filial love was glowing there,
Or meek devotion poured a prayer,
Or tale of injury called forth
The indignant spirit of the north.
One only passion, unrevealed,
With maiden pride the maid concealed,
Yet not less purely felt the flame—
Oh need I tell that passion's name?

HIGHLAND BOAT-SONG.

HAIL to the chief who in triumph advances!
Honoured and blessed be the ever-green Pine!
Long may the Tree in his banner that glances,
Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line!
Heaven send it happy dew,
Earth lend it sap anew,
Gaily to bourgeon, and broadly to grow,
While every Highland glen
Sends our shout back agen,
'Roderigh vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!'

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain,
Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade;
When the whirlwind has stripped every leaf on the mountain,
The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade.
Moored in the rifted rock,
Proof to the tempest's shock,
Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow;
Menteith and Breadalbane then
Echo his praise agen,
'Roderigh vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!'

Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in Glen Fruin,
And Banachar's groans to our slogan replied;
Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in ruin,
And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead on her side.
Widow and Saxon maid
Long shall lament our raid,
Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with woe;
Lennox and Leven-glen
Shake when they hear agen,
'Roderigh vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!'

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands!
Stretch to your oars, for the ever-green Pine!
Oh that the rose-bud that graces yon islands,
Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine!
Oh that some seedling gem,
Worthy such noble stem,
Honoured and blessed in their shadow might grow!
Loud should Clan-Alpine then
Ring from her deepmost glen,
'Roderigh vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!'

LOCH KATRINE—MORNING.

THE summer dawn's reflected hue
To purple changed Loch Katrine blue;
Mildly and soft the western breeze
Just kissed the lake, just stirred the trees,
And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,
Trembled, but dimpled not for joy;
The mountain shadows on her breast
Were neither broken nor at rest;
In bright uncertainty they lie,
Like future joys to fancy's eye.
The water-lily to the light
Her chalice reared of silver bright;
The doe awoke and to the lawn,
Begemmed with dew-drops, led her fawn,
The gray mist left the mountain side,
The torrent shewed its glistening pride;
Invisible in flecked sky,
The lark sent down her revelry;
The black-bird and the speckled thrush
Good-morrow gave from brake and bush;
In answer cooed the cushat dove,
Her notes of peace, and rest, and love.

SERENADE.

[From *The Pirate.*]

LOVE wakes and weeps
While Beauty sleeps!
Oh for music's softest numbers,
To prompt a theme
For Beauty's dream,
Soft as the pillow of her slumbers!

Through groves of palm
Sigh gales of balm,
Fire-flies on the air are wheeling;
While through the gloom
Comes soft perfume,
The distant beds of flowers revealing.

Oh wake and live!
No dreams can give
A shadowed bliss the real excelling;
No longer sleep,
From lattice peep,
And list the tale that love is telling!

THE LAST MINSTREL.

THE way was long, the wind was cold,
The Minstrel was infirm and old;
His withered cheek, and tresses gray,
Seemed to have known a better day;
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy.
The last of all the bards was he,
Who sung of Border chivalry;
For, well-a-day! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead;
And he, neglected and oppressed,
Wished to be with them, and at rest.
No more, on prancing palfrey borne,
He carolled, light as lark at morn;
No longer, courted and caressed,
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
He poured, to lord and lady gay,
The unpremeditated lay;

Old times were changed, old manners gone,
A stranger filled the Stuarts' throne;
The bigots of the iron time
Had called his harmless art a crime.
A wandering harper, scorned and poor,
He begged his bread from door to door;
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp a king had loved to hear.

* * *

Hushed is the harp—the minstrel gone.
And did he wander forth alone?
Alone, in indigence and age,
To linger out his pilgrimage?
No—close beneath proud Newark's tower,
Arose the Minstrel's lowly bower;
A simple hut; but there was seen
The little garden hedged with green,
The cheerful hearth, and lattice clean.
There sheltered wanderers, by the blaze,
Oft heard the tale of other days;
For much he loved to ope his door,
And give the aid he begged before.
So passed the winter's day; but still,
When summer smiled on sweet Bowhill,
And July's eve, with balmy breath,
Waved the blue-bells on Newark heath;
When throstles sung on Harehead shaw,
And corn waved green on Carterhaugh,
And flourished, broad, Blackandro's oak,
The aged harper's soul awoke!
Then would he sing achievements high,
And circumstance of chivalry,
Till the rapt traveller would stay,
Forgetful of the closing day;
And noble youths, the strain to hear,
Forsook the hunting of the deer;
And Yarrow, as he rolled along,
Bore burden to the Minstrel's song.

HELLVELLYN.

I CLIMBED the dark brow of the mighty Hellvellyn,
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleamed misty and wide;
All was still, save, by fits, when the eagle was yelling,
And starting around me the echoes replied.

On the right, Striden-edge round the Red-tarn was bending,
And Catchedicam its left verge was defending,
One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending,
When I marked the sad spot where the wanderer had died.*

Dark-green was that spot 'mid the brown mountain-heather,
Where the pilgrim of nature lay stretched in decay;
Like the corpse of an outcast abandoned to weather,
Till the mountain-winds wasted the tenantless clay.
Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended;
For, faithful in death, his mute favourite attended,
The much-loved remains of her master defended,
And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber?
When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst thou start?
How many long days and long weeks didst thou number,
Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?
And oh! was it meet that—no requiem read o'er him,
No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,
And thou, little guardian, alone stretched before him—
Unhonoured the pilgrim from life should depart?

When a prince to the fate of the peasant has yielded,
The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted hall;
With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
And pages stand mute by the canopied pall:
Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches are gleaming—
In the proudly arched chapel the banners are beaming—
Far adown the long aisle sacred music is streaming,
Lamenting a chief of the people should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,
To lay down thy head like the meek mountain-lamb;
When, wildered, he drops from some cliff huge in stature,
And draws his last sob by the side of his dam.
And more stately thy couch by this desert lake lying,
Thy obsequies sung by the gray plover flying,
With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying,
In the arms of Hellvellyn and Catchedicam.

* In the spring of 1805, a young gentleman of talents, and of a most amiable disposition, perished by losing his way on the mountain Hellvellyn. His remains were not discovered till three months afterwards, when they were found guarded by a faithful terrier, his constant attendant during frequent solitary rambles through the wilds of Cumberland and Westmoreland.

THE LADY'S ISLE.

THE Stranger viewed the shore around:
'Twas all so close with copse-wood bound,
Nor track nor pathway might declare
That human foot frequented there,
Until the mountain-maiden shewed
A clambering unsuspected road
That winded through the tangled screen,
And opened on a narrow green,
Where weeping birch and willow round
With their long fibres swept the ground:
Here, for retreat in dangerous hour,
Some chief had framed a rustic bower.

It was a lodge of ample size,
But strange of structure and device;
Of such materials, as around
The workman's hand had readiest found.
Lopped of their boughs, their hoar trunks bared,
And by the hatchet rudely squared;
To give the walls their destined height,
The sturdy oak and ash unite;
While moss, and clay, and leaves combined
To fence each crevice from the wind.
The lighter pine-trees, overhead,
Their slender length for rafters spread,
And withered heath and rushes dry
Supplied a russet canopy.
Due westward, fronting to the green,
A rural portico was seen,
Aloft on native pillars borne,
Of mountain fir with bark unshorn,
Where Ellen's hand had taught to twine
The ivy and Idæan vine,
The clematis, the favoured flower,
Which boasts the name of virgin-bower,
And every hardy plant could bear
Loch Katrine's keen and searching air.
An instant in this porch she stayed,
And gaily to the Stranger said:
'On Heaven and on thy lady call,
And enter the enchanted hall!'

* * * *

For all around, the walls to grace,
Hung trophies of the fight or chase;
A target there, a bugle here,
A battle-axe, a hunting-spear,
And broadswords, bows, and arrows store,
With the tusked trophies of the boar.
Here grins the wolf as when he died,
And there the wild-cat's brindled hide
The frontlet of the elk adorns,
Or mantles o'er the bison's horns;
Pennons and flags defaced and stained,
That blackening streaks of blood retained,
And deer-skins, dappled, dun, and white,
With otters' fur and seals' unite,
In rude and uncouth tapestry all,
To garnish forth the sylvan hall.

CORONACH.

HE is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.
The font, reappearing,
From the rain-drops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory;
The autumn winds rushing,
Waft the leaves that are searest,
But our flower was in flushing,
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,*
Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber!
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and for ever!

* Or *corri*, the hollow side of the hill, where game usually lies.

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